

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

0524
1008 JULY 1964

... THE TORCH HAS
PASSED ...

PRESIDENT JOHNSON:

PHASE ONE

CARTOGRAPHY TODAY

Gordon Godfrey

PEKING, DJAKARTA AND
MALAYSIA

Justus Van Der Kroef

OIL WARNING TO THE WEST

George Bilainkin

BRITISH FARMING FROM
THE INSIDE

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WORLD VISTAS—

CARTOGRAPHY TODAY

GORDON GODFREY

DURING the month of July many hundreds of geographers and cartographers will be meeting in London, the latter going later to Edinburgh for a symposium. They will come from all over the world to listen to papers delivered by members and delegates in subjects of their choice, to discuss formally and informally the matter in them, to take stock of advances in scholarship and techniques, to visit places and regions of geographical interest, to renew friendships and make new ones in a spirit of cordiality and common purpose.

Because the subjects to be discussed are so many, it would be impossible in the space of a short article to do more than hint at them and no attempt will be made to do that. This particular meeting, however, will be the first at which cartography will make a special impact, and a brief introduction to the circumstance and the subject may be of interest. To most the word conjures up a gaily coloured map flapping in the breeze or a reference atlas on the bookshelf; but it carries an implication far greater than these and is a study and a science in its own right.

The occasion of this meeting is the Twentieth International Congress (Congress), the 11th General Assembly of the International Geographical Union (IGU) and the Second Assembly of the more recently formed International Cartographic Association (ICA). The meetings in London and Edinburgh will command the attention of the world since it is the world and all that therein is that provides the very reason for them. The press will doubtless give what coverage they can to it and report some of the papers read, the ensuing discussions, and the activities of those attending it. An introduction therefore to the three organizations concerned may be helpful.

The Congress to which any interested person may belong had a humble origin in 1871 when Charles Ruelens, *Conservateur* of the Royal Library of Brussels, conceived the idea of an international meeting of those prominent in the 'science of world knowledge'. The first Congress was held at Antwerp in that year and was attended by representatives of the Geographical Societies of Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and New York. Since then meetings have been held in different countries at irregular intervals being interrupted by two world wars. Since the second the Congress and the IGU have met in Washington (1952), in Brazil (1956), and in Stockholm (1960). The meeting in London towards the end of July will be the third held in the United Kingdom since 1871.

The Congress, as has been said, is open to nationals of all countries, but the IGU, a very much smaller body, is made up of delegates appointed to represent the governments of those countries which formally adhered to the Union at the time of its formation in 1922 or subsequently joined it. The fact that the Congress and the IGU meet together, now

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every four years, is a matter of obvious convenience since most of the governmental delegates are members of the Congress.

The ICA, like the IGU, is also international and as its name suggests it is almost entirely concerned with cartography, 'the art or business of making maps'. Its formation is of recent date and like so many official organizations had its origin in private endeavour. In 1956 the map-making firm of Esselte of Stockholm invited a number of cartographers and map-printers from ten different countries to an informal conference on all aspects of cartography, and this successful meeting was followed in 1958 by another arranged by Rand McNally & Co., of Chicago in association with the Northwestern University. There the idea of an international organization took shape; and a conference later in that year at Mainz was called by the German Cartographic Society specifically to consider the formation of such an association. This led to a further meeting in Berne attended by formal delegations representing thirteen countries. That from the United Kingdom was headed by Brigadier L. J. Harris, CBE, then an officer of the Ordnance Survey and now Director of Military Survey, Ministry of Defence. Here a resolution setting up the ICA as an international organization for co-operation in the field of cartography and for joining the IGU as an affiliated one but with 'sufficient autonomy' was unanimously adopted. At the IGU meeting at Stockholm in 1960 to which reference has already been made, this resolution was accepted and comes up for ratification at the forthcoming meeting in London. During April, 1961, those countries particularly in favour of such an Association met in Paris and formally adopted statutes to govern it.

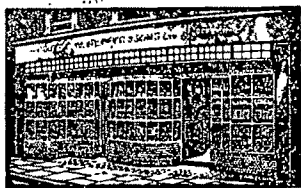
So much for the history of the formation of the ICA. The question may be asked, however, whether it was necessary or even desirable to set up yet another international organization since among the membership of the Congress and delegations to the IGU there were many well qualified to speak with authority on all aspects of cartography. The best short answer to this question is probably that any organization resulting from a general desire is for that very reason well justified, for as we have seen, the ICA was not an organization imposed from above but rather, like Topsy, it 'just grewed'. The longer answer is that during and since the second world war immense developments occurred and have occurred and are still taking place in all branches of map-making to the point when specialization has become inevitable.

To take a few examples: the use of photographs taken from the air in overlapping pairs and embodying the stereographic principle has revolutionized the work of the field surveyor engaged on the provision of basic topographical maps. Obvious as such may be, the method is extremely complex if a high degree of accuracy is to be achieved, and it has led to new techniques enshrined in a new word, photogrammetry. A chair of Surveying and Photogrammetry was established shortly after the war in the University of London, and a Photogrammetric Society has been formed. Again, the availability of suitable plastic sheeting and a new method of drafting known as 'scribing' has revolutionized the work of the drawing-office. Essentially, 'scribing' is a method by which a

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thin film over glass or plastic bearing a photographic image may be cut by sharp metal tools thus allowing light to pass through it where desired so that the glass plate or plastic sheet of the appropriate size thus inscribed may be used as a positive or negative during the photographic processes employed to provide the printing presses with the plates they need for reproduction in quantity. Since the images on the glass or plastic sheets are identical and cut only where desired the printing-plates derived from them must give perfect registration, that, is that black and colours must fit. By other photographic methods names may be added to a draft and the labour of drawing letters by hand avoided.

Such techniques and others resulting from experimentation would in themselves justify periodical meetings to exchange views on them and to assess results from such experimentation. It was, indeed, for this primary purpose that the first two informal gatherings in Stockholm and Chicago were called. Since then a formal symposium has been held (Bonn, 1962) and another, an International Technical Symposium, in Edinburgh, will follow (31 July—4 August) immediately after the ICA General Assembly in London. National symposia have also been held in Great Britain. Prior to the Bonn meeting, the Ordnance Survey held a technical symposium during November 1961; and during August 1962, arrangements were made for part of the time of Section E (Geography) of the British Association then meeting in Manchester to be given to a cartographic symposium. Section E at previous meetings was always willing to include papers on the subject but this was the first time its importance had been so recognized. Symposia have also been held at the University of Edinburgh in conjunction with the University of Glasgow, at the University of Leicester, and at the University of Oxford organized by the Clarendon Press.

It would be quite wrong to assume from what has been said above that such symposia concern themselves solely with the processes involved in the production of printed maps: on the contrary research and experimentation is continuously being done, for example on methods of representing altitudes and relief, on the simplification of coastal and comparable outlines, on methods of depicting vegetation, on the design and choice of symbols, on the revision of maps, and on a host of similar subjects all requiring thought, discussion and experiment. In the United Kingdom much of this is done by the State organizations, the Ordnance Survey, the Directorate of Military Survey, Directorate of Overseas Surveys, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning (since 1951 incorporated in the Ministry of Local Government and Housing), the Geological Survey; but those working in the Departments of Geography in the universities, the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Scottish Geographical Society and many such bodies are constantly devising new and more accurate means of assessing values, and presenting results in graphic and legible forms. Needless to say only a tithe of this research ever sees the light of day so far as the public is concerned though most of it will appear in the form of illustrated articles in journals concerned with such matters or, and to a greater extent, in unpublished

SOME OF OUR AUTHORS

Wilfred Altman . . . International freelance, specializing (since 1953) in three major fields: business economics and management and industrial relations; the political profile; stage and trends in entertainment. One of the three authors of the standard work, 'TV: From Monopoly to Competition' (Institute of Economic Affairs). Sometime Personal Assistant to Lord Sainsbury. Contributor: 'The Times', 'The Financial Times', 'The Sunday Times', 'The Manager', 'Liberty' (Canada), etc. Consultant. Business Adviser. A regular contributor to 'The Contemporary Review' since 1954.

Deryck Abel . . . Editor of 'The Contemporary Review' since July, 1960. An Editor with Messrs. Longmans Green and Co. Ltd. since July, 1962. His books include 'A History of British Tariffs, 1923-1942', 'Ernest Benn: Counsel for Liberty', 'The House of Sage, 1860-1960', 'Channel Underground'. Contributor, 'Nationalization: A Book of Readings' (ed. A. H. Hanson). Vice-President, Liberal Party Organization, 1960-62; Chairman of Executive, 1957-59; Vice-Chairman, 1956-57; Chairman, 'Liberal News', 1952-54; contested Torquay, 1951, Worthing, 1959. Contributor: 'The Times', 'Neue Zürcher Zeitung', 'Far and Wide', 'History Today', etc. Hon. Member, Delta Tau Kappa, University of Bridgeport.

Gordon Godfrey, MC . . . For many years Director and Managing Editor, George Philip and Son Ltd., and Chairman, Edward Stanford Ltd. Hon. Treasurer, English PEN. His publications include 'Cast-Iron Sixth', 'Serial Maps' (with George Goodall), 'Ports, Dues and Charges on Shipping', 21st edn. (with K. MacDonald). Contributor: 'Ramsay Muir: An Autobiography and Some Essays'.

During World War II, after a short period with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, he was seconded to the Directorate of Military Survey, subsequently being appointed Deputy Assistant Director of Survey, Allied Expeditionary Air Force, later known as Air Staff, SHAEF. Represents the Institute of British Geographers on the Cartography Sub-Committee of the National Committee for Geography.

Norman Goodland, SRN . . . Specializes in trends in agronomy. Commentator on agricultural politics and economics. Authority on the New Forest. Hampshire poet and broadcaster.

Justus Van Der Kroef . . . Has recently returned to his Associate Professorship of Political Science at the University of Bridgeport, Connecticut, after holding a Visiting Professorship at the Chinese University of Nan Yang at Singapore.

papers delivered at conferences arranged by learned societies and similar gatherings.* Nor have the commercial map-producing houses been behind in making their own valuable contributions to these problems.

It will be seen therefore that valid reasons exist for the ICA and for holding symposia at regular intervals. Not that there has been no means in the past for open discussion. The learned societies have often invited prominent geographers and cartographers to address their gatherings on problems associated with the making of maps and have opened the columns of their journals for the same purpose. As one might expect the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Scottish Geographical Society have been foremost in doing this and during the last three years have taken a notable part in present cartographic activity. The former has devoted a section of each quarterly issue of the *Geographical Journal* to subjects of cartographical interest and annually has provided reprints of these articles.†

Since the formation of the ICA, four numbers of a *Bulletin* have been published. Because the money subscribed by each member-country amounts to less than £20 p.a. to cover all its expenses only some dedicated organization could fill the role of its publisher and thus provide a platform for it. The opportunity to do this was grasped by the *Institut für Angewandte Geodäsie* of Frankfurt a.M., and deep thanks are due for the initiative shown by that erudite society. The *Bulletin* contains articles wholly devoted to the subject. The Royal Society, of which more anon, published in 1961 the first report on cartographic activity in Great Britain submitted to the First General Assembly in Paris to which reference has already been made. As a private venture the publishing firm of C. Betelsmann Verlag of Germany in association with seven similar firms in different countries launched in 1961 the *International Yearbook of Cartography*.* Its general editor is Professor Dr. H. C. Imhof of Zurich and associated with him in the editorship are representatives from Austria, Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Sweden, The Netherlands, France, and the USA. Like the *Bulletin* it publishes articles on all aspects of the subject with synopses in the translation languages.

To these valuable publications there is shortly to be an addition. During 1962 opinion was canvassed on a proposal to form a Cartographic Society in Great Britain open to all, professional cartographers and laymen (of both sexes) and serving a purpose similar to that of the Geographical Association. So much interest was evinced in it that at Leicester towards the end of September 1963, during the cartographic symposium earlier referred to, an open meeting was held and appropriate resolutions put for the formation of such a society. Officers were appointed and a decision to publish a journal at regular intervals

*One example of specialized material available to the public is the sheets of the Land Utilization Survey with which the name of Dr. Dudley Stamp, CBE, will ever be associated.

†Only a limited number of these is printed. They may be obtained from the office of the Society at the very moderate price of 2s. 6d.

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taken. The first number will be warmly welcomed when it appears later in the present year.†

It has been explained that the ICA is an organization of member-nations, and an obvious question is from whom and from where does Great Britain seek advice before framing her policy on a cartographic subject. It is probably well known that the Royal Society is the umbrella under which shelter many national committees representing the sciences. One such is the National Committee for Geography; and when the idea for the formation of the ICA took shape the National Committee for Geography set up a Sub-Committee for Cartography, for both advice and action. The members of this sub-committee come from the State organizations engaged in map-making some of which have already been mentioned, from societies having members knowledgeable in the subject, from the universities, and from other branches of scholarship interested in it. The commercial map-makers are not directly represented but care is taken to ensure that any views they care to express are most carefully considered. This sub-committee is presided over by Brigadier Harris and it makes its recommendations to the National Committee for Geography which in turn advises the government of the day.

It would be pleasant to end this all-too-brief description of cartographic activity in the UK by giving in some detail the whole range of published material which during the post-war years has shown that the United Kingdom is maintaining the high standard of its cartographic publications for which it has become internationally renowned. Lack of space forbids that and only a very few examples can be cited.

To begin with the Ordnance Survey: an immense programme has occupied all their skill and resources. About 40,000 sheets out of a total of 47,000 newly surveyed maps of the major built-up areas on a scale of 1:1250 (about fifty inches to one mile) were completed by the middle of 1963. Those on half that scale, and the well-known six-inch map on a new air-survey, are taking second place to the largest scale maps, and the programme is not likely to be completed before 1975. The task is enormous. The ever popular one-inch maps are now all in their Seventh Series and are beautifully printed in six colours. Hill-shading has been added to some sheets of special interest to tourists. At all scales features of archaeological detail have been included. In conjunction with the Ministry of Housing and Local Government some dozen or so maps on a scale of ten miles to one inch have been produced to depict vegetation, rainfall, types of farming, and certain industrial activities, to name but few.

The Geological Survey, in co-operation with the Ordnance Survey has been and is surveying geologically the whole of the UK on a scale of six inches to one mile some of which for 'economic' areas such as coalfields and for the London area have been completed. The one-inch geological maps are well known as are also the quarter-inch maps. The

†The President is Brigadier D. E. O. Thackwell, lately of the Ordnance Survey. The Honorary Secretary of the British Cartography Society is Mr. Ian Mumford whose address is 'Brailles', Green Lane, Chessington, Surrey.

Hydrographic Department, Admiralty, have been revising and increasing the number of their charts to about the figure of 3,600. Anyone who has had an opportunity of working with HM Survey ships will know what a tremendous undertaking this has been and is. No sea-charts carry more authority.

The Directorate of Overseas Surveys, since its formation under Brigadier M. Hotine, CBE (now retired) has been carrying out work for many of the developing and independent countries in Africa, North Borneo, and in some of the Pacific and West Indian Islands. Field parties working in these areas have provided basic survey data to control the drafting of maps derived from air-photographs; and a constant stream of new topographical maps of these countries has come from the headquarters of Overseas Surveys in London. Most are available to the public.

The Royal Geographical Society has continued its policy of producing and publishing maps of a specialized character which otherwise would probably remain hidden from geographers and travellers. A new map of southern Arabia in six sheets is one such, another being one of a series of sheets on the scale of 1:100,000 of the Mount Everest region, and in 1962 the 'Map of Southern Ny Friesland, Central Vestspitsbergen'.

Finally, mention should be made of a series of maps covering the Republic of Sudan on a scale of 1:1,000,000 produced by the School of Oriental and African Studies, depicting land-use types in accordance with a scheme of a Commission of the IGU.

The commercial map-making houses have not lagged behind the progress made by the State organizations and can truthfully claim that with certain techniques they have led others. J. Bartholomew & Son Ltd., well known for their half-inch maps of Great Britain which are constantly under revision, will be specially commended for the production of *The Times Atlas of the World*, the fifth volume of which was completed and published in 1960.

The Clarendon Press of the University of Oxford whose cartographic department is of comparatively recent date has produced a range of school atlases, and within the last year has published a scholarly and otherwise impressive work of major importance, *The Atlas of Britain and Northern Ireland* providing 'a complete and ordered portrait of this country from the rocks beneath to the industry above'. Many well-known geographers have made their contributions to it, and the OUP is to be congratulated on it.

'Geographia' Ltd. has produced a series of useful road maps and town plans, as well as a series of specialized maps successfully designed for business management. W. & A. K. Johnson and G. W. Bacon Ltd., now one concern, have produced a series of maps covering Great Britain on a scale of two miles to one inch, and some 'Motoring Atlases' on smaller scales. Thomas Nelson & Son Ltd. have produced school atlases, one designed specially for Canada. Wm. Collins have published two new atlases under the joint Collins-Longmans imprint. A *Pocket Atlas* is a paperback atlas, inexpensive, and additionally contains a number of

thematic maps. School atlases have been produced for Ghana and Zambia.

George Philip & Son Ltd. (with which Edward Stanford Ltd. is now associated) have continued their worth-while policy of providing atlases, wall-maps and globes for both educational and general purposes, in a remarkably large number of languages and almost as many for those countries where the teaching language is English. Nor have they neglected the publication and production of larger and more advanced works among which should be mentioned *Cassell's New Atlas*. The motoring maps which they produce and print for Esso, National Benzole, and Shell and BP are well known and in daily use.

Such then is a mere summary of cartographical achievement available for all to see. The vast amount of unpublished material resulting from research and experiment which mostly is available for consultation almost boggles the imagination.

... THE TORCH HAS PASSED ...

ROBERT E. HUNTER

CONGRESSIONAL enactment of the Tax Reduction Bill and passage by the Houses of a strong Civil Rights Bill have confounded critics of President Johnson's ability to shepherd legislation through Congress, and have even surprised many of his supporters. His adroit handling of the recent railway labour-management crisis has also stamped him as a man able to apply a deft political touch to particularly knotty domestic problems. Aided to a certain extent by the emotional impact of President Kennedy's death, President Johnson has successfully brought to bear the full weight of his many years of Congressional experience and associations. Whether this tempo of accomplishment can be sustained beyond the end of the traditional 'honeymoon' period of relations between President and Congress, however, is still in doubt; indeed, the President had a certain advantage in having major legislation sufficiently well along in the Congressional weeding-out process to benefit from this honeymoon spirit. Similarly, the timing and gravity of the railway dispute, and the resulting strong popular support for President Johnson's efforts, had been shaped by events prior to President Kennedy's assassination.

These accomplishments, however, by whatever means they were brought about, reflect the tenor of President Johnson's own thinking as presented in detail in his first Message on the State of the Union in January, the first speech in which his thinking could be seen to predominate over that inherited from his predecessor. It was, in effect, his Inaugural Address, although one enlightened by almost two months of active service in the Presidency.

This State of the Union Message, in a manner seldom seen before, was dominated by domestic affairs. Whereas President Kennedy's final State of the Union Message at the beginning of 1963 was devoted principally to foreign affairs plus the need for a tax cut, President Johnson's message less than a year later was devoted almost entirely to specific proposals for the relief of twin domestic problems in the United States: poverty and colour. Little more than a fifth of the address was devoted to foreign affairs.*

Part of this change of emphasis can be attributed to the nature of the two Presidents themselves. But as importantly, perhaps, it witnessed to a dramatic shift of emphasis in the attitudes of Americans generally, and a new awakening to old, but previously ignored, problems. The racial crisis of 1963, which prompted President Kennedy to modify his own priorities in the middle of the year, had a formidable impact on American public opinion. The race problem is, for one thing, no longer a Southern problem: it has assumed truly national proportions. The events of 22 November, coupled with a growing national awareness of the material poverty of perhaps as many as one-fifth of all Americans, have provoked an introspection that would not have been conceivable one year earlier. Furthermore, although it is perhaps too soon for the

Test Ban Treaty to have produced a general relaxation of cold war concern, there has definitely emerged a 'breathing space' that permits many Americans to turn their attention to pressing domestic concerns. The very success of Mr. McNamara's armaments programme has permitted American interest to be diverted somewhat—except from South Vietnam—from the central concerns of the defence-conscious 1950s. The polls may record that a majority of the American people once again feel that America's gravest problems are in the foreign and defence policy fields, but domestic problems are surely those that are most consistently being brought home to the American voter. If nothing more, President Johnson's frenetic journeying to poverty-stricken areas is rivetting the attention of Americans to what have been dubbed forgotten problems.

President Johnson's primary emphasis on domestic problems in his State of the Union Message should not, however, be construed as a lack of concern for international problems. To begin with, Johnson demonstrated at the beginning of his Administration that his speeches would often be directed at specific groups, rather than at a general, world-wide audience as was President Kennedy's wont. The State of the Union Message was such an address, clearly directed first to the Congress and second to the American people. Little of the address appears to have been directed to an international audience. It could properly be considered an appeal for action by Congress, not a general outline of Presidential activity. When Johnson does choose to lift his voice to the rest of the world, as in his 20 April address to the Associated Press, he does so clearly and unmistakably. In general, however, he concentrates first upon reaching his American audience.

President Johnson's Budget and Economic Messages are also worthy of note. Usually new Presidents spend their first year and a half in office working with budgets prepared, published, and submitted to Congress by their predecessors. President Johnson, however, backed by an experienced staff and the powers of office, managed to introduce significant changes, many resulting in economies, into the budget for fiscal year 1965 submitted for Congressional consideration in January. It is an unusually ambitious document, in President Johnson's own words, intended to combine 'efficiency with expansion, frugality with compassion'. Despite an anticipated reduction in federal spending (to less than the dreaded magic number of \$100,000 million), the President has accounted both for a further strengthening of the armed forces and for the initiation and furtherance of legislation relevant to his declared 'unconditional war on poverty'. The waging of this war could require over \$1,000 million of new obligational authority during the first year alone.

The Johnson economic policy is basically one designed to achieve the best of all possible worlds: a curtailment of spiralling costs of Government on the one hand, and the introduction of yet new programmes on the other, with perhaps a significant reduction of unemployment, now $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the labour force, and a 6 per cent expansion

of the Gross National Product. This entire project hinges, however, on the efficacy of the Tax Reduction Bill. Indeed, the Johnson budget is dependent upon a more than 5 per cent *increase* in tax receipts brought about by the general economic stimulation of the reduction in tax rates. In addition, Johnson must successfully implement certain austerity measures within the federal Government; increased efficiency, especially in the Defence Department; a reduction in the civilian payroll; and a curtailment or elimination of many less essential programmes. Part of this Johnson enthusiasm for a cut in federal expenditure can be attributed to the bargain struck with Senator Byrd of Virginia, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee; on this bargain depended passage of the Tax Reduction Bill.

President Johnson stands to gain politically, particularly with business and conservative interests, if he can substantiate his present posture as an 'austerity budget' President; he stands to gain politically with more liberal interests if he can implement needed social legislation. Perhaps he will accomplish neither; indeed, he has set dual goals that his predecessors usually chose to tackle singly. His domestic success so far, however, leads one to be cautious in criticising his prospects; it must be remembered that his long years in Congress have been characterized by the aphorism 'what Lyndon wants, Lyndon gets'.

The uncanny ability Johnson has exhibited so far of being able to succeed where his predecessor was often frustrated needs to be explored deeply. The firm grip that Lyndon Johnson has established on the process of Government in America must have a basis in something more fundamental than merely the personality differences between President Kennedy and himself. Kennedy was, after all, a very popular President, perhaps the most consistently so in American history. In addition, Kennedy's popularity abroad was higher than that of any other American since the days of Franklin Roosevelt.

This Kennedy popularity abroad, however, may be the measure of the fundamental difference between these two men. Kennedy was, to an extent, a 'European' President. Eastern born and bred, privately educated at Choate and Harvard, he early developed an affinity for a culture identified with Europe. This affinity was clearly evident throughout his public life. It is undoubtedly too early to place a mark beside the Administration of John F. Kennedy. But what is becoming increasingly apparent is that Kennedy had, at his death, not yet developed the ability to commit the American people, and, more importantly in the short run, American legislators, to the ideals for which he stood. His urbanity and sophistication, his intellectual, far-seeing approach to problems—the very qualities that captured the imagination of Europe—failed to trigger the same emotional response in the great mass of Americans. There is no doubting the Kennedy appeal to the American intellectual community; nor should his inspiration to youth be underrated; nor should his ideals be discounted as beacons for future generations. But between ideal and action, challenge and response, something was lacking.

This lack has become painfully clear in the last few months, as President Kennedy's successor, like Harry Truman 19 years before, has effectively placed his stamp on the Presidency. Lyndon Johnson from Texas is a man cast in a different mould from John Kennedy; no one has ever denied that. But what has proved startling, particularly to observers outside the United States, is the ability of a man like Johnson, with his homespun, 'let us reason together' approach to life and politics, to touch the American heart where Kennedy could only touch the mind. Perhaps Kennedy could have developed this knack as his ideals gained currency; this we now shall never know. Johnson, whether he wishes it or not, is in the 'mainstream' of American life; Kennedy, for all his ability to understand and explain the American heritage, remained somehow on the periphery.

President Johnson's handling of the labour-management dispute over the question of work-rules on the nation's railways is particularly worthy of note. This problem, that for years had threatened America with a crippling nation-wide strike, had baffled both Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy. Kennedy had managed to secure an unprecedented—and short-term—Congressional order for compulsory arbitration of 'primary issues' last August, but he had come little closer to achieving a final solution. When Johnson tackled the problem of 'secondary issues' earlier this year, he changed tactics. Preferring to exhaust all means to achieve collective bargaining agreements before asking for further Congressional interference, he summoned the principal negotiators from both sides for a White House confrontation. Johnson's own role was severely criticized. He was accused of having begged for a settlement, of having demeaned the office of President. Yet in two weeks he achieved the unachievable: the first solid progress towards eventual resolution of railway labour problems in many years. The politician in President Johnson—his ability to identify with the American people, and get them to identify with him—enabled him to drive his way towards a solution of one of America's knottiest domestic economic problems. It is this approach, an approach to Americans in their own language, that, corny, simple, and rough-hewn as it may sometimes appear, President Johnson is using to achieve feats that would not have appeared possible a year before. A 'rags-to-riches' President has learned to play upon the American culture and temperament, both of which he shares, to get results.

Johnson spent his years in the Senate disposing of power; Kennedy spent his learning to seize the greater prize. Both men were eminently successful at their respective tasks; perhaps neither man could have accomplished what the other did. Now, however, the man in American history most effective at acceding to national power has given way to another man, who, but for the sad events of last November, might never have occupied the high office of the Presidency. Thus Kennedy and Johnson unwittingly form a strange but effective team, the one to capture the imagination of millions essential for electoral victory, and to provide a direction for policy, the other to evoke the response

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PEKING, DJAKARTA AND THE MALAYSIA PROBLEM

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

DURING a recent visiting professorship in Nanyang University, Singapore, in the latter half of 1963, the present writer was repeatedly impressed by the degree of sympathy for and even outright political identification with Indonesia's President Sukarno and his policies among a sizable segment of 2,300 students of this wholly Chinese university. This sympathy prevailed despite an awareness of the frequently severe tribulations—even in the recent past—of the Chinese minority in Indonesia. Nanyang's brief but turbulent history shows a strong and continuing influence of radical Marxism and the skilful exploitation by Peking and the underground Malayan Communist movement of Chinese cultural pride in an area fraught with communal tensions. The new pro-Indonesian sympathy of Nanyang's student body, especially of its principal organization, the Nanyang University Students' Union, which has been repeatedly denounced by the Singapore and central Malaysian governments as strongly Communist influenced, is but another sign of the current convergence of interests between Peking and Djakarta in the anti-Malaysia campaign.

The Chinese imperial tradition considered the lands around Nanyang ('The Southern Sea', i.e. the South China Sea) as customarily falling within the Chinese sphere of influence and Communist China's expansionist policies in the area today follow an established pattern. Like Indonesia, where the Communist Party now numbers over 2 million and is, along with Sukarno and the Army, one of the principal domestic centres of power, Peking, too, could hardly remain indifferent to the creation of a state like Malaysia avowedly designed by its chief founder, Premier Tunku Abdul Rahman, as an anti-Communist bulwark in Southeast Asia. Peking's appeal to the more than 15 million *hua chiao* ('Overseas Chinese') in Southeast Asia, her skilful manipulation of Overseas Chinese clan and family ties, ethnic pride, economic self interest and political fears, proved a particular asset in her anti-Malaysia strategy. Illustrative have been conditions in Sarawak where the great majority of the 230,000 Chinese (out of a total territorial population of about 745,000) embraced the policies of the Sarawak United People's Party (SUPP), an organization which soon after its founding in 1959 the Sarawak government described as the principal tool of the Communist underground in the area. This Communist apparatus continues to operate today not only through SUPP, but also through Sarawak's predominantly Chinese trade unions and through the private Chinese schools where Chinese cultural chauvinism is artfully blended with nationalistic enthusiasm for the 'new China', i.e. Peking. Convinced of People's China eventual hegemony in the Nanyang region, desirous of establishing closer ties with the China mainland for business or family reasons, fearful of their position and of a possible 'desinicization' campaign in a new Malaysian federa-

tion, many Sarawak Chinese offered an ideal recruiting ground for the Communist inspired anti-Malaysia campaign.

The anti-Malaysia revolt in Brunei in early December, 1962 (though not originally Communist-inspired), received the immediate endorsement of Chou En-lai, and early in September, 1963, on the occasion of a visit to Peking by an Indonesian parliamentary delegation, Chu Teh, chairman of China's National People's Congress, reiterated that the Chinese people 'firmly support' Indonesian struggle against 'neo-colonialism propagated by the imperialists in the name of Malaysia.' By this time Chinese Communists and SUPP emblem-wearing Chinese youths from Sarawak were training and operating with Indonesian guerrilla bands in the Sarawak-Indonesian border area, and late in November, 1963, the Sarawak government already announced that armed Indonesian terrorists had landed along the coast of Sarawak and that Sarawak 'Communists are giving the Indonesians their full and willing co-operation'. Recent investigations and deportation proceedings of Sarawak Chinese, and the nature of the documents and propaganda materials in their possession as revealed by the Sarawak government, leave little doubt of Peking's hand in the anti-Malaysia campaign and in the guerilla war in Sarawak. From these documents it is clear that Chinese Communist cadres in Sarawak are now closely studying Mao Tse-tung's guerrilla warfare tactics.

In Singapore, too, Peking's agents, working hand in glove with the underground Malayan Communist Party, have attempted to exploit Chinese communal fears and frustrations. The Communist infiltrated *Barisan Sosialis* (Socialist Front) in predominantly Chinese Singapore has been, in every way, the counterpart of SUPP, and through *Barisan* satellites, particularly trade unions, contacts with Indonesia for a co-ordinated anti-Malaysia campaign have notably increased since the middle of last year. After an abortive strike venture by a number of Communist-controlled trade unions in Singapore in early October, 1963, many of the unions' leaders fled to Indonesia and according to Malaysian police reports other Malaysian 'Communists maintain contact with Indonesian gunboats along the Sumatra coast which give them protection to land safely in Indonesia'. It will be recalled that Mao's guerilla and 'protracted war' strategy depends on having a 'protected rear base' area from which attacks can be launched. It has become clear that both in the Sarawak border guerrilla war, and in underground Communist operations in Singapore and Malaya, Indonesia is now, in effect, serving as this 'protected rear base' area for Peking's minions.

Peking's anti-Malaysia campaign, like her expansionist pressures in South Asia generally, are but dimensions of her overall approach to the function of international Communism, that is, the anti-Malaysia campaign feeds on Peking's conflict with Moscow over the need for an aggressive and militant policy of Communist advancement in the underdeveloped countries, including those in Southeast Asia. In a most significant editorial on 4 March, 1964, the Chinese Communist Party daily *Renmin Ribao* declared that recent Viet Cong advances served as an

example to other peoples under the yoke of Western aggression and imperialism, if they but dared and knew 'how to struggle', and Peking called on them to emulate the Viet Cong. In Indonesia this line is articulated by the Communist Party which has also urged that the 'revolutionary road' be taken in Malaysia. Indeed, in the Sino-Soviet quarrel the Indonesian Communists are proving to be Peking's staunchest ally, although party chairman Dipa N. Aidit officially insists that 'this family quarrel' should be settled in a 'family spirit'.

But indicative, for example, of the Indonesian Communist position was Aidit's criticism of Khrushchev for supplying MIG-21 jet fighters to India, and toward the close of 1963 Aidit called on the 'true Communists' in India to form a new Marxist party free from those Communists who allegedly were lending themselves to 'spying' for the Nehru government (i.e. the anti-Peking faction of the Indian Communist Party). This demand cost Aidit a vociferous denunciation by the Indian Communist Party's Central Committee, which issued a warning against the 'divisive' attempts of 'the Indonesian and the Chinese' to break up the Indian Communist movement.

There is little question that the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI) was and is the principal dynamic in Indonesia's anti-Malaysia campaign, and that the real significance of this campaign for domestic Indonesian affairs probably is that by now it has shown that President Sukarno no longer seems to be able to balance other power factions, such as the Army, against the Communists. The first evidence of PKI hostility to the Malaysia idea came very shortly after Malayan Premier Rahman first mooted the possibility of a Malaysian Federation in May 1961. At that time Indonesia officially had no interest in the matter. Lord Selkirk, former British Commissioner General in Southeast Asia, has recently recalled that when around September 1961, he informed Indonesian Foreign Minister Subandrio of the intended formation of the Malaysian Federation Subandrio reportedly declared that this was 'a matter entirely for the people concerned and did not concern Indonesia'.

Subandrio, shortly thereafter, reiterated this view in the UN General Assembly, declaring that 'we have no objections and that we wish them (that is, the territories seeking to form Malaysia) success with this merger'. Preoccupied with the final stages of the West New Guinea campaign against the Dutch the Indonesian government's indifference seems understandable. But once, by the middle of 1962, the West New Guinea issue had been decided in Indonesia's favour, and once it became clear that in return for the great pressure it had brought to bear on the Dutch to relinquish West New Guinea, the USA expected Indonesia to take definite steps to stabilize her economy, and to set her internal administration in order, the Malaysia issue sprang to the foreground of post-West New Guinea Indonesian politics.

The reason is clear. US expectations of a disciplined and highly rationalized economic development effort, as outlined by the so-called Humphrey report (drafted by a team of six American economic experts) and transmitted to the Indonesian government in July 1962, were quite

unrealistic. A much needed, drastic overhaul of the tax system, creation of a more favourable climate for investment, curtailment of the swollen bureaucracy, rationalization of the external trade machinery—all these and many other measures would require such fundamental alterations of the present Indonesian socio-economy and the existing precarious balance of political forces dependent upon it, that if taken in hand they would have produced new and violent political convulsions. With the PKI mounting an increasingly vehement anti-Malaysia campaign, Sukarno, the Army (itself faced with sharp retrenchment in a serious economic development effort) and the various subsidiary power groups and organizations, from the trade unions and civil servants to the heavily subsidized national entrepreneurial group and religious factions dependent on them, fell into line. The advantages of a new external crisis to divert attention from the deeply unsettling problems of domestic reform thus once again became decisive, as so often in Indonesia's recent national past. By the end of 1962 Indonesia's avowed support for the anti-Malaysia Brunei rebellion foreshadowed her open 'total confrontation' of Malaysia a few months later.

Given the compelling domestic pressures in Indonesia making for this anti-Malaysia campaign it was and is predictable that no solution could or is likely to be reached around a conference table, now or in the near future. And so Indonesia has found herself in effect allied not only with the Philippines, which, with often but little enthusiasm, claims North Borneo as her own, but more importantly also with potent Chinese groups throughout the Malaysian territories equally opposed to the formation of the new federation. The new warmth in official relations between Djakarta and Peking—relations which have frequently been severely strained to the breaking point in the past because of Indonesian measures against Chinese residents and their business interests—dates from the Brunei uprising, and has demonstrated itself particularly in various recent Afro-Asian 'solidarity' gatherings (for example, in Moshi, Tanganyika, in February 1963, and Nicosia, Cyprus, in September 1963), some of them specifically sponsored by Indonesia and backed by Peking, like the Afro-Asian Journalists' conference in April 1963. Indonesia's determination to be a leader among the new countries suits Peking's own ambitions well enough, and, indeed, in March 1964, the newly appointed Indonesian Ambassador to Peking found it necessary to emphasize that Indonesia had not become 'the tail' of Peking, though he acknowledged the 'strong friendship' prevailing between the two countries.

But not only may Chinese and Indonesian interests once again clash in Southeast Asia in the future, it is also becoming apparent that the economic effects of 'confrontation' and the general and continuing stagnation of the Indonesian economy may force Indonesia into a reconsideration of her anti-Malaysia campaign. Prolonged drought early in 1964 aggravated serious rice shortages in Java, and on February 16, 1964, Central Java's Deputy Governor declared that in his region alone some 12,000 were being treated in clinics for severe malnutrition and an addi-

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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW—

WARNING ON OIL TO THE WEST

GEORGE BILAINKIN

BRTAIN'S major industrial wheels will be in peril this August, after the resumption at Alexandria of the historic and indeed unique Summit meetings, begun in Cairo last January by the kings and heads of Arab states. This is the unequivocal meaning of the lapidary statements at the end of May by the quietest and most courteous Foreign Minister I have met in 44 lands. He is Sheik Sabah al Ahmed, confident, smiling representative of Kuwait, today the richest and most important oil state on earth. Around us in the ultra-modern but comfortable suite on the twenty-seventh floor of Mr. Charles Clore's hotel in Park Lane were samples of generous Arab hospitality. Below stretched and fumbled the humbling midgets of our era, worried and fussing little humans, crossing or recrossing the Hyde Park entrances.

The Minister is 34, but looks younger with the jet black hair, strong lower lip, neat moustache to emphasize the powerful and resolute nose. He faced me with an interpreter of experience, imperturbable with impeccable English-English. Near us sat a Minister Plenipotentiary in the Foreign Office, Kuwait, Mr. Ibrahim Shatti, who graduated in Cairo before taking his MA at nostalgic Durham. Listening to the interview and wondering whether my shorthand notes might be a form of Arabic was the youngish and inquiring-looking Ambassador at St. James's, Sheik K. Mohamed Jaffer. All seemed to have spent a few hours with leading English tailors, wore immaculately cut lightweight suits.

What was Sheik Sabah doing in London? He had arrived from a tour of Japan, India, Indonesia, Thailand, and Cambodia, undertaken to meet the heads of state or government and the foreign ministers. He had seen Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Mr. R. A. Butler (the Foreign Secretary), representatives of the oil companies with interests in the Middle East, and a number of British MPs who made me wait 15 minutes. The Minister, head of the Kuwait mission, had gone to tell the leaders what the kings and heads of Arab states had decided . . . to do . . . at the Summit talks in Cairo six months ago. Sheik Sabah's voice never rose above conversational tones; the emphasis was on the need for urgent exploration of a situation that is deteriorating with a speed scarcely realized in the West's passive and somnolent cities. Several times the Ambassador, who has occupied major posts in the administration of Kuwait's revolutionary reformer, father figure of a state of generous social welfare unmatched in Africa or Asia, smiled in hearty agreement.

The Minister suggested plainly that the Arab leaders who had accepted the invitation of President Gamal Abdel Nasser to Cairo were becoming desperate at the West's slothfulness and inaction, the inertia. As I listened in the surprising sunshine London provided for Sheik Sabah I could not help but reflect on the strange turn of fortuitous fate . . . in the fortunes of two men; the white giant who excitedly summoned leaders here, there and everywhere, publicly called the African sundry

names, and threatened destruction to a land that had known high civilization for over 5,000 years, was now idling his time in a rural setting, writing explanations of his pitiful collapse on the world stage none bothers to read seriously. The maligned nationalist who accepted the challenge of the two political pygmies in the West, Dulles and Eden, when they withdrew their paltry offer to build in starving, parched, overpopulated Egypt the high Aswan Dam, was riding higher. To Nasser come the leading stars, from Chou en-lai and Mr. Khrushchev, Dr. Sukarno, (the late Jawaharlal) Nehru and Dr. Radhakrishnan, and Tito too.

Eden said he feared it would be harmed by 'the incompetent' Egyptians: the Egyptians' Suez Canal, is wider, deeper, entirely controlled by Egyptians. Its profits soar and soar. To Nasser fly all the kings and all the presidents of Arab lands, from Hussein of Jordan, Hassan of Morocco, and the advanced social thinker, the Sheik of Kuwait. I was meeting the man whose people number 350,000 citizens; but their income from oil last year was £130m.; in their fabulous territories is a well capable inside 24 hours of producing enough liquid gold to satisfy all the western countries' needs for six months . . . at Burgan. But Burgan is only one of many rich oil areas.

How did the British Premier and Foreign Secretary take the messages from the Arab rulers in Nasser's holy city? 'Both expressed good feelings and sympathy for my Mission, which was on behalf of the League of Arab States. My task, I repeat, was to explain the Summit resolutions on Palestine and the diversion of the Jordan waters. Sir Alec and Mr. Butler told me they hoped these feelings will be maintained and, indeed, promoted further, and attain complete understanding.' But, Sheik Sabah was far from satisfied with the reaction in Whitehall. He answered another question pointedly if gently, 'I do not wish to maintain that I met with complete understanding on the critical situation in the area. It is due to the long period that has passed with the injustices inflicted on Palestine. And also due to the appalling conditions under which 1,200,000 refugees from Palestine live at present. For 17 years the Arabs have been patient, hopeful the world and international justice will do something to alleviate the wrongs suffered by this Arab part of the earth.'

I asked, 'How serious is the crisis, Excellency?'

The Minister: 'Tension among the Arabs is growing every day, and the situation is becoming more difficult all the time, because the Arab people'—and he looked more serious than at any time I was in the salon—'have lost patience . . . after seeing this injustice going on, so long, so long, and nobody trying to do anything about solving it. The United Nations resolutions have not been carried out, and the refugees have remained in the camps for 17 years. There is . . .—the hesitation was seemingly to find words that did not cross a precise border—a definite trend, an Arab move towards a quick, and imminent solution.'

I was facing reality.

I asked, 'What would you really like the Western nations to do?'

The Minister: 'I want to stress here, there is a general dislike for the West, owing to the Palestine question. The Arabs believe it, I mean the State, was planned, initiated and executed by these Western nations. I ask you, you yourself, what would you say if a part of your country were taken over, the inhabitants evicted . . . to make room for other people to settle?'

Answering a further question His Excellency declared with some warmth, 'I am not here as Foreign Minister of Kuwait: I am chief delegate from the Arab Summit conference. I am here as an Arab . . . and I have made it known that Kuwait is part of the Arab world. The leaders we have met here appreciate the fact.' The Minister worried lest I might be dreaming foolish dreams of Kuwait's not being part of the Arab hierarchy. . . . He looked closely at me as he continued, 'I have also said that the dream of Kuwait is to see Arab unity fulfilled. Be sure that is what I told them. . . . Tonight, a few minutes before your arrival, at the conclusion of my conversation with the British MPs, they said, "We are friends with Kuwait, and Kuwait is our friend. We have special admiration and respect for Kuwait." My reply to this was, "Kuwait is part of the Arab world. I appreciate your feelings, but, you must treat the Arab world as a whole. . . ."

Did the Minister feel the British Premier realized the real vigour behind the Arab world's resolution to achieve an understanding over the refugees from Palestine? 'Yes,' came the answer, tepidly, 'and we are going on to study the issue.'

I asked, 'Could the crisis lead to the withdrawal of oil supplies to the West by the Arab states, including, therefore, Britain's oil, by Kuwait Britain's ally?'

Sheik Sabah: 'First, we honour our integrity—that comes above all, oil included. I told the oil company representatives when they visited me here last Wednesday that, we in Kuwait, and not only we, but all the Arab oil-producing states, lands, lived previously on dates and bread. I said we are ready to do the same again. . . .'

I continued, 'Do you feel, Excellency, the Western states realize the Arab leaders are serious and will now do something about the provision of oil supplies?' Swiftly the expression changed, the half-smile that had been hovering occasionally disappeared from tightened lips. . . . The Minister said gravely, 'I repeat that I said, "Once our integrity is encroached upon, everything . . . we shall sacrifice, everything for our integrity"

I asked, 'In a phrase, Minister, what do you wish the Western nations to do?'

The Minister: 'To understand the aspirations of the Arabs. I wish to make it clear that I am not here to threaten, but, to solicit your understanding. I have urged and repeated that once our integrity is threatened, we know how to resort to other measures. We abhor hostilities and have condemned them even when practised by the British in South Arabia. The Arabs will not resort to hostilities, but we are definitely also believers in the right of self-defence.'

FORUM FEATURE—

BRITISH FARMING FROM THE INSIDE

NORMAN L. GOODLAND

FIRST, let us have a look at the overall position of British farming as it emerges from this year's price review.

It very much looks as if we have reached a point where the British stomach is having the last word. It is, in fact, filled to capacity. No doubt some of the older stomachs have been overlooked in the process, but generally speaking, from an agricultural marketing point of view, that is so.

It may be possible, of course, by vigorous advertising campaigns, to persuade the British stomach that there is room to accommodate just a little more. The effect of this is good in the long run for the National Health Service—and the undertakers. But by and large the limit is reached.

The British farmer has played his considerable part towards filling the British stomach; both by his Unions and his Governments since the war, he has been much encouraged in this. He has, accordingly, invested his brains, his efforts and his money to it, without perhaps a very clear idea of what he was going to do when it *did* become filled.

But, of course, he has not been the only one limited to this. British Governments have always ensured that a considerable part of the process should be allocated to farmers similarly committed from overseas. Why should they do this? For the quite simple reason that if we did not help out with their agricultural production—their Governments would not help us with our industrial production.

It is now recognised, therefore, that the old idea of increasing farm production as a means of increasing or holding farm fortunes, for those committed to supplying the British stomach can, if it is continued, only make matters worse for all concerned. The Price Review bore this out, for it shows the Government's basic policy of seeking commodity agreements with outside suppliers, which it hopes to balance with a more or less defined allocation of production to its own farmers. The object is to try and ensure all concerned a fair share of the available British agricultural and horticultural markets.

Shortly after the Price Review was published, I had a word with one of the larger pig producers in my area, as to what he thought about it. You would be surprised at the number of farmers who just do not understand the complicated provisions and machinations in these Price Reviews, or how they are going to affect them financially. He said, 'I don't really know how the Price Review will affect me. I read everything that's printed about it that comes my way, two or three times over—but I still can't make top nor tail of it. All I know is that after a certain point, if I produce more I get less. I believe now that the point is raised a bit, and thank God for that.'

Of course, what he is working to is this. The Government decide

the number of pigs which can be reasonably encouraged in the British Isles, which will not interfere with the pattern of trade from outside. This population level reflects the quantities of pig meat which the Government considers the market can absorb at a reasonable price. Hitherto the population level has been 10½-11 million pigs, and the number is now to be increased by three quarters of a million.

The price system for cattle and sheep to British farmers is changed 'so that market forces will have a greater influence on producers' marketing decisions'. Thus, when market prices are low, the farmer who sells his cattle is to get less subsidy. Market prices are only low when plenty of beef is available. The idea of this, therefore, is to discourage him from selling during that period, and thus flooding the market, to the detriment not only of himself but to the outside producers as well. However, when market prices are high, that is to say, when beef is scarce, he will be encouraged to sell by the award of a deficiency bonus—with the object of ensuring an adequate national supply of beef on the market.

Cereals work this way. From 1 July 'minimum import prices' will operate. To the British farmers there are new guarantee arrangements for wheat and barley based on 'standard quantities' and 'indicator prices'. If more is produced than the standard quantity, then deficiency payments to British farmers will be reduced accordingly.

The 'indicator prices' are fixed so that they reflect the minimum import price—that is to say, the lowest price at which outside suppliers can offer their cereals on the British market. If the British farmer over-produces, and causes market price to fall below this indicator price, then his deficiency payment from the Government will be limited accordingly. If, through bad luck, such as a poor harvest, he under-produces, then he will be insured by being subsidized up to the indicator price.

Milk prices have been based on a 'standard quantity' for some time. It has now been raised by more than 300 million gallons. Why? Because over the past ten years there has been an increasing 'dis-incentive' due to over-production of milk, resulting in 20 per cent of the producers, that is to say about 40,000, leaving the industry. We have now reached a point where, to quote the National Farmers' Union, 'the availability of milk for manufacturing gives rise to some anxiety'.

The egg farmers have taken a knock. Says the White Paper, 'Production is expected to expand more rapidly than demand, leading to lower prices and higher subsidy. There is a clear tendency towards over-production, which must be checked.' The Egg Board estimates that the egg producers will be 3d. per dozen worse off in this year, and regrets that the Government 'while applying financial pressure to limit home production, has done nothing to control imports'.

So we see, however much the fact is disguised, that the British farmer is now working to what amounts to standard quantities in some of the more important of his productions, that he is discouraged from producing above that standard quantity—and, as from the example of the egg men,

if he persists in doing so, he is likely to receive similar drastic treatment.

It is said that this is not restriction of British farming. It is difficult, however, to observe any expansion—so I do not quite know what you would call it.

However, the immediate result to the British farmer is as follows.

For some time previous to the Price Review, some awareness of its inevitable outcome has been shown by the drive through the National Agricultural Advisory Service and the National Farmers' Union for 'productivity' rather than production in British agriculture. The round of conferences for 1964 has begun to show this very clearly. There is, in fact, an 'Agricultural Productivity Committee', chaired by Stephen Burt, who has said that British agriculture is moving out of the era of revolution which took place in the post-war years—the revolution of production—into a new revolution, that of 'productivity'.

What does this 'productivity' mean? We might get a clue as to its meaning from W. Emrys Jones, head of the National Agricultural Advisory Service, who says that if farm profits are to be maintained or improved, 'it is essential that the great flow of new technical ideas be absorbed to the best advantage, so that they result in higher productivity rather than just higher production'. 'The key', he says, 'lies in more precision in decision-making in farming.'

Past master at the art of agricultural jargon he means that the sensible use of new ideas in farming might make your profit a better one even if you do not produce more. Now, there are two methods of doing this. One is for the farmer to cheapen his methods of production, and the other is for him to study more closely marketing conditions, and tailor his products accordingly. But, if the market is a controlled one, I do not see how anyone can say that that part of his activities is not subject to control also. Either way it is indeed difficult to observe what is going on without the word 'restriction' coming into one's consciousness.

This is the immediate result of present conditions, but the long-term result is already ominously showing its hand. It is this. If British agricultural output is to be controlled, if the British agricultural market is to be controlled, then increase in fortunes by those engaged in commercial activities based upon it can only be achieved by the large swallowing up the small, whether they be producers, wholesalers or retailers. The process is already under way.

If you read anything agricultural these days, or see it on TV, you get the strong impression that the old pattern of individual medium-to-small farm ownership is being swept away by the march of so-called 'modern' integration into larger and larger farm units. There is that tendency, of course, but not because all farmers want it themselves. Apart from the hobby and sporting interests which swallow up our smaller working farms as they fall vacant—and mainly for those purposes—one can discern, among other factors behind this impetus, the pressure of Big Business able hopelessly to outbid any working farming family for any land falling vacant. This is done to help create this new 'farming pattern' to fit the other side of these business interests—mass retail

supply—again, not entirely the housewife's idea or, especially in the country, her choice.

Hand in hand with this is a vast campaign by such interests, and joined by others who see good business in supplying the 'new pattern'—who, as the advertisement pages show, do have a profound influence upon the contents of practically all leading agricultural papers—to persuade farmers, and the public, that this integration of smaller farm units into large ones is inevitable, is modern, and is the only way to serve the needs of modern Britain. I find also, that the Government Agricultural Advisory Departments, and the Farmers' Union, are sometimes more sold to this process than they need be, or should be.

The process does, in fact, make grievous rural social problems; problems which destroy our rural civilization, and which almost everyone ignores or does not realize fully are there. I mentioned this to the big battalions drumming out their gospel of greater farm units—and, of course, their other gospel to the large customers they see round the corner, of where to buy the machines and materials to effect this new 'revolution'—at a National Power Farming Conference. The reply was brusque—and I should think particularly enlightening to those who have an interest in, and a love for, our rural countryside. I was told that if rural society could not fit itself to modern progress—then it deserved to go under.

Some of the problems are these. Never have the Young Farmers' Clubs been more flourishing. Never have the chances of the sons and daughters of the land to acquire the means to carry on their heritage been less. These people who for generations have had the stewardship of our soils, give way more and more before the new pattern advocated by the interests mentioned above, and curiously enough, also to some extent by the Advisory Services and the Farmers' Union themselves.

Where are they to turn to fulfil their lives? To offer the true countryman or woman factory or office employment, is to offer boredom and disinterest which their parents, whatever the hardships they have passed through, never knew.

Farm managerships are also not the answer. There is no satisfaction in farming for someone else when you have come from a family from which you have inherited the tradition of being your own master. In any case, there are more farm managers than farms to put them on.

Now take another part of the pattern centred upon the British agricultural market—the retail business. The self-service store and the supermarket may be attractive to the housewife, especially the urban housewife, with their lower prices, better presentation and variety and so forth. But, one after another, private businesses in the country towns, upon which country people miles away in the countryside have relied for the 'country run', in order to keep themselves supplied, either fold up before this competition, or regretfully inform their customers they can no longer supply goods at their doors. The cost of doing so gets beyond them, and in order to compete their accountants invariably say 'cut the country runs'.

Sometimes these runs are taken over by rivals. Often the rivals themselves are swallowed up by the new type of retailers. There is then no 'regret' that the country run must be discontinued. Often, if the customer is told at all—he is informed that the service will cease 'as from next week'.

Courted we may be, in order to patronize the new retail pattern which is emerging. But if the brusqueness with which the country customer is treated is any indication of the glorious future, if the time comes when competition down the road is finally destroyed, we will certainly find the suitor a good deal less affectionate than he is now.

Many medium to small farmers are attempting to withstand this financial blizzard being unleashed upon them by creating amongst themselves syndicates and management co-operatives, so that they are together farming the more economically 'viable' farm unit.

But in general, such co-operation does not seem to make the headway that it should. Why? Because the British farmer is, in fact, the last bastion of British individuality. He is in the business for a living, certainly, but, as above indicated, his main interest is that his way of life enables him to be his own master. True, he finds that he must give ground to those seeking to exploit him, oust him, or to try to fit him into urban-conceived mass administration to an extent he would not countenance even two decades ago. But he budges slowly and unwillingly, and embraces each hardship as it comes along—and he does suffer hardship if he is a small man—to stay as he wants for as long as he possibly can.

Would you, for instance, believe that there are farmers today who do not even take full advantage of Government subsidies, or who even stick to the job on a wage less than is paid to a good head stockman? It is so—and to my joy, as I follow the rounds of these 'big farm conferences—I find this basic personality factor among farmers who are not finding it so easy as you may think to earn a living, the rock which the big battalions have discovered is much more durable than they thought. The gospel has indeed changed from pushing a hardworking small man out altogether, to one of showing them how they, too, might have a place in the new agricultural millennium.

But—I doubt if they will be much impressed. They are, in fact, quite alert to the dangers pressing upon their livelihood, and quite aware of the need to have a better control over their own markets before all is cornered by the big boys. I well remember the call of the Hon. S. C. W. Cornwallis, at an NAAS conference at Winchester of about 200 medium to small farmers, dealing with this business of marketing organization. It was a call to get control over their own markets, to handle their own destinies, and to avoid degenerating to mere managers for some great business interest seeking to seize and run the land and the animals like a mass-production factory. Despite the casualties above-mentioned, they are more and more effectively working together to do just that—get proper control over their own markets.

As can be seen by the foregoing, this is something which they will

have to do, and they know it. They are up against formidable opposition. An example might be seen in Tate and Lyle, for instance—itself becoming a sugarbeet grower. According to the *British Farmer* of 30 November, it formed a new Company—Tate and Lyle Farms—to grow 80 acres of beet experimentally on a 1,200 acre farm that it purchased at Kingsley in Norfolk. This is but one of many primarily retailing concerns which have similar plans in mind.

'Controlled', 'managed' or 'restricted', whichever word you use, or 'integrated to the available market'—it all means, as far as this writer can see: that British agriculture is in more danger than ever of falling into the hands of huge business concerns waiting to corner the land and farm it for themselves. But I think the British farmers will succeed, in keeping them at bay—and survive; but whether or not this will result in any benefit to the British housewife, is something I would not care to predict.

... THE TORCH HAS PASSED ...—*Concluded from page 347*
essential for that policy to be implemented. There is an interesting question posed by this: whether American electoral politics are developing in a manner whereby a man must be immensely popular to be elected President, but not necessarily skilled in the arts of legislative and administrative (as opposed to elective) politics, essential for effective leadership.

President Kennedy will be, and certainly deserves to be, remembered as a 'watershed' President. His accomplishments, however, will probably be recorded not in legislation or, with exceptions, diplomatic success, but in the style he set for the Presidency and the ideals he held out for Americans to strive for. President Johnson, on the other hand, must, as did President Truman, leave his mark in firm achievements. It is a mark that promises to be a high one, indeed.

*A pamphlet containing the Message that was distributed in Britain by the United States Information Service, however, was deceptively entitled *Ten Ways to a World Without War*.

PEKING, DJAKARTA AND THE MALAYSIA PROBLEM

—*Concluded from page 351*
tional million were facing starvation. Sky-rocketing prices (the price index of 12 basic foodstuffs, including rice, on the Djakarta market, rose from 100 in 1953 to 2100 by the end of 1963), serious shortages of spare industrial parts and a seemingly ever more chaotic fiscal administration are but reflections of Subandrio's statement to a delegation of visiting Philippines veterans, early in December, 1963, that Indonesia was deliberately neglecting her economy in order to concentrate on the recovery of her 'national identity' and the 'iron spirit' of her people. How much longer Indonesia can keep on skirting the danger of total economic collapse is becoming an increasingly pressing question. Efforts to reverse these alarming trends now seem to find the PKI's opposition insurmountable, however, and one gathers from various circles in Djakarta that Sukarno no longer feels strong enough to resist the steadily growing PKI.

SCIENCE, COMMUNICATIONS AND REASON—II

BERNARD RUBIN

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On a more historical level and for convenience, let us note Bertrand Russell's criteria for the modern period. These characteristics, he contends, particularly describe the 'mental outlook'. He cites the 'diminishing authority of the Church and the increasing authority of science.'⁴ As for his first point, there can be no doubt that the Protestant Reformation and the subsequent reforms in the Roman Catholic Church did much to pronounce the appeal of practical logic, albeit the logic was in theological terminology. The European split was to have profound effects upon philosophic thought. Suffice it to mention Martin Luther (1483-1546), Huldreich Zwingli (1484-1531), and John Calvin (1509-64) in setting the point of the changing societal and religious codes that were evolving. Earlier, Thomas Aquinas (1225-74) had pointed out significant directions for debate with his discussions of some of the disturbing problems of realism and theology.

Russell's view, though substantially correct, is not inclusive enough, for church power and scientific advance are not the full measure of the background to the advance of modern thought. The steady growth of the conception that man had a *right* to free himself from hereditary bondages is also involved. Battles against religious intolerance and intellectual complacency based upon fear of brute power were fought not to negate but to build. Fundamentally, men wrestled with a more positive problem attempting to fathom possible solutions.

As each outstanding researcher endeavoured to see beyond the existing range of knowledge he groped to unshackle his own societal chains so as to free millions of other prisoners. As the keys turned in manacle after manacle, the newly formed legions of mentally liberated began to demand freedom as a mass right rather than as a boon offered for individual dispensation.

Although the inventors, devisors and theorists glorified the trends towards what is now most modern as an acceptable concept, i.e., the reasonable approach, they did not dominate their times. Until the Industrial Revolution forced the sudden application of the new roads to learning on the European social structure, the almost embalmed feudalistic hierarchy tended to consider these adventitious inquirers as curiosities absolutely dependent upon patronal sufferance and support.

When announced conclusions appeared to slight patrician rule or to undermine dogma, tolerance gave way to determined attempts at control. In too many instances the scholarly scientific entrepreneurs found themselves entered in the lists when tournament victors were selected by announcement rather than through contest. Counter-attacks against the

presumed attacks of intellectualism were often fraught with savagery if not with the elements of barbarism.

The labelling of certain research as dissent frequently attached the stigma of heresy upon the advocates and practitioners of the research. Obviously, the environment was not conducive to the establishment of an age of communications during the centuries preceding the current modernity. First, mechanical facilities necessary for the advancement and spread of empiricism and intellectual freedom had not matured sufficiently. Again, today's basis of change rests upon enlightened populations and the encouragement afforded penetrating minds. Both of these features of contemporary modernity were underplayed by the older established societies. Formally, extraordinary intellectual talent was more usually isolated and suspected than appreciated. Great ideas did filter down into the general population, but the general level of illiteracy was so high that the ideas were usually engulfed or misshaped by popular ignorance. Intellectual heresy made its imprint upon history despite innumerable setbacks.

The effort to seek and impart knowledge means a limit to the control of any external authority over the institution of learning. Where this freedom exists, no authority can say: 'This is the truth, this is what we must teach'. Or: 'This is the truth; if your investigations lead you to doubt it or deny it, you must refrain from doing so'.⁵

As interpreted by Sebastian Castellio, partisan philosopher protesting the injustices surrounding the inquisitional burning of Michael Servetus (1511-53) for the supposed heresies implicit in his religious views, the warning put in the first person by virtue of personal experience becomes, 'I see some who impose opinions, often false, like oracles upon their disciples. New articles of faith are forged and thrown like a snare about the conscience of posterity, sowing thereby the seeds of persecution.' Noting that even scholars were sometimes instrumental in thwarting genuine intellectualism, Castellio pleaded with those who tended to esteem their own judgments too highly, 'Do not arrogate so much to yourselves that you bring the souls and bodies of many into peril by your authority.'⁶

5 The Discovery of the Individual

The revealing of another clue is to be found in the study of the rise of republican thought and democratic ideals. Chronicles of empires and aristocrats, of the mighty and servile, are violently interrupted by the political discovery—of the *individual*. Uncovering of the creature with aspirations for freedom, labels all post-discovery generations *modern*, to the extent and degree that they have managed to adapt themselves to the encouragement of freedom for (and I dread the phrase) the common man.

⁴ Bertrand Russell, *A History of Western Philosophy*, (New York: Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1945) p. 491.

⁵ Robert M. MacIver, 'The Freedom to Search for Knowledge', *The New York Times Magazine*, 12 April, 1953.

⁶ Roland H. Bainton, translator and editor, *Concerning Heretics*, an anonymous work attributed to Sebastian Castellio (New York: Columbia University Press, 1935) p. 305.

'Democratic government is a species of social luxury, at best a delicate and precarious adventure which depends for success upon the validity of certain assumptions about the capacities and virtues.'⁷

An acute sensitivity to the plight of the individual is part and parcel of the democratic idea. Consequently, the individualist is the finest product of our society. The precepts that democrats subscribe to are directly adverse to a strong current of history, in that the individual in most known societies both of antiquity and of modern times has been virtually without rights, degraded economically, socially and politically. Power for the rulers of undemocratic societies has been measured in terms of the obedience of the masses to their masters.

Assuredly, the democratic ideal which holds that each citizen is a communicator of significance is still novel enough to be considered an eccentric position by the great mass of people whose lives are bound by the more traditional hierarchies of power and position.

Peculiarly, one of the landmarks contributing to the growth of democratic theories about the individual is to be found in the writings of that master of the pragmatic *and* of the theoretical, Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-1527; Italian), whose very name connotes an appreciation for political immorality amongst those who would categorize everything. Machiavelli was shrewd enough to be wary of humane ideals in an era of practised injustice. With apologies to the opponents of fascistic theory (and I am in that group) I would avoid the tendency to inspect philosophies on the basis of whether or not each philosopher would have supported Mussolini and Hitler. Recognize that Machiavelli's work is highly debatable today but was less obviously so in his. It is important that he observed, ' . . . that for the failing for which writers blame the masses, any body of men one cares to select may be blamed, and especially princes; for anyone who does not regulate his conduct by laws will make the same mistake as the masses are guilty of.'⁸ He also asserted that, 'the nature of the masses . . . is no more reprehensible than is the nature of princes, for all do wrong and to the same extent when there is nothing to prevent them doing wrong.'⁹ His interpretation is valuable because of the strong case he makes against those who do not obey the laws. Machiavelli stimulated princes and commoners who were to follow. His ideas had to be evaluated by friend and foe.

6 Certain American Applications

Several later philosophers found favour with the American intelligentsia because their theories tended to dispense with harsh circumstances which clouded their own conclusions. The mood here, amongst early naturalistically inclined political leaders, was to accept theory as a proper basis for scientific doubt about human destiny.

America's colonial intelligentsia read the political works of John Milton (1608-74; English), John Locke (1632-1704; English), Jean Jacques

⁷ Carl L. Becker, *Modern Democracy*, (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941) p. 11.

⁸ Leslie J. Walker, translator and editor, *The Discourses of Niccolo Machiavelli*. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1950) p. 341.

⁹ *Ibid*, p. 342.

Rousseau (1712-78; French), and Voltaire (François Marie Arouet, 1694-1778; French) with great seriousness in the attempt to justify their own behaviour and attitudes, which were so influenced by natural circumstances in the New World.

Thomas Jefferson included in his 1769 book order with his English publishers requests for 'Locke on *Government*, Burlamaqui on *Natural Law* and the works of Montesquieu. Buttreasing these were volumes on political economy, civil society, parliamentary history and the history of specific countries and peoples.'¹⁰ The majority of the politically literate American contemporaries of Jefferson were weaned on the natural rights view of history through their reading of Locke, Hobbes, Harrington, Montesquieu, Vattel, Burlamaqui, Grotius and host of others; although Jefferson considered Montesquieu's views abhorrent because the French philosopher, in his view, implied the worth of a too powerful single government and appeared to show a predilection for monarchy, the sage of Monticello read the *Spirit of Laws* studiously.

The conception that, 'laws . . . are human reason in action'¹² was stimulating fare, quite suitable to the reading taste of the flower of eighteenth century American leadership. Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, James Wilson, James Madison, Samuel Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Edmund Randolph and Patrick Henry are to be counted among the many who debated their course of action in terms of Lockian and Montesquienian logic.¹³

As Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679; English) and George Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (1770-1831; German) were more authoritarian as theorists they found less favour amongst those who pondered the problems of government, on these shores. The colonist, facing the authority of English rule, sought another approach to his situation, more conducive to the independent spirit that was developing in the emerging society of the new world. Hobbes' 'social contract' interpretation was adapted to the colonial scene after the encumbrances of his conception of selfish mankind, previous to the making of the contract had been scrutinized and minimized. Alexander Hamilton is sometimes classed as a Hobbesian. Hegelian and similar dialectican logic about the totality of the state was fortunately beyond the more optimistic and individualistic American standards of political belief.

The people of the United States have enwrapped themselves, from the beginnings of their stirrings toward independent nationhood, with the logic of the Enlightenment. With that approach, they have carved a portrait of man striving to de-emphasize fatalism and covering the harsher lines with naturalistic colouring so as exuberantly to depict the vitality of spirit and of enterprise that is so admired.

Traditional European restraints upon the freedom of the individual

¹⁰ Nathan Schachner, *Thomas Jefferson*, Volume I (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1951) p. 75.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 130.

¹² George R. Havens, *The Age of Ideas*, (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1955) p. 129.

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 140-56.

were overwhelmed with incredible swiftness by the facts of life that were to be found in the New World. Conventional order and rule seldom existed outside of the scattered colonial cities. Even in those places the impacts of changing societal codes were evident everywhere. Opportunity depended more and more upon imagination and ability and less and less upon station, manner, or adherence to dogma.

European philosophers of political romanticism and proponents of scientific investigation contributed much to the emerging American ideology. The rationalists of the new world added scientific and political naturalism to the inescapable and invigorating naturalism that they experienced daily. The sharpest of old world cleavages caused by the theological and temporal battles of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation were blunted considerably on these shores.

In this virgin land where dreams were often unrestricted, the colonials had finally refuted the argument that mankind would inevitably be torn by religious differences. Mark the fact that in the New England strongholds of theological rule the struggles toward full freedom for the individual began collaterally with the institution of religious restrictions in New England and old Europe. By way of example, even as the English reared Roger Williams girded for battle with the Puritan overseers of Massachusetts in 1631, an old and tired Galileo was on the verge of facing the Inquisitorial Court of Cardinals at Rome. In both cases the issues bore strongly on the same subject in that both men championed the reasonable approach in the teeth of religious rigidity. Williams stood for freedom of conscience and Galileo for freedom of scientific research. Each won the battle in his own way! Williams founded Providence as a haven for himself and his followers while Galileo's victory came when his judges trapped themselves in the snare of their own inflexibility, and condemned him, thus signalling their own defeat. They tried to stand as still as the earth they *ordained* still, in the centre of the universe.

Galileo stood on the orbit of change on a moving earth revolving around the sun. Neither of these prime movers of intellectual ambition could be dominated by petty prejudices for their work went beyond their opponents to convince generations. He who gave us the telescope gave us even more by his willingness to fight for the right to disseminate the grand ideas that he fashioned. Consider this reflection in the *Dialogue Concerning the Two Chief World Systems*: '... surpassing all stupendous inventions, what sublimity of mind was his who dreamed of finding means to communicate his deepest thoughts to any other person, though distant by mighty intervals of place and time.'¹⁴ By his gallant efforts the Italian genius fought not only his place and time, but the bigotry and ignorance of all places at all times. Madison and Jefferson could not have missed the point as they 'consulted his texts.'¹⁵

¹⁴ Galileo Galilei, *Dialogue Concerning the Two Chief World Systems, Ptolemaic and Copernican*, Stillman Drake translation, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1953) p. 105.

¹⁵ Giorgio de Santillana, *The Crime of Galileo*, (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1955) p. 75.

Also, the Virginians could not have failed to note the full significance of the flight of Joseph Priestly from his native England to escape the consequences of his sympathy for the French Revolution. Priestly's sanctuary, the home state of the reasonable scientist of politics and materialism, Benjamin Franklin, stood for the freedom of the mind. The aim of all of these men was in the tradition carried on by Galileo in that they wanted to spread '... scientific awareness ... to the whole advancing front of civilization',¹⁶ and to base the advance upon individualistic perception and political liberty.

In colonial America and then in the budding United States the varied environmental circumstances of life did not permit the retention of the aristocratical conception. That class dominance tended to diminish in importance and to be subverted by the passage of time and by the differences between the older and the newer codes of ambition. Wealth, then as now, became a standard of achievement but the definition relating to standards for wealth was liberalized. A man could be wealthy in land, or slaves, or gold and silver, or manufactures, or he could be convinced that his prosperity depended upon his freedom to engage or not engage in any particular enterprise.

The control of goods and the aristocratic background as the prime factors of community life, made very little impression upon the frontiersmen and the independent souls of farm, plantation, city and town who considered each individual to be unique. The individual communicator defended his own personality and would not be judged by the actions or the abilities of others; he demanded to be accepted on the basis of his own merits or demerits. Startling as that idea was to the European ruling classes of the time it was a common place belief in British America and later in the United States. Revolution leading to independence was firmly based, philosophically, on then romantic theories of equality that really meant freedom to be unequal. The great contribution of the United States is that it has enlarged the meaning of liberty to ensure the practical attainment of the philosophical ideals of the romantic.

Consequently, the vision of the *Age of Reason* became the practice of the new world. It was quite in the line of American logic to assume that John Locke was quite correct in his assertion that the '... estate all men are naturally in' is 'a state of perfect freedom';¹⁷ that when an offender transgresses 'the law of nature' he 'declares himself to live by another rule than that of reason and common equity' and 'becomes dangerous to mankind'.¹⁸ Locke's espousal of the social contract theory and the stressing of freedom (up to the point where an individual transgresses the rights of others) also fell upon appreciative ears as did his championing of the idea that 'the beginning of politic society depends upon the *consent* of the individuals to join into and make one society'.¹⁹ In short, the entire thesis that government is entered into for con-

¹⁶ Ibid., p. 205.

¹⁷ John Locke, *Of Civil Government*, (London: J. P. Dent and Sons, 1924) p. 118.

¹⁸ Ibid., pp. 120-21.

¹⁹ Ibid., p. 169.

venience by man and that he leaves his natural state by his own consent, since the end of government is the good of mankind, was nicely hinged to the colonists' own situation during the struggles with Britain. It was accomplished by no grand premeditated design, but it evolved from the American political and geographical circumstances. Naturally the American agreed that, 'whosoever uses force without right—as everyone does in society who does it without law, puts himself into a state of war with those against whom he so uses it.'²⁰

Edmund Burke (1729-97; English) observed in 1775 that in the character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the 'pre-dominating feature . . .'²¹ Burke treasured liberty but feared unbridled popular control of the affairs of state. Therefore, he was distressed by the excesses of the French Revolution. American advocates of freedom were also disturbed by the differences that were evident between the French and American eighteenth century revolutions. They did not appreciate the fundamental differences between idealistic and freedom practising America and the France that smothered its idealism in European fatalism activated by social, political and economic dissension. The poor individualist was commonplace in America, the impoverished peasant commonplace in France. That contentious pamphleteer Thomas Paine (1737-1809; English-American) never appreciated the diversity of causes and effects, though one would be in error not to credit him with practising his preaching, usually to his personal discomfort. Answering Burke's criticisms of the French Revolution he raised the cry of the American in his words:

. . . the liberty of opinion keeps governments themselves in due subjection to their duties. This has produced the martyrdom of truth in every age, and the world has only purged itself from ignorance with the innocent blood of those who have enlightened it.²²

It is to the greater glory of this republic and to the Anglo-American contribution that our greatest internal dissatisfactions have been caused by the high standards that have been set for the efforts to base the system of government upon the intelligent and free participation of the individual citizen. These standards push us ever forward in the attempt to free those who are as yet unable or unprepared to live according to the conception. A truly herculean libertarian labour.

The world considers us a pragmatic people, but in our pragmatism there is an acceptance of several great theoretical advances. First, we have tried to build our society through decisions secured at common council. Secondly, we cherish the values of research and curiosity. Lastly,

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 234.

²¹ R. J. S. Hoffman and P. Levack, editors, *Burke's Politics*, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1949) p. 69.

²² *The Whole Proceeding on the Trial of An Information Against Thomas Paine*. For a Libel upon the Revolution and Settlement of the Crown and Regal Government as by law established; and also upon the Bill of Rights, the Legislature, Government, Laws, and Parliament of this Kingdom, and upon the King. Tried by a Special Jury in the Court of Kings Bench, Guildhall, on Tuesday, the 18th of December, 1792. (London: Sold by Martha Gurney, No. 128, Holborn-Hill, 1793) p. 155.

we adhere to the principle that government exists for the furthering of individual good; and exercises no right to unquestioned overlordship. From the first days of our community urge for independent national status, we have reaffirmed these principles. A proper appreciation of the background to communications is derived from the several factors outlined. Perhaps the Scotsman Alexander Mackay put it best when he observed after touring 'the Western World' in 1846 and 1847 that the American '... feels himself to be implicated, not only in the honour and independence of his country, but also in the success of democracy.'²³ With that observation Mackay tersely characterized the virtues of government dedicated to and based upon reason and the communication of ideas.

²³ Alexander Mackay, *The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846 and 1847*, (Philadelphia: 1849, III) Excerpt reprinted in Henry Steele Commager ed., *Living Ideas in America*, (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1951) p. 230. For collateral thoughts, see, Richard Carlton Snyder and H. Hubert Wilson, editors, *Roots of Political Behaviour*, (New York: American Book Company, 1949) p. 1; Gunnar Myrdal et al, *An American Dilemma*, (New York: Harper and Brothers, Inc., 1944) pp. 4-5; Leo Pfeffer, *Church, State and Freedom*, (Boston: The Beacon Press, 1953) p. 92; New Hampshire Constitution of 1784, Part II, paragraph 3, 'Form of Government' in Zechariah Chafee Jr., ed., *Documents on Fundamental Human Rights*, preliminary edition, 1st Pamphlet (Cambridge: Harvard University Press 1954) pp. 225-6.

EDUCATION FORUM—III

SEE WHICH WAY THE CATS JUMP

STANLEY ALDERSON

THE Robbins Report rightly gave the Colleges of Advanced Technology an important role in its planned expansion of higher education. But it is perhaps unfortunate that Robbins has come out while the CATS are young and are still self-consciously searching for an identity.

If the CATS cling to their promised 'university status', they will end up as *nouveaux academiques* and they will contribute nothing to educational development. They need not copy the universities when it is an effortless task to improve on them.

Everyone knows that much of the *teaching* at our universities is poor and that the reason is that dons are chosen for their research. The mass of rubbishy papers published every year is part of the process of promotion.

A don is almost irremovable from his post. The decision to remove him would have to be made through a hierarchy of committees, as would almost any decision initiating important change in academic processes or in the administrative processes themselves.

Nearly all dons have a considerable administrative responsibility. They are not chosen for their administrative ability any more than for their teaching ability.

Brunel College, one of the earliest CATS, has already established a reputation for experiment and freethinking. It does not offer full-time courses leading to a university degree but has pioneered sandwich courses for the Diploma in Technology. There is close collaboration between the College and the firms with which students spend alternate six-month periods. The closest analogy is with a teaching hospital.

If a speech made by Brunel's Chairman of Governors at last year's presentation of Diplomas is a portent, the process of experiment will quickly extend to administration as well. The Chairman is Wilfred Brown, the chairman and former managing director of Glacier Metal, where significant research into industrial management has been done since the war. His book *Exploration in Management* is a classic in the field.

Mr. Brown envisages Brunel with an administrative structure that would not only facilitate decision-making but provide for the assessment of staff and for their transfer or discharge as appropriate.

Yet another reason why the teaching is poor at our universities is that the examinations for which students are being prepared require more fact than understanding. Since the universities set the GCE papers, this affects the teaching in the schools as well.

When the Northern Universities Matriculation Board was pioneering its General Studies Paper, it included a question that gave information about the incidence of stomach and duodenal ulcers and asked candidates to provide hypotheses about the causes of ulcers and to say what further evidence they would seek to test their hypotheses.

Not only was this question answered inadequately, but there was little to choose between the performance of the arts and science students. A straightforward question in scientific method was outside the scope of sixth-form science students.

The typical question in a science paper first requires the student to state some fundamental piece of knowledge that he will have memorized. The student knows that this same piece of knowledge will be required to solve the second part of the question, a problem giving such data and no more as are necessary to arrive at a 'correct' answer.

I put 'correct' in inverted commas both because in a real-life laboratory problems and solutions are never so clear-cut, and because the knowledge dealt with in examination questions is often out of date.

My favourite examination question is one in which the examiner sought to make the traditional physics syllabus relevant to the future careers of First MB students by treating of pulleys holding up the plaster-encased-leg of a patient in a hospital bed.

'Vocational' is a dirty word among academics. But is it really contrary to the highest aims of education to give students the kind of problems they will meet in their work—problems that require them to think for themselves? At present the good scientists learn to do this after they have left their universities, the poor ones never.

If you want to learn anything about scientific method at a university, you cannot become a scientist but must register for a course in philosophy. Significantly, Brunel has found it necessary to include in its 'vocational' courses the history, method and philosophy of science.

Brunel also envisages breaking with tradition to allow students to take all their reference books into examinations.

A further aim is to reduce the importance of examinations and to let students' qualifications be determined in large measure by their teachers' assessment of them. This, I feel, may prove both idealistic and unnecessary. With intelligent question papers, examination results may gain more acceptability as an indication of worth.

At all events, it is clear the CATS can become something distinctive and worthwhile. At the end of the day the universities may learn from them. Then we may even give school-leavers examinations in which it is possible for them to show where their talents lie and what kind of further education they are suited for.

CENTENNIAL—

GERHARD v. SCHULZE-GAEVERNITZ

1864-1943

G. P. GOOCH, OM

HAVING had the good fortune to meet many of the scholars of modern Germany, I recall with particular satisfaction my contacts through many decades with Professor v. Schulze-Gaevernitz. I have always regretted that the great and gifted German people had produced so few Liberals, and here was an authentic specimen whose ideology was similar to my own. Neither of us had any liking for the omnipotent State or highly centralized government. Liberals worthy of the name are in a broad sense individualists, by which I mean they regard every human being as unique. Among the rights of man, a device which so greatly excited Burke when it was adopted as the battle-cry by the Jacobins, is surely the right of every citizen of an advanced community to realize the deepest urges of his mind and heart and to make his unique contribution to the cultural wealth of the community. 'In this world,' declared Goethe, 'there are few voices and many echoes.' It was our ideal that all of us should be voices. Schulze-Gaevernitz's ideal, like mine, was the maximum of opportunity to every citizen with a minimum of restraint.

With such leanings and views he joined the *Freisinnige Partei*, to which he felt attracted by his 1848 background. When he entered political life as a young man, he found himself able to co-operate in many matters with the Christian Social Movement on the one hand, and with the Social Democrats on the other. Every measure towards social betterment for the working-classes secured his support. Throughout life he felt very close to the working man, whether engaged in agriculture or in industry, and his genuine interest and many personal contacts with them—as individuals and as groups—stood him in good stead during his electoral campaign. He fought and won the Reichstag election in 1911, and from then onward, all through the World War, and again in the Weimar National Assembly of 1919, he was MP for Freiburg-im-Breisgau. The mainspring of his life was the deep desire to serve those less fortunately placed than himself.

His political ideology was based on the values he found in philosophy and religion, and Christian ethics appeared to him the highest standard and safest guide not only to private, but equally to public and also to international conduct. He stressed this in his discussions with Friedrich Naumann. The paths of the two men met early, at a time when Friedrich Naumann was still known to me as 'Pfarrer Naumann'. They became friends for life. Naumann resigned his career as a Protestant clergyman in order to take up politics, and his dynamic personality made an immense impression on all those thousands who came in contact with him. He was a great speaker and aroused his audiences to enthusiasm.

Schulze-Gaevernitz had been born at Breslau into a broad-minded Protestant family with an influence from Kant through his mother. Church dogmas were never essential for him. He had friends amongst Protestants, Catholics, Socialists, Jews, Anglicans and Nonconformists. In close contact with Anglo-Saxon religious movements, he became a Quaker himself in the middle of his life. The doctrine of the Inner Light was in harmony with his deepest conviction.

From the 1890s into the era of the Weimar Republic he was Professor at the University of Freiburgim-Breisgau for Economics, *Volkswirtschaft*, with a strong philosophical bent. He held a special course in classical philosophy for his students of economics. He was a great lecturer, an understanding educationist, a wise and kind adviser to his close disciples and his hundreds of keen students. He often had individual students in his house. The Freiburg home, embellished by the taste of his cultured, beautiful, music-loving wife Johanna—herself a daughter of Berta Hirsch, an enthusiastic social reformer, and of Emil Hirsch, a remarkable businessman, of Mannheim—was always open to students.

His duties as a professor, head of the department, and as MP for Freiburg, did not prevent him from being a prolific author. Some of his books are of lasting significance: particularly *Zum Sozialen Frieden*, 1890, a study of English industrialism, Trade Unions, and all the social reform movements in England from Napoleonic times to the 1890s. *Der Grossbetrieb, ein Wirtschaftlicher und Sozialer Fortschritt*, 1892, is a study of the Cotton industry in England and on the Continent. *Volkswirtschaftliche Studien aus Russland*, 1899, is an account of both the Industrial and Agricultural features of contemporary Russia, and their historical backgrounds, written after an extensive journey throughout Russia, a book quoted by Lenin. The keen explorer learned Russian by hearing lecture-courses at Moscow University. *Britischer Imperialismus und Englischer Freihandel*, 1906, forms a remarkable, searching history of both sides of classical Great Britain from Napoleonic to Edwardian times. The programmatic essay, *England und Deutschland*, 1908, pleads for a world-wide collaboration instead of suspicions and counter-suspicions. *Democracy and Religion*, 1930, is a short book expanding from Schulze-Gaevernitz's Swarthmore Lecture in Friends House, London, in 1929, in which he studies Sectarian Movements from Luther's scene and subsequently in Holland, in England, and in America, culminating in the Quakers. These movements, in his words the 'Reform of the Reformation', became—so the author analyses—the mainspring of western parliamentary democracy.

Schulze-Gaevernitz visited England again and again in his life, and felt at home amongst its people. He found many friends and studied the working of the English parliamentary system, Trades Unions, Settlements, and housing estates. With his qualified appreciation of the British imperial experiment, he yet shared my distaste for the British lack of understanding of the Irish, the Indians and the South African Dutch.

Needless to say that the Quaker Liberal and parliamentarian, with

his European patriotism, his links with England and America, and with his knowledge of the Jewish people, abhorred both the ideology and the actions of the Nazis. He was 69 when Hitler became Chancellor. He found himself too old to emigrate, and, having given up all his wider activities, he retired to his country house in Silesia. Here he devoted himself to religious writing and to religious thought *sub specie aeternitatis*. There he died in 1943. He was quite sure that the Nazi warlords would be defeated by the Allies. The material and the spiritual resources of the British Commonwealth and of the United States—and vast Soviet Russia—were always before his eyes. The Nazis, he foresaw, would be defeated and would drag the whole German nation into the coming cataclysm. Yet he was hopeful for the revival of the West.

STURLEY'S 'HISTORY OF RUSSIA'*

G. P. GOOCH

RUSSIA is becoming every year of greater importance to ourselves and all the world, and it is very desirable that we should know more about it. Mr. Sturley gives us exactly what we need. He calls his book a short history but it contains 300 pages crammed with information. He is well-fitted for his task, for he is Senior History Master at the Royal Grammar School, Guildford, where he delivers courses of lectures on Russian history. The dust-cover informs us that the work is designed primarily for teachers and sixth-formers but most readers will surely feel that it will be equally useful to a wider public. The narrative is admirably clear and the author never unduly presses his own opinions; the main actors in the long drama stand out in bold relief. It is a story of incessant trouble—wars, invasions, revolutions, assassinations—with a background of acute poverty and ignorance. I finished the book with increased sympathy for the Russian people who have seen very little sunshine throughout the centuries.

The opening chapter on the geography of the country informs us that Russia contains half Europe and one-third of Asia. These figures inevitably constitute a vast potential source of influence but their very magnitude renders the task of government particularly difficult. That is one reason why anything in the nature of parliamentary democracy has been and remains out of the question and a powerful central government is required. The problem is complicated by the fact that half the population of over two hundred millions is non-Russian.

The historical background, including such important events as the Tartar invasion and the coming of the Romanovs to the throne, is briefly sketched and the author gets into his full stride with Peter the Great, a barbarian of genius who raised his country into the ranks of the Great Powers where it has stayed ever since. The next important ruler was Catherine the Great, a German princess who brought with her an element of European culture which the country had always lacked. All authority was concentrated in the court, and life was as cheap in the palace as in the peasant's hut. Her husband Peter and her son

Paul died violent deaths, and it was not until the accession of Alexander I in 1801 that a firm hand was once more at the helm. Now for the first time Russia and the West came closer to one another, for we were partners in the gigantic enterprise of overthrowing Napoleon. Alexander, reckoned by Russian standards, was something of a liberal but his son Nicholas I had no use for Western ideas and earned for himself the title of the last of the autocrats. Memories of the great European war were very recent and his rule met with little resistance, but Russian ambitions in Turkey led to the Crimean war and later to the popularity of a song entitled 'The Russians shall not have Constantinople'. In 1856 they failed to secure the glittering prize which to this day remains beyond their grasp.

After a long chapter of depression and war, it is a relief to the reader to welcome Alexander II who liberated the serfs in the early sixties at the same time as Abraham Lincoln abolished slavery in the United States. Emancipation of the serfs was quickly followed by the creation of local councils called *Zemstvos* elected by the different classes of voters, but the control of the police was retained by the central government. The Tsar had no intention of abandoning his traditional powers and the later years of his reign were as dark as the opening ones had been bright with hope. The end came in 1881 when he was blown up while driving through the streets of St. Petersburg. Once again Russia was ruled by a man whose deepest political conviction was that the people were unable to take the slightest share in ruling themselves. A gloomy autocrat was succeeded by his son Nicholas II in 1894, who was no less unfitted for his post as Louis XVI had been in 1789. He meant well, but he had neither the brain nor the strength to introduce radical changes into the system. The Japanese victories by land and sea in 1904-5 destroyed what little prestige the Tsardom possessed. Internal discontents mounted rapidly, and the Tsarina, who was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, lost her reason in the years before the war of 1914. The pages on Rasputin, fully described by the author, are among the most unpleasant in the book. The demented Empress was completely dominated by the immoral charlatan who claimed to be a healer, and who she hoped might help her haemophilic son. When war broke out in 1914 the Tsar went to the Front, and the Empress sent him a hairbrush which she declared had been blessed by the 'holy man'. The end came in 1917 when the whole imperial family was massacred in a cellar.

The Communists under Lenin substituted an energetic dictatorship for the inefficient autocracy of the Tsars. On the death of Lenin in 1924 Stalin and Trotsky competed for a successor; Stalin 'the man of steel' won the prize, and Trotsky who sought refuge across the Atlantic was murdered in Mexico City. Stalin degenerated into a bloodthirsty tyrant and general relief was felt when his successor Khrushchev introduced a milder régime. There is just a gleam of light at the close of the long record of sorrow and suffering, for the threat from China compels Moscow to avoid serious trouble with the free world.

*A *Short History of Russia*. D. M. Sturley. Longmans. 25s.

LETTERS—

LAWRENCE DURRELL

BERYL GASTER

‘NOW if I wrote I would try for a multi-dimensional effect in character, a sort of prism sightedness. Why should not people show more than one profile at a time?’ The words are spoken by Justine on page 27 of Lawrence Durrell’s quartet of novels, as she sits before multiple mirrors during a fitting. How well they illustrate the many facets the author himself displays with such distinction, at once novelist, poet, diplomat, humorist, raconteur, linguist. And how deftly they prepare the reader for an entirely new conception of the form of a novel.

Alfred Perlès in *My Friend Lawrence Durrell* (1961), an intimate memoir, touches on Durrell’s Irish ancestry, his childhood in India near the Tibetan frontier, his work with the British Information Services in the Middle East, his service with the British Council in Buenos Aires and with the Foreign Ministry as Press attaché to the Belgrade Embassy. He shows this ‘incomparably gay and stimulating companion’ settled in his career as writer first at Cyprus, before the revolt came, then at Sommière in Provence—where in 1958 his novel *Balthazar* was awarded the French prize for the best foreign novel published in France—and now in the fiftieth year of his age in his present residence near Nîmes.

In his earlier years Durrell published several volumes of poems, a novel, *The Black Book*, and a series of island studies. *Prospero’s Cell* is a guide to the landscape and manners of the Island of Corcyra; *Reflections on a Marine Venus* is a companion to the landscape of Rhodes. For descriptive quality and lightness of touch, for irresistible humour and variety of information, whimsical and factual, these are guides of great attraction. Durrell admits that his book about Rhodes ‘where the days drop softly as fruit from trees’ is by intention an anatomy of islomania. He ruefully adds that the subconscious of born islomanes yearns towards the lost Atlantis throughout their island lives. He records that as he was breathlessly approaching Rhodes immediately after the War and wondering ‘whether the old Greek ambience had survived . . . a solitary dolphin struck surface and galloped alongside us for a moment; my heart rose at the augury, for the fish is a bringer of fair weather and luck. I leaned to follow it with my eye, when, with the suddenness of an axe falling, we hit the pure Mediterranean blueness of the true Aegean; a sea with depth and tone that swallowed and gave back the sky; a sea that belonged to the waterless islands and grey windmills, to the olive trees and the statues’.

They rounded several headlands and nosed slowly into the harbour. From the slitted windows of the hotel:

‘The town lay below us, splashed with sunshine. Swallows and martins dipped and swerved in the warm spaces of the gardens. The tangerine-laden trees of the foreground dappled the landscape with dancing

points of fire. The air was charged with all the sulphurous odours of Spring.'

As the legends unfold against the Aegean scene a succession of vignettes emerges which he will take up again and use in later writing—he is, in effect, compiling a literary sketch-book:

'At Kalymnos the infant's paint-box has been at work again on the milky slopes of the mountain.'

This forceful image of a palette of colours recurs throughout all his island narrative. Yet does not Homer similarly insist on a rose-fingered dawn and a wine-dark sea?

In 1947 Durrell brought out the novel *Cefalu* which was revised as *The Dark Labyrinth* in 1959. In this new guise it makes excellent reading and presumably only escaped the recognition it deserved because it appeared after 1957 when *Justine*, the first of the Alexandrian quartet, was published. *Justine* was something unique, whilst *The Dark Labyrinth* was written in the form and idiom of the nineteenth century novel. Perhaps also the story holds echoes of Forster's *A Passage to India* and Hilton's *Lost Horizon*. It is however of compelling interest and is concerned with a group of ordinary people and their reactions in out-of-the-ordinary circumstances. Here, Durrell shows himself a master of characterization. Often a note of gentle irony creeps in and at many points the author's own philosophy of life is allowed to emerge.

When *Bitter Lemons* was published in 1957 the timing was particularly apt. Durrell's literary reputation was already established amongst the discerning few and he now received general acclamation. This was something not only in the Durrell genre and in line with his previous studies, but topical, red-hot news—authenticity dressed by an artist—and what is more by one who had first-hand knowledge and experience of what he discussed and described. T. E. Lawrence could and did talk of Arabia. Lawrence Durrell was doing the same for Cyprus. Nevertheless his own note is curious: '*Bitter Lemons* I wrote in Dorset in six weeks, sending off the typescript without even reading it to Faber, so broke were we.'

During all this period, collections of poems were appearing regularly. In addition, a play in verse *Sappho* and several humorous and entertaining sketches of diplomatic life. There are translations also—a particularly provocative and illuminating example being *Pope Joan* from the Greek of Emmanuel Royidis. Had Frederick Rolfe, alias Baron Corvo, been aware of the existence of this text he would most assuredly have used it for his own literary ends.

Durrell shared with Cavafy, 'the old poet of the City', an appreciation of the beauties of traditional Greek, whilst being at the same time passionately concerned with the demotic language. To him Cavafy has been a source of inspiration. He recognises him as a singer and says of him: 'the walls of his house are of magic emerald'. In *Selected Poems* (Faber, 1956) and *Collected Poems* (1960) it will be seen how Durrell etches his images with the force and precision of an engraver, yet transmits to the sharp contours his own sensitive perception of colour: 'the

hard blue winterset' conveys its message to Horace among his Tuscan pines; Theodora's

'freckle of gold
In the pupil of one eye, an odd
strawberry-gold';

Fangbrand, the missionary 'travelling the blue bowl of the world'; Cairo, where 'the mauve street is swallowed

And the bats have begun to stitch slowly.'

Durrell, the poet, now shifts his interest from ancient Alexandria—Cavafy's interest also—to modern Alexandria. 'What is resumed in the word Alexandria?' Durrell asks. 'Five races, five languages, a dozen creeds . . . It is the great wine-press of love; those who emerged from it were the sick men, the solitaries, the prophets . . .'

And so to the Alexandrian Quartet, the three novels with three different profiles, each one dealing with the same people, events and love-affairs, yet apprehended in a different light; and the fourth carrying the story forward in time. It might be that a poem of Cavafy's suggested this unique plan: 'But the old mirror that had seen and seen during the long, long years of its existence thousands of objects and faces; but this time the old mirror was delighted and it felt proud that it had received into itself for a few moments an image of flawless beauty'. From that mirror it was but a step to a multiple mirror; thence to the conception of the quartet: multi-dimensional effect in character.

The first three novels *Justine*, *Balthazar*, *Mountolive* are concerned with the lives of a little collection of people living before the Second World War in Alexandria.

In *Justine*, Darley, from the quiet of his Aegean island where he is caring for Melissa's child, is thinking back to the time when for 'the four of us [Justine and Nessim, Melissa and Balthazar] the known world hardly existed.' At the outset he says that he has with him the three volumes in which Justine kept her diary, as well as the folio which records Nessim's madness: 'Nessim noticed them when I was leaving and nodded as he said: "Take these, yes, read them. There is much about us all in them. They should help you to support the idea of Justine without flinching, as I have had to do." This was at the Summer Palace after Melissa's death, when he still believed Justine would return to him.'

A little later Darley admits that he has with him also a novel entitled *Moeurs*—the work of Justine's first husband, Arnauti, a French national, Albanian by descent. It had come into the hands of the Consular Staff and Pombal, a consular official, had passed it to him once saying 'This little book is about her (Justine)—a post-mortem on her: it is quite decently done.'

On turning the pages, Darley had found that it was a diary of Alexandrian life in the early thirties, and what astonished and interested him was that it contained an unmistakeable character sketch

of Justine, but a younger and more disorientated Justine than he had known.

With these 'aids' the reader can, without effort apprehend the position from different points of view and of time; yet credibility is satisfied. Durrell has dispensed with the technique of the omniscient narrator who, in invisible cloak and winged sandals and regardless of the unity of time, takes unto himself the rôle of thought-reader, Peeping Tom and judge. His tour de force lies in the ease and smoothness and in the perfect timing of his general build-up. He knows the malaise of the twentieth century:

'But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near'

and understands why the three-volume novel will no longer be suffered. Therefore he has evolved a method whereby all the four books are complete stories, yet each serves to enrich and complement the others.

Balthazar is the second of the series. Darley is still on his Aegean island but a steamer has entered the lagoon bringing Balthazar, the doctor, on his way to Smyrna. He only stays for two days but leaves Darley his massive interlinear of sentences, paragraphs and question-marks.

'You have been painting the city', Balthazar tells Darley, 'touch by touch, upon a curved surface—was your object poetry or fact? If the latter, then there are things you have a right to know'.

And Darley continues, 'But I hardly listened, for his words had plunged me into a ferment, a desire to study his interlinear, to revise—not my book (that has never been of the slightest importance to me for it will never even be published) but my view of the city and its inhabitants.'

'You have been lonely here,' said Balthazar 'But splendidly, desirably lonely,' . . . And so slowly, reluctantly I have been driven back to my starting point.' He was compelled to see the same people in an entirely different light.

The third *Mountolive* has very clever touches. It is the story of the motives which lie behind *Justine* and *Balthazar*. Durrell has avoided any feeling of staleness by letting this novel appear in the third person, the usual narrative form. It centres on David Mountolive, a young English diplomat who becomes bound in spirit to Egypt by an early love-affair with Nessim's mother. Later, he returns there as a British Ambassador and he receives a very long letter from Pursewarden, another member of the Foreign Office, elucidating the political situation and giving personal impressions of the relationship of Darley, Nessim and Justine. Subsequently Mountolive has to deal with the unsuspected conspiracy which underlay the first two novels. Thus the three stories, the siblings, are resolved and carried forward in *Clea*, the last.

Now Mnemjian, the barber 'the dwarf with a violet eye' arrives on the island with a message to Darley from Nessim, which causes him to return to Alexandria. The City is at war and his old friends have greatly changed. Clea, the artist whom he has never really known, wishes to

meet him. She has grown wiser and more beautiful. With an interest as fresh as ever the course of this tale is followed. It is powerful but of an entirely different quality from its predecessors. At its close the experiment in fiction is made complete.

In a few words only poor justice can be done to such a varied canvas which includes Pombal, minor consular official, 'a pegamoid sloth of a man, a vast, slow fellow given to prolonged afternoon siestas and Crebillon fils . . . His most favoured topic of conversation is women.' Or Scobie who is a 'protozoic profile in fog and rain, for he carries with him a sort of English weather and is never happier than when he can sit over a microscopic wood fire in winter and talk.'

Melissa is 'a sad painting from a winter landscape contained by a dark sky; a window-box with a few flowering geraniums lying forgotten on the window-sill of a cement factory.' When she lay dying it was for Clea she asked, a woman in extreme contrast to both Melissa and Justine. She was the Clinic painter and had to record the pigmentation of the skin in certain stages of disease. She worked 'surely, deftly with wise pre-meditation. Her face showed the concentrated pleasure of a specialist touching in the colours of some rare tulip'

But Darley was to find Melissa 'washed up like a half drowned bird, on the dreary littorals of Alexandria.'

Of Justine with her curious, half mocking almost impertinent intentness it is too difficult to pin-point any one image: 'I see her alone by the sea, reading a newspaper and eating an apple; or in the vestibule of the Cecil Hotel, among the dusty palms, dressed in a sheath of silver drops, holding her magnificent fur at her back as a peasant holds his coat, her long forefinger hooked through the tag.'

There will be dazzling intellectual play of words between Justine and Darley. Not the scintillation of Beatrice and Benedict but the philosophical searching of a man and woman to evaluate life.

'Regard dérisoire', she says to Darley, 'How is it that you are so much of us and yet—you are not?' She is combing that dark head in the mirror, her mouth and eyes drawn up about a cigarette. 'You are a mental refugee of course, being Irish, but you miss our *angoisse*.'

Nessim should have the last word: 'Nessim sits alone with the curtains drawn back towards the West, reflectively polishing a yellow jade from his collection in those long gentle fingers.' He tells Darley of Justine:

"Nor can I say she harmed nobody. But those she harmed she made fruitful. She expelled people from their old selves. It was bound to hurt, and many mistook the nature of the pain she inflicted. "Not I" he repeated softly under his breath the words "Not I!"."

NEHRU: A TRIBUTE

FLAMES toying alike with white silk scarfs and rose petals, with marigold petals and the sandalwood pyre, ended far more than the mortal remains of Asia's modern martyr, Jawaharlal Nehru. The rich Brahmin Premier who knew by their first names the boys at Harrow School, the students at Cambridge and budding barristers in London, is followed by a clerk's shy son who has never been outside the theoretical home of 450 millions of Asia's unhappiest, poorest and least hopeful citizens. With the passing of Nehru in May, 1964, and the end of a chapter that might have been specially written by Euripides, India returns firmly to her place in Asia. The European races thrilled to hear Nehru's speeches of tolerance and patience, addressed to major and minor states' leaders; they blushed with pride and surprise that he kept the second largest state inside the British Commonwealth; many delighted at his patience with the theatricals over the arrival of the Dalai Lama from China's Tibet; some applauded his whistling bravely during the frightening nights of invasion by the mightiest race in Asia. The Asian who deserved more than any ambitious European the Nobel Peace prize, was allowed to pass late in his night to a restless grave in India's accusing rivers, bereft of the one garland from the white peoples that could have tempered a life uniquely seared with unjust and avoidable sorrows.

The timid Nationalist born into a famous and rich home had once watched helplessly as friends marching peacefully in their homeland and requesting freedom from conquerors of an alien race, were beaten in lathi-charges, shed blood and suffered cracked skulls. His friends had been treated like criminals and Nehru spent a quarter of his life behind bars, humiliated, robbed of irrecoverable years; his school and college comrades could not prevent the sadistic ill-treatment of the delicate wife, sisters, only daughter. Indira at three and four cried at policemen as they arrived to remove the leader's furniture, carpets, personal trinkets . . . to pay Congress fines inflicted during Nehru's stays in prison. Indira knew little of her mother or father . . . they were always behind bars. Nehru poured immortal anguish in his letters to Indira . . . from 'high prison bars . . .'

Innocent audibles write that Nehru knew no bitterness towards his second home and the British. In 26 years I cannot recall a natural smile in those deep brown, accusing eyes. History cannot be changed by pills: Nehru knew the iron of human degradation, greed and folly even when at last, America succeeded and Attlee gave India her political 'independence'. For Nehru better than anyone except his loyal adc, Krishna Menon, realized that 80 per cent of the people were illiterate and only in 1970 or 1980 could there be enough schools for the children; India lacked arms and spirit of defence for her people earned 6d. to 9d. a day. He wept to know coffee could be burnt and wheat allowed to rot in storage while Indians lacked one meal a day, home fit for European dog, clothes to fit the thinnest, saddest body in Asia. Nehru feared protests would anger and thus rob speechless millions of the meagre aid in food and arms from the absurdly rich.

Meaningless, cheap, free plaudits came late from an unconscious world intent on Roman luxuriousness. But the lonely, desperate and battered leader, however impatient with fools and communalists, always showed love for young children. One vignette may be permitted as an affectionate farewell. Nehru interrupted a small dinner party in Coronation year to ask Krishna Menon, the host, to pass him the autograph book of a white guest's daughter aged five. There Nehru wrote in English (and at Lady Mountbatten's suggestion also in Hindi and in Urdu), *'With love and good wishes to Lynne . . . Jawaharlal Nehru.'* Now fatherless ancient India is again on the harsh, nay cruel, anvil.

G.B.

VILLAGE SKETCH

The grey clods lay a humble grillwork,

of stiff lace

before the ploughman's eyes

that twine

his horse's mane

strand by strand blowing around chill arms of space

The

ravens

chronic

malcontents

still croak and still malign

The

world

hung in its muddy

crepe

and

peeling mock-gold leaf

mourns in autumnal mires

O

Misery!

The trees bereft drip anguish

like

grave rheum

and hearts are tautly strung on the monotony of

telegraph wires

ANTONI GRONOWICZ

AUTUMN CHORD

slow storks
fly low
dragging frayed webs of wings
across the faded rainbow of the field
nor heart
nor meadow
can sustain this woe
unless hope yield
stout girdle banding them
with promised blossoming
For us
Alack
There is no help save this
Who hold to-day's forget-me-not
Too close
For aught
But tragic song that lashes us
Until repentance stings

O

fellow men!
Who have not even
breathed
Of
spring

ANTONI GRONOWICZ

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SON OF PORTUGAL

The Memoirs of General Delgado. Cassell. 36s.

This is the autobiography—to date—of a distinguished son of Portugal who has learned liberty the hard way. General Humberto Delgado has but lately exchanged exile in Brazil for exile in Algeria. For the ghost of Adolf Hitler walks abroad today in Lisbon as in Madrid and in many a Latin-American and African capital. The dreaded Portuguese secret police, the PIDE, continues to perform the Gestapo functions for which Heinrich Himmler's grisly gang trained it. Many a Social Democrat, many a Liberal, Communist or Conservative constitutionalist, has attracted its attentions. The tyrant Salazar became Minister of Finance two years after the National Revolution of 1926 and has been Prime Minister ever since 1932. The British Right's image of him as Plato's philosopher-King has long since tarnished. In this context, the International Commission of Jurists does a noble work in regularly publicizing the denial of human rights which is the shame of Portugal. In 1958, it fell to the present writer, during his tenure of the Chairmanship of the British Liberal Party Executive, to expound the case of Captain Henrique Galvão, in articles in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, *The Irish Times*, *Contact*, *The Winnipeg Free Press*, and *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*. Happily they had some effect.

Earlier in life, General Delgado, like his friend, Captain Galvão, was something of a Salazarist, and indeed served the régime faithfully. Conditions in Portugal and in Angola converted them, little by little, to the ways of Liberalism and liberty. In December, 1941, the General, while still only a major, was appointed to take charge of the preparations for the disembarkation of United Kingdom forces in the Azores, and was awarded the British CBE. In 1944, he became Director-General of Civil Aviation, in 1947, Portuguese representative on the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) in Canada, and in 1952, representative on the NATO Council.

In 1958 Galvão and others encouraged Delgado to stand as Opposition candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. A stalwart supporter was Dona Maria Pia de Saxe-Coburg, the liberal-monarchist, daughter of King Carlos I. The election was a farce and a fraud. On 8 June 1958, the Government published its bulletin forbidding Opposition inspection of voting procedures. The Salazarists announced 236,528 votes for General Delgado and 758,998 votes for their own Admiral Tomás, 'but everyone said that it should have been the other way around.' Even so the General had made such a mark that today Presidential Elections are conducted in 'Parliament' where Salazarists total 120 and Anti-Salazarists 0. Two subsequent episodes in the stirring story are the seizure of the liner *Santa Maria* and the abortive Beza revolt.

The moral of this highly significant book is clearly pointed. 'The Armed Forces and other stupid reactionary classes,' proclaims the General, 'should . . . realize that the *longer Dr. Salazar remains in power the more Communists there will be*. I say this not because I am a Communist myself, but because I have not let my brain be numbed by the thirty-three years of Dr. Salazar's reign. Modern in outlook as I am, and having spent so many years abroad among Anglo-Saxons, I am too broad-minded and tolerant to be afraid of these "isms".' 'The country,' he adds, 'must be governed by the younger generation between twenty-one and fifty, the so-called "third force".' The book is a reflection of General Delgado's lively temperament. The Salazarists may disdain him as 'the cowboy', but his readers in the United Kingdom and

the United States, like his followers in Portugal, Brazil and Africa, will be cheered, heartened and stimulated by the boisterous extroversion with which he presents his case and serves his cause.

DERYCK ABEL

CABINET REFORM

Cabinet Reform in Britain, 1914-1963. Hans Daalder. Stanford University Press. Oxford University Press. 45s. net in UK only.

Professor Daalder, holder of the first Chair of Political Science at Leiden University has produced a monumental work on a subject which is wrapped in mystery. Professor Daalder says that the Cabinet virtually dominates the legislative process, it determines the main lines of policy, it formulates the budget. 'Because the Cabinet and the leadership of the majority party are one, for all practical purposes' he writes 'the House of Commons has become an arena for public debate between the Government and the Opposition, rather than a distinct organ of legislation and control. Parliamentary Government has in fact become Cabinet Government.'

And yet, for historical and practical reasons, its proceedings and decisions are veiled in secrecy. Professor Daalder has, therefore, with immense industry had to seek his conclusions from mainly what others have written or said about the Cabinet.

I imagine that the greatest change in the history of the Cabinet came when Mr. Lloyd George, as a new Prime Minister, established a Cabinet Secretariat. Mr. Asquith, according to the Author, resisted having a secretary at the actual Cabinet sessions. He considered this in conflict with 'established constitutional doctrine and practice', as indeed it was. I remember many years ago discussing this point with an official of great experience of the Cabinet. I asked him how the Cabinet ever managed to operate at all in the days when no one but the Prime Minister ever took a note. We know that great difficulties were indeed experienced and that Private Secretaries to Ministers occasionally sent frantic messages to the Prime Minister's Secretary asking him to ask the Prime Minister what had been decided on a particular point! My expert said that in his view, it must always have been an inconvenient system but until comparatively recently the bulk of matters before the Cabinet were political on which Ministers did not need much official guidance whereas with changing times today nearly all matters are economic or have an important economic aspect and thus a wide and expert official view on most subjects is required.

The press and complexity of Government business mean that the Prime Minister must, in peace time, of all things be a first-class Chairman in control of a vast organization. How this necessary quality is going to fit in with the requirement that he must also be a first-class performer on television remains to be seen if, that is, 'Cabinet Government' is to become 'Presidential Government', although whether this development will take place I beg leave to doubt.

The Professor has some interesting comments on Ministers. He feels that the importance of a long stay in a Department can be over-stressed and that personal factors are more important than length of tenure. In other words a strong Minister for a short time is much better than a weak Minister for a long time, and there is advantage in a Minister having experience of a number of departments. The author also believes that 'The people who are responsible for the most important decisions form a small, highly knit group,' consisting of ministers, top civil servants and a few persons of 'exalted social position or of unusual value to one of those mentioned.'

Professor Daalder draws attention to the physical strain on Ministers due to serious over-work 'with the inevitable result that insufficient attention is given to matters of long-term policy, that business is not transacted efficiently and that hurried compromises often take the place of well-thought-out decisions.' This comment is no doubt broadly true and Professor Daalder proceeds to make a number of important proposals for reform of the Cabinet and rationalization of the interdepartmental structures.

These suggestions are thought-provoking and no doubt, in some cases desirable. In my view, however, no tinkering with the system will produce the desired results of

- (a) the efficient working of the Executive machine; and
- (b) the restoration to Parliament of its control over the Government as a result of its knowledge of affairs.

In order to achieve these results in my view three fundamental reforms are necessary:

- (1) Devolution of much of the work of the Central Government and Parliament to Elected Regional Authorities. There is nothing new in this proposal; indeed Mr. Gladstone made it in a speech at the Corn Exchange Dalkeith on 26 November, 1879; time has not made the matter less urgent or less important.
- (2) On subjects such as Foreign Affairs and Defence, the establishment of Parliamentary Standing Committees with power to summon officials as well as ministers, and
- (3) reduction of the members of the House of Commons to say 350 with proper salary, expenses and working facilities and a reformed House of Lords to say 200 members also adequately paid and staffed.

These reforms are beginning to attract adherents and to those interested in this subject, and all politically minded people should be in this category, Professor Daalder's book will repay study.

OGMORE.

LOSING THE INITIATIVE IN EUROPE

Britain and the European Community: 1955-1963. Miriam Camps. Oxford University Press. 63s.

'During the first few years after the war,' Dr. Camps concludes, 'the British Government, had it taken the lead and tried to create a strong, unified Europe, could have played the determining role in shaping the new Europe—in defining its scope, in setting its institutional pattern, and in establishing its ethos.' It is unfortunate that her admirable study does not cover an analysis of the missed opportunities of the first post-war decade, and of the failure by both Labour and Conservative governments at the time to give this cause far higher priority. Broadly Dr. Camps attributes this to an under-estimation of the revival power of continental Europe, and a misjudgment of the post-war drive towards unity, pre-occupation with other, apparently more urgent problems, and slowness to recognize—and to absorb emotionally—the implications of the shift in world power and of their own relative weakness.'

To these perfectly valid reasons, one might add the absence of a mandate from the electorate and lack of interest in European unity by the governments of that period. It still fails to explain, and little attempt has been made since to account for, an inherent weakness in Britain's leadership both by the Attlee Government and by the Churchill and Eden administrations, some of whose members at least paid lip service to the European ideal during the early years of opposition. All the evidence of Dr. Camps's observations points to a terrible

complacency, the kind of conservatism which has bedevilled successive post-war governments of every shade: a propensity to lose the initiative, to leave others to innovate and set the pace, subsequently being forced to react to situations not of their making.

Fortunately the long years of negotiation and dither had one effect. They played an important part in consolidating the Community, in giving the Six a sense of cohesion. And conversely the rapid development of the Community and the sharpening of its edges have given urgency to the evolution of a new British policy towards Europe. In this sense, the ill-fated free trade area negotiations made an important contribution to both developments. Britain became fully aware of the need for closer industrial links. The Six, however, shifted from the concept of a customs union to the goal of economic union, holding the view that an 'inner hub' and an 'outer wheel' could not co-exist. In the Common Market suspicion remained that Britain's aim was to undermine the EEC idea. Dr. Camps's view is that the free trade area proposals were presented and negotiated ineptly, but not maliciously conceived. But as she argues, 'the way in which the UK was excluded from the Community' and the reasons which apparently lay behind the French veto mean that for the present it must remain an open question whether the looser, more inclusive, less clear-cut, evolutionary process might, in the end, have resulted in as integrated a European system as the Six will achieve, and on a broader basis.'

WILFRED ALTMAN.

JEWISH DOCTORS AND POLAND

The Martyrdom of Jewish Physicians in Poland. Studies by Dr. Leon Wulman and Dr. Joseph Tenenbaum. Research and Documentation by Dr. Leopold Lazarowitz and Dr. Simon Malowist. Edited by Louis Falstein. Published by Medical Alliance—Association of Jewish Physicians From Poland by Exposition Press. Illustrated. \$10.00.

The history of Jewish physicians in Poland extends almost to the birth of the Polish state. One of the first descriptions of life in that country (963-965) belongs to Dr. Ibrahim-Ibn-Jacob, special representative of the Calif of Córdoba, who stayed for some time in Poland treating nobility. Years later, from Spain, Italy and Germany other Jewish physicians were arriving and settling in Warsaw, Cracow, Lwow, Wilno, Poznan and other cities. They were helping to organize medical schools in populated places. Some of them eventually became political advisers to the Polish kings. When the country was in danger, they voluntarily took up arms to defend the borders.

This book, divided into three parts, gives the reader an abundance of well-organized material on all aspects of the lives of Jewish doctors in towns and cities through the ages. Part one entitled 'A History of Jewish Physicians in Poland' is written by Dr. Leon Wulman and has three subdivisions: 'From Earliest Times to World War II', 'Outstanding Jewish Physicians During the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries', and 'Jewish Medical Institutions and the Role of Jewish Physicians in their Development'. Dr. Wulman is skilful in his presentation and offers an interesting picture.

Part two, 'Nazi Role in Poland and the Jewish Medical Professions' written by Dr. Joseph Tenenbaum brings to full view the tragedy of the extermination of the Jewish population in that country together with the complete destruction of the medical profession and medical institutions. It is difficult in a short review to describe Nazi cruelty, but the author who spent many years on the investigation of Nazis in his native country, is probably the best

equipped man to deal with such subjects as life in a ghetto, starvation, Nazi doctors' experiments in freezing the human body, wound infections, transplant surgery and poison gas experiments. Reading those chapters, one can see how methodical and cruel the Germans were in killing people.

The third and final part of this huge book is written and documented by Dr. Leopold Lazarowitz and Dr. Simon Malowist and gives twenty-five hundred biographical sketches of Jewish physicians killed by the Nazis. Although it is well prepared, and on the same factual level of the two preceding sections, this reviewer thinks the list is not complete because even he recalls two names that are not on it. One was Dr. Jakub Bickeles from Lwow and the other Dr. Juliusz Bardach from Wlodzimierz. How many more?

The volume is illustrated. One of the documents reproduced is the last letter of Dr. Abraham Lidsky to his wife before he dies in the gas chamber, in which one paragraph reads as follows, 'If fate has separated us and if our misfortune is that we will not meet, I hope that we will—you and the children—find each one his own way. Be quiet. I kiss you all . . . '.

ANTONI GRONOWICZ.

THE OUTLOOK OF ALIC SMITH

Selected Essays and Addresses. A. H. Smith. Blackwell. 18s.

The late Dr. Alic Halford Smith, Warden of New College, Oxford, was a man whose austere appearance concealed an exceptionally agile and progressive mind. He was essentially a selfless person, utterly indifferent to his physical welfare; barely noting uncomfortable changes in temperature or the nature and quality of the food he ate. He had enjoyed an exceptionally fine academic career from the time he entered New College as a classical scholar in 1902 to his appointment as a Fellow of that same college in 1919. One of his most adventurous enterprises was the expedition to Russia in 1956, sponsored by the University of Oxford in response to an invitation from Moscow. The rewards of this trip were considerable, in improved mutual understanding, though unfortunately he returned suffering from the first symptoms of an illness from which he never recovered. He died in 1958.

The present slim volume of his essays and addresses was projected before the Russian journey and the selections made to include some of his earlier published papers on the re-planning of Oxford. Of these, quite a number provide valuable food for thought. In the general section, 'Idleness as a part of Education', is one which remains extremely topical. All who have had the task of selecting and training students at the present time are aware of the tensions and anxieties which often make true relaxation an absolute impossibility. It is refreshing that he makes similar observations about teachers and professors! His ideal man or woman was one who could both study and play alternately, with equal energy and poise. This quality seems to have been inherent in Alic Smith himself, for the amount of both teaching and organizing he accomplished was prodigious; yet he kept his mind open and ready for the absorption of new ideas. He had faith both in Oxford and its students and he knew what could and must be accomplished there. For the expression of a clear belief in the future at a time of introspection and re-planning at the universities, his life could not easily be spared.

ROSALIND WADE

A VICTORIAN MORALITY CAMPAIGN

The Age of Consent. Ann Stafford. Hodder & Stoughton. 30s.

No stranger trio of conspirators had ever stood in the dock at the Old Bailey: W. T. Stead, fiery, egocentric editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Bramwell Booth, a religious zealot and Chief of Staff of the Salvation Army, and Rebecca Jarrett, a reformed brothel-keeper. The main charge against them was of abducting a 13-year-old girl.

It is the very fabric of drama, this Victorian *cause célèbre*, but it needs a writer of style, power and fervour to do it justice. This, unfortunately, Miss Stafford is not. She makes a rather pedestrian job of describing Stead's wildly contentious campaign to expose the evils of child prostitution, which culminated in his actual purchase of a young girl and the celebrated series of articles, *A Maiden Tribute to Modern Babylon*.

Miss Stafford is more successful in dealing with the role of the Salvation Army in this violent period of social reform. The Army was hated and despised, particularly by the liquor industry. Salvationists were assaulted and abused, and in one disgraceful incident a gang of convicts on parole were officially entertained—and then set loose to break up an Army meeting.

Nonetheless, some influential voices had the courage to cry out in protest on their behalf, particularly THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW which in 1882 devoted several articles to the Army, the first contributed by General Booth himself.

The Army fought the good fight with all its might, and among many of the reforms it helped to achieve was the raising of the age of consent to 16. Incredible though it may seem, a girl of 12 was held legally capable of 'giving consent and yielding up her person' a mere 100 years ago, in 1864.

PERROTT PHILLIPS.

LIFE IN LONDON

The New London. J. H. Wrintmore. London City Mission. 7s. 6d.

All the world is interested in what goes on in Westminster, but how many of us know the darker side of our Great City? No one is better qualified to tell us the naked truth, for he has spent his life in the London City Mission which for many decades has sought out the blackest spots and tried to bring the light of Christianity where it has almost entirely ceased to shine. Like the rest of us, he recognizes that the Welfare State has abolished many of the worst scenes of degradation; but the message of this book is that immense material progress has not been accompanied by a similar advance in morality; on the contrary, his long personal experience as a City missionary has convinced him that a marked degeneration in moral standards has been taking place and is likely to continue.

Everyone nowadays is talking of juvenile delinquency, but in the picture which he draws the rot is not confined to the younger generation. What he sees is a general turning away from God; and this spectacle nearly breaks his heart. In his view, social changes do not compare in significance with the outstanding phenomenon of the declining influence of religion. What then can be done to meet this menacing situation? As a fundamentalist believer he replies: no recovery is possible except by return to the beliefs and practices of older days. If anybody can help in this formidable enterprise it is the City Missionaries who have dedicated their lives to bringing the light of Salvation into the abyss of spiritual darkness.

The book is full of individual cases of homes where sin is rampant and others where the light of the Gospel has completely transformed the conduct

of the inmates and enabled them to win other souls for Christ. These records of salvation frequently light up a gloomy chapter but they are not sufficient to cheer the reader who has breathed the pestiferous atmosphere. The author, like all fundamentalists, believes in the omnipotence of God and therefore, though sorely afflicted with the scenes around him, never gives way to despair.

The later chapters introduce us to a few men who have preached the Gospel and filled their churches and chapels. The first and longest of these sketches is of Charles Wesley, brother of John Wesley, and hymn writer. Next in interest is the figure of Dr. Storton, the learned Congregationalist preacher and master of languages ancient and modern.

G. P. GOOCH.

DESPERATE GENIUS

Marlowe: A Critical Study. J. B. Steane. Cambridge University Press. 35s.

Byron the Poet. M. K. Joseph. Victor Gollancz. 45s.

My heading epitomizes a human trait and a debatable poetic achievement common to these two great English poets. Christopher Marlowe, whose quatercentenary we celebrate this year, was an instinctive and practised scholar, a heaven-sent poet of a range which in any later age of accumulated poetic technique would have enabled him to scale the heights and be hailed as one of the world's greatest literary geniuses. But he died in May 1593, killed in a tavern brawl in Deptford at a time when a warrant was out for his arrest. He was an undisciplined character, tempting fate continually to the last extremity yet, paradoxically, given to hours of scholarly study and that patient practice of verse which is the lot of poets. Kyd spoke of his 'monstrous opinions' and said he was 'intemperate and of a cruel heart.' All contemporary testimony agrees that violence and dispute were inherent in his nature. Yet, as Mr. Steane says, 'it is quite evident that he did more than merely drift' through the six years between the taking of his MA in 1587 and the date of his death. In 1592 he was bound over after violating the Queen's Peace in Shoreditch, and three years earlier he had been arrested and imprisoned for his part in a case of homicide, the man he was fighting having been killed by another poet, Thomas Watson. From any angle of survey Marlowe must be accounted a dangerous character. Yet he created Tamburlaine, Faustus, Edward the Second and re-told the story of Dido and Aeneas in verse of haunting strength and beauty.

Also, there was a strange dichotomy in the violent, impulsive side of his mind and the other side that portrayed and interpreted the lonely inward majesty of Edward as he experiences the misery of rejection and suffering:

'No, sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp
And sit for aye enthronized in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself!'

Mr. Steane's study of the tragic poet and dramatist who was so different in temperament from his greater contemporary Shakespeare is deep and detailed and discerning. Patiently, and with immense scholarship, he delineates the passionate and unstable poet as revealed in the product of ten years of creative activity.

The comparison with Lord Byron (1788-1824) rests mainly in the similarity of undisciplined temperament in the two poets nearly three centuries apart. Each was fascinated by myth and legend, each glorified defiance and the nonconforming traits in their own natures. The elements of sensuality, violence and lack of self-control are apparent in the upwelling lyricism of their works.

Byron's *Manfred* derives from the Faust tradition although, as Professor Joseph says, the 19th-century poet 'denied any knowledge of Marlowe':—

'The devil may take both the Faustuses, German and English,—
I have taken neither.'

It has become customary in these days of literary reassessment to rediscover Byron after a long period of neglect. For the present writer that was never necessary. At the age of fourteen I was 'swept' by *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*. I have not swerved from my admiration. And in the main, I think, I appreciate most his free-running invention in the Spenserian metre he handled so magnificently, and that clarity of thought and concision of statement, even when his fancy played in its most romantic vein. His acknowledged debt to Pope and Dryden was enormous, but admiration never made him slavish and at its best his poetry remains as notably individual as any in the English tradition. Like Marlowe he lived hard and died disastrously.

Professor Joseph has written an absorbing study of this self-willed genius who preferred (in his own words) 'the talents of action—of war, or the senate, or even of science,—to all the speculations of those mere dreamers of another existence (I don't mean religiously but fancifully) and spectators of this apathy.'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER NOTICES

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL. (Handkraft Art & Publishing, Salt Lake City, \$6.95). Sub-titled *Life Line of the Great Plains*, this volume of 584 pp., containing no less than 3367 quatrains, is described by its author, Mr. Alexander Chisholm (a Public Accountant) as "a Western to end all Westerns". Prompted by family interest in the exploits of Jesse Chisholm, the Cherokee Indian scout, for whom the trail was named, the narrative surveys the scene, characters, wild life, hunting and battle incidents of life on the Great Plains over a span of thirty years. Thus it is an Indian saga punctuated by such famous names as Davy Crockett, Wild Bill Hickok, General Custer, Buffalo Bill and even 'Teddy' Roosevelt and Will Rogers; and it is backed by an extensive bibliography of over three hundred volumes of Western Americana, reflecting credit on the indefatigable industry of the Editor, Miss Kathryn Kay. But, why not in prose?—for by any measure of literacy, rhyme and rhythm, Mr. Chis-

holm's well-intentioned verses fail almost without exception. For a representative sample of his curiously contorted quatrains this must suffice:

'Law must rule, not the whim of one man,' Crockett said,
'Jackson with no more power is clad
As the President of this great land of the free
Than the Presidents ere him have had.'

POEMS AND QUIPS OF DERISION, by the late Mark Jackson (Exposition Press, New York, \$3.50) is a collection of facile rhymed commentaries, sometimes witty and mordant, by a one-time leader of Baltimore longshoremen, politician and industrialist. Sample:

'If money is the root of evil,
The alibi: just blame the devil.'
'Who said that poverty is no disgrace?
The guy who never met him face to face.'

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'PRE-OLYMPIC' REPORT—**JAPAN: BALANCE SHEET FOR 1964**

HESSELL TILTMAN

WHEN in August 1945, General Douglas MacArthur arrived in a defeated and dejected Japan, the basic objectives of the Allied (and predominantly American) Occupation of that ancient, proud, advanced oriental nation were—in the words of the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers—'to destroy a system, to exact a toll for past misdeeds, and to create a nation of people who will forever lead a democratic way of life'.

Nineteen years later—and twelve years and some months after the bold project of reconstructing a nation and people by handing out good advice and candybars ended with the coming into force of the San Francisco peace treaty and the restoration of the national sovereignty—those objectives have, initially aided by Occupation 'guidance' and pressures and more recently (and significantly) by the inclinations and efforts of the Japanese people themselves, been substantially achieved.

The country's militarists and uniformed politicians who kept East Asia in uproar during the turbulent Thirties have been consigned to the limbo of history. Surviving remnants of the fanatical 'ultras' of the extreme Right are today discredited and down-graded to a minor, if still troublesome, police problem. Japanese of all classes and political stripes are among the most genuinely pacifist of peoples—allergic to uniforms and everything associated with the dark past. Under the postwar 'model' Constitution, sovereign power is vested in 'We, the people . . .' and exercised on their behalf by a Prime Minister whose powers and prerogatives in some respects exceed those of an American President, and a National Diet (or Parliament) elected by universal franchise. And the same Emperor on whose behalf those issuing orders in his name made claims of divinity is today a figurehead—a constitutional monarch and symbol of the State. Those leaders of the former régime who still survive are mostly in retirement. Prewar minds still exist in public life but there has been no attempt to 'return to the past' as some feared would happen when, on 28 April, 1952, the nation regained its independence. And with a free press ever mindful of the days of censorship and controls, and a strident public opinion, democracy—albeit still a Japanese-style democracy which is both untidy and noisy as youthful and headstrong democracies are apt to be—is taking steadily firmer root in the hearts and minds of a large majority of the people. And, perhaps the most significant fact of all, the prevailing consensus of public opinion is that the so-called 'Greater East Asia war' that ended with Japan's surrender was necessary in order to liberate the nation from military slavery and authoritarian regimentation—'What', my Japanese friends and neighbours ask, 'Would our lives have been like in 1964 if our militarists had won?'.

Ancient societies do not change their fundamental thought-processes overnight, and in the light of recent history the question may fairly be

asked how it happened—and whether the transformation in the mental climate is likely to prove permanent. The answer is that the Japanese people were always basically more democratic and less aggressive than the actions of their militarists and professional patriots suggested.

When that nation mobilised for expanding military operations in China in 1937, young Army reservists recalled to the colours and destined for Chinese battlefields called to bid me farewell, and several asked the same question a British youth would have voiced in similar circumstances: 'Do you think it will be over in six months?' (It wasn't—nine years later I stood on a dock at Tongku, in northern China, and watched surrendered troops of the same Imperial Army being loaded on to repatriation ships for return to their homeland.) At the other end of the community-scale, Emperor and civilian ministers entertained grave doubts concerning the course to which the High Command was committing the nation. But ruler and subjects alike were passengers on a runaway bus—the uniformed politicians and their ultra-Rightist allies listened to no one. As an American historian, Robert J. C. Butow in *Tojo and the Coming of the War* (Princeton University Press), has stated: 'The civilian members of the cabinet were the robots of the military . . . working through the service ministers and the chiefs of the army and navy general staffs. The Emperor himself, through no fault of his own, was the robot of the government . . . an unfortunate individual who wanted very much to be free to pursue the life of a man, yet who knew he must instead act like a god and so remain an unapproachable mystery to one and all. Finally, the nation—the one hundred million dedicated souls, the sum and substance of Japan, from whom the blood and toil and tears and sweat of Churchill's phrase were wrung—the nation was the robot of the throne'.

In the conditions existing at that time—when the chief of the Imperial General Staff was the only man who could seek audience with the Emperor without a prior appointment, and the political parties were informed by the 'ultras' that Japan's national Diet existed not to further the interests of financiers or industrialists or taxpayers or any other section of the nation, but to work 'in the spirit of service to our Emperor, who is the Japanese State. And the Emperor, from whom comes all virtue, all strength, and all wisdom, will take care of the interests of all classes of the people, and of the nation as a whole'—the moderates and liberals were powerless to influence events, although to their credit not a few risked assassination by speaking out, both inside and outside Parliament, against the policies and purposes of the advocates of expansionism in East Asia.

That dark chapter ended with the arrival of the 'advancing army' (as the Japanese termed the Occupation forces) in 1945. At that time industrial production was down to 30 per cent of prewar and stagnant. Production per head in manufacturing plants was less than half prewar levels. The nation's budget was 40 per cent in deficit. Around 70 per cent of family incomes was spent on food yet the intake of urban workers was only 1,600 calories and 60 grams of proteins daily compared with the

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estimated standard for Japanese of 2,150 calories and 75 grams per day needed to maintain normal health standards.

Domestic consumption of textiles had fallen from 6.2 pounds per capita in 1941 to around 2 pounds in 1946. Soap was rationed at two tablets per person a year (five per cent of the 1930-36 average). The match ration was four pieces daily. Production of charcoal was down to 60 per cent of prewar. Both electricity and gas were in short supply, adding to heating and cooking problems.

Production of rice and wheat, the nation's two staple food crops, had decreased since prewar days. On the Government railways, thirty per cent of locomotives, twenty per cent of passenger cars and twenty-five per cent of freight cars were obsolete and needing replacement. One million tons of steel was needed to restore rail tracks and equipment to prewar condition—and only 146,000 tons was available. In brief, at the time the first cabinet presided over by Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida, the distinguished former career diplomat who was called from retirement when public figures with unblemished democratic records were in short supply, took office in the spring of 1946, Japan, defeated and occupied, was disillusioned, cold and hungry, and short of everything including hope.

Assisted by a benevolent Occupation, a highly-developed national will to work, a universal urge to obliterate all traces of past mistakes, and a determination to 'win' the peace even if the country had lost the war—and, a few years later, a Korean war boom that brought a rush of US off-shore procurement orders to Japanese industry—the country recovered from its historic 'stumble' more speedily and painlessly than any but the most optimistic had hoped. With the coming of the Fifties there began a period of economic expansion and increasing national wellbeing which came to be known as 'the greatest boom since Jimmu' (the first emperor of Japan) and still continues.

Between 1951 and 1956 Japan's economy expanded at an annual rate of 8 per cent; for the years 1956-60 the economic growth-rate was 9 per cent annually. The nation's gross national product rose from the equivalent of \$11 billion to \$60 billion in the same ten years; exports, on a customs clearance basis, totalled \$1,275 million in 1953 and \$5,400 million in 1963.

The Japan that has now entered the post postwar era still consists of a group of 'right little, out of sight little' islands, geographically remote and poor in natural resources. But in every other respect the nation which thirty years ago belonged to the furthest East is today—politically, economically, socially, and psychologically—a Pacific projection of the advanced West.

Democracy is still an immature and uncertain growth in a country in which, until 1945, it was prudent to nurse no 'dangerous thoughts' and most were content to leave the job of governing to those who understood such matters, and vote as the local political *oyabun* (boss) directed. (Visiting Rebun Jima, a Japanese island off the northern coast of Hokkaido, shortly after the first postwar general election, I asked a fisherman if he had voted. He replied he had but the candidate he

SOME OF OUR AUTHORS

Hessell Tiltman . . . Veteran Far Eastern correspondent and doyen of the foreign press corps in Tokyo. Has covered the news from Japan for 25 years for British and American newspapers. Until recently Tokyo correspondent for *The Guardian* (of Manchester) and special contributor on Japanese affairs to the *Washington Post*. Served as correspondent with both the Japanese and Chinese armies in the undeclared War of 1937-38. Accredited to General MacArthur's Headquarters throughout the Allied Occupation. Awarded the Order of the Sacred Treasure (4th Class) by the Emperor in 1959 for his contributions to good Anglo-Japanese relations and promoting understanding in other lands—this being the first occasion a foreign newsmen had been so hooured.

Mr. Tiltman is currently taking a temporary 'vacation' from newspaper duties in order to complete a book on Japan and its people as he has known them.

Bryan Bevan . . . Hon. Attaché, British Embassy, Rio de Janeiro, 1938. Author of *The Real Francis Bacon* (Centaur, 1960) and of the radio programme on the Trial of the Earl of Essex, 1962. Contributor, *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, *Country Life*, etc.

Richard Comyns Carr . . . Correspondent in Barcelona of *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, *The Economist* and *The Daily Telegraph*. Contributor, *Far and Wide*, *The World Today*, etc. Grandson of J. W. Comyns Carr, dramatist, son of Sir Arthur Comyns Carr, QC, husband of Barbara Comyns, novelist.

Derek Stanford . . . His books include studies of Christopher Fry, Dylan Thomas, John Betjeman and Muriel Spark; *A Romantic Miscellany*, (verse in collaboration with John Bayliss), *Music For Statues*, *The Freedom of Poetry*. Contributor, *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, *Catholic Herald*, *Time and Tide*, etc. Lecturer, Poetry and Fiction, City Literary Institute.

FOR FAMILY—AND FRIENDS—

AT HOME AND ABROAD . . .

.... THINKING OF BIRTHDAY PRESENTS?

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favoured had been beaten—then, fixing me with a hostile stare, he added: 'What's the use of democracy if the man you vote for does not win?') Nevertheless, democratic institutions and concepts function,—and no more imperfectly than they did in many of the countries of the West only seventy-five years after coming into being.

Politically, Japan is by tradition and temperament predominantly conservative in outlook. Its intellectuals tend to be left of centre in their views. The postwar generation now reaching voting age, while as racially-conscious as their elders, pride themselves on being cosmopolitan and are in general inclined to favour a neutralist policy abroad and the creation of a welfare state on the British model at home. And students and workers alike, with still lively memories of former repression and regimentation, are zealous in asserting their newly-acquired freedoms.

Democratic 'rights' continue to be viewed with varying degrees of enthusiasm (or distaste) by many conservative politicians and industrialists of prewar vintage. But the prevailing public mood is strongly democratic, even if that term is apt to be confused with licence. And it is difficult to believe that, in the absence of any unforeseen and major national crisis, there will be any turning back: electoral arithmetic and the prevalent mood of the postwar generation now reaching adult status alike, suggest that whoever heads future Japanese governments, and whatever the political label of those in power, the policies advanced will need to conform to democratic concepts as these are interpreted by Japanese voters.

Plenty of abuses and imperfections exist. The political parties are plagued by factionalism—there are eight rival and competing groups within the ruling Liberal-Democratic (conservative) Party. The rôle played by money in national and local elections needs to be brought under control. Democratic morale could with advantage be improved—and the idea that with rights go responsibilities needs to be stressed. And the political irresponsibility all too prevalent in political quarters needs to be curbed.

But if abuse of Yen-power, and the twin-evils of factionalism and a lack of respect for parliamentary good manners plague Japan's political world, it remains true that the nation has come a long way since—in the latter Thirties—Tokyo's massive Diet building was popularly and widely labelled 'the tombstone over the grave of Japanese democracy'. Despite the polarisation of the nation's politics between the conservative Right and the Marxist-inclined Left, with scant popular support for 'middle of the road' opinions, the country is politically considerably more stable than any but one or two other countries in Asia, and government of the people, for the people, by the people is nearer being achieved in practice than at any former time. Japan has still a long way to go before attaining a perfect democracy, but the twelve years that have passed since the regaining of the national independence have not been wasted.

Economically, Japan in 1964 is in the throes of a second industrial revolution. In manufacturing output, that country now ranks fifth among world nations—after the US, Soviet Union, Great Britain and

West Germany. Mining and manufacturing production has increased by some 200 per cent since 1955; crude steel production has tripled in the past seven years. Japan now surpasses all competitors in the production of ships, heavy motor vehicles, motorcycles and cameras, and has attained second or third place in output of cement, plastics, refined oil, television sets, radios and synthetic fibres.

Simultaneously with this spectacular 'economic miracle' there has occurred a marked improvement in living standards, alike in urban and rural areas: real per capita income has increased by more than 100 per cent during the past ten years, ushering in a 'consumer revolution' which has vastly expanded the domestic market for durables (nearly 90 per cent of all Japanese households now own TV sets and 60 per cent possess electric washing machines); and created a 'leisure boom'. Consumer spending in 1963 increased overall by 15.3 per cent over the previous year and a further rise of 12 per cent is forecast for 1964. And what has happened to date, as viewed by Japanese economists, is no more than a beginning. According to estimates which economic experts term 'relatively conservative', by 1975 or thereabouts Japan's per capita income will reach the present levels in Western Europe, including the United Kingdom.

The changes that have come to Japan's social scene in the past handful of years are no less significant. In prewar time, Japan's social order was based upon the Confucian concept of obedience to authority and the traditional family system: the nation was composed of individually anonymous units which were strong and cohesive in the mass. Today's social pattern—still in a period of transition—is highly individualistic, materialistically-inclined, and (especially in the case of the young) impatient of former disciplines and inhibitions. Tomorrow, when the process of re-examining and evaluating habits, customs, and ideas has been complete, a social formula, or pattern, may be expected to emerge. This new social order, judging by all the signs, will be markedly different from the old. That it will borrow from and reflect trends and behaviour-patterns in other countries is certain. The final form it will take, and how far the age-old traditions that made Japanese civilisation unique will be jettisoned or retained is an interesting question—the answer to which is still in the future.

What can be said is that today Japan is considerably nearer to being a truly modern society than ever before: perpetual austerity, unquestioning obedience to authority alike of the state, the community and the home, and the conception of a society in which every man had his allotted place (and the appropriate place for women was three paces behind their husbands or brothers) are alike on the way out. As a Japanese housewife remarked to me recently: 'So many things that never happened in Japan before the Pacific war are now regarded as normal. Nothing surprises people in these days'.

To what standard of values does this 'new' Japan subscribe? At any given time there is apt to be a gulf between what a country professes to believe and what in fact its people feel deep down in the race-mind. In

the case of today's Japan public rejection of the past and everything associated with the militaristic era, and the mental untidiness arising from a suddenly-administered overdose of 'democracy' have resulted in the existence of a wide gap between what it is currently fashionable to believe the country believes, and how most Japanese would be likely to react if confronted by a serious challenge to that nation's security, self-respect, or well-being.

That the national standard of values, in so far as one has emerged from the spiritual vacuum created by defeat and disillusionment, has markedly changed is unquestionable. In place of the former highly-formalised social structure, based upon obedience to authority and belief in Japan as a land of the gods, there exists a widely-shared urge—especially among the younger generation—to be considered cosmopolitan, and a materialistic attitude towards life that places possession of a TV set, refrigerator or car high up on the list of individual ambitions.

On that point, Dr. Nobumoto Ohama, President of Wasea University in Tokyo—Japan's largest private seat of learning—told me recently: 'Our younger people tend to concentrate more on material comforts than on country. The older generation is imbued with a hatred of war and haunted by the ghosts of the Forties. There exists no sort of standard of established values, and spiritual security is lacking. In part this mood reflects good times and the absence of any discernible threat to the country and its wellbeing; in addition Japan has a war-renouncing constitution which gives the illusion of national security without armaments. Wherefore our people are undisturbed. But they are not basically a materialistic people—Japan has in the past always treasured spiritual values. I have the impression that the drastic reaction that followed the end of the Pacific war is moderating'.

A leading Japanese political commentator summed up his conclusions on the same theme more succinctly by saying: 'The prevailing pattern of public sentiment stems from what came before—the pressures of the militaristic era, poverty, a long war, the Occupation years, and a strongly pacifist public opinion. The general attitude is still superficial: people have not yet got their feet firmly on the ground. At the beginning of the second world war the Japanese went too far—they could have stopped but did not. Then the reaction set in—and people are now on the whole too cautious'.

My personal impression is that while the conception of patriotism has broadened (and the prewar variety, indelibly identified in the nation's mass-mind with militarism, regimentation and war, is definitely rejected) the vast majority of Japanese are no less proud of their country and its heritage than were Japanese in prewar time. And that although patriotism may be dismissed by many as a dirty word, it still exists, but with a different connotation: many factors, in addition to love of country, are now included in the term—among them a desire to develop the land and its industries, cities, technological skills and international status as a nation dedicated to peaceful advance.

That view is shared by many Japanese intellectuals, who interpret

patriotism not as something imposed ready-made from above as in pre-war time, but as stemming from everyday life and primarily concerned with the creation of a better world free from tensions, in which individuals can shape their own lives.

To sum up, today's Japan, as yesterday's, is a land of contrasts. Its hallmarks are automated factories and overcrowded universities; super-tankers and 'cottage' industries; five nation-wide TV networks and Shinto festivals that go back to the dawn of recorded history; a Tokyo with more than ten million inhabitants and increasing labour shortages, and—most in evidence of all—cement-mixers, traffic snarls, and people.

Democratic concepts are becoming steadily more firmly established alike in the political and other spheres of the national life. The principle of strict civilian control of the country's token 'Defence Forces' has been established and accepted. The trade union movement, revived after war-time suppression, is active and alert. Press and other mass media are free. Public opinion is vocal and uninhibited. The powers exercised by the police are carefully circumscribed. Despite conservative 'revisionists' anxious to rewrite or amend the postwar Constitution, that basic law with its guarantees of the new freedoms and respect for human rights enjoys such widespread public support that it is unlikely that any Japanese Government—even if it commanded the two-thirds majorities in both Houses of the Diet required for any revision—would consider it politically prudent to attempt to enact any fundamental changes in that 20th century 'Magna Charta'—or that public opinion would accept any tampering with its safeguards to individual freedom without a major political crisis arising.

There exists in Japan a lively curiosity concerning, and interest in, international developments and other nations and peoples: a curiosity reflected in the Japanese vernacular press, which devotes considerable space to foreign news reports and opinion. Foreign travel by Japanese is increasing and ever more international conferences and foreign visitors are coming to a Japan which, once remote, is today the aerial crossroads of Asia and only a few hours distant from San Francisco and Europe. A development that represents the second opening of Japan to the world and is destined to have repercussions on national sentiment and policies which cannot at present be measured.

Because Japan is the sum total of nearly one hundred million little people whose discipline and diligence make the expanding trade statistics possible, they represent that nation's hopes of 'tomorrows that sing'. During the sixty years that followed the beginning of the evolution of Japan from a feudalistic agrarian society into a modern industrial nation, the country's progress and the capacity of its industrial managers and workers startled the Western world. Then came the fateful 'stumble': in 1941 all that had been gained during more than half a century of diligent toil and austerity was gambled and the nation's overseas possessions and much of its accumulated wealth were lost.

At the end of the Pacific conflict, Japan lay prostrate—its cities choked with rubble war-debris; its factories destroyed or silent; its mer-

chant fleet sunk, its overseas trade at a standstill. In the nineteen years that have since passed, the nation has not only completed its recovery from that setback but advanced to the point at which it is the accepted financial and industrial equal of the West. All former estimates of Japan's industrial potential have been reached and surpassed, and economic targets are still being revised—upwards.

The late Mamoru Shigemitsu, Foreign Minister of Japan when the 'Greater East Asia War' ended and who signed the instrument of surrender on behalf of the nation on the deck of the USS *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay on September 2, 1945, remarked to me shortly before his death: 'I could not imagine, when I signed that document, that the result of my act would be so favourable for Japan'. No informed observer, surveying the state of the Japanese nation in 1964, would dispute that opinion.

Tokyo.

BOUQUET

12, Pilgrim's Lane, Hampstead, N.W.3.

24.vi.64

Dear Dr. Gooch,

I hope that you will forgive my temerity in writing to you but I am moved to do so by a sentence in your review of the life of Pope John XXIII in the April number of *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*. You say:

'He was a bridge-builder and our quarrelsome world sorely needs builders of bridges.'

Did you ever hear of the old Welsh proverb—A fo ben bid bout? Which, being translated into English, is 'Who will be a chief, let him be a bridge.' It is to be found first in the story of Bronwen in the Mabinogian and therefore must be of great antiquity. I was naturally thrilled therefore to read your sentence.

I am also glad to take this opportunity to tell you that when I was reading for a history scholarship at Oxford in 1912 I was told by an Oxford man to read the monthly reviews (how many there were then!) and particularly *THE CONTEMPORARY*. I read it not only then but have read it all my life. I like to think that my scholarship was partly due, at least, to the wonderful *CONTEMPORARY*.

My humble duty to you, Sir.

Yours sincerely,

ALUN PUGH.

The Editor is honoured to publish this letter by kind permission of Dr. Gooch and of his illustrious correspondent.

FORUM FEATURE—

A NOTE ON LITERARY LIBERALISM

DEREK STANFORD

POLITICAL Liberalism is engaged just now in checking and re-fitting its stock of opinions. Is there, one wonders, a like stock-taking going on in terms of literary liberal culture?

Before beginning to answer this question, we need to make some approximate distinctions. Liberal thought in England may be said to stem from three principal sources: humanistic Renaissance notions, Evangelical Christianity, and the classical economy of Smith and Ricardo combining with utilitarian ethics. Here we shall chiefly be concerned with the first heritage of liberal opinion, the Renaissance contribution, and the way in which that inheritance has been developed. Perhaps the foundation of the Royal Society in 1662 signalized decisively the leading direction which liberal humanism was later to take. From this time, the stress of its attention fell more markedly on the scientific and rationalistic. The enveloping deism gradually dropped away, and by the end of the nineteenth century liberal humanism was largely agnostic where it was not openly committed to atheism. The religious element in liberalism we shall not here consider.

The limitations of literary liberalism, as that body of opinion has come down to us today, with all its changes, from Renaissance times, are being felt in a number of quarters. How far is the liberal world-picture changing? What part of it is obsolete? What aspect of it valid? In this short essay one attempt at an answer might be made by glancing at the work of a fine American thinker whose writings reflect his own close scrutiny of the liberal experience.

Professor Lionel Trilling is a humanist literary critic, of unusual calibre and significance, in an age of academic specialisation. His books (particularly two volumes of essays *The Liberal Imagination* (1948) and *The Opposing Self* (1955), together with his novel *The Middle of the Journey* (1948)), constitute an argued qualification of the liberal-rational¹ credo. And this is because he is not *less*, but *more* liberal than other people. Reading and experience have taught him that 'It is one of the tendencies of liberalism to simplify;' 'that it inclines to constrict and make mechanical its conception of the nature of mind.' But life, in its plenitude, does not assent to this categorical self-containing process, and any comprehensive theory of experience must be prepared either to enlarge or discard such imprisoning framework.

Professor Trilling sets out as a friend of rationalism, intent on revising its too exclusively accepted assumptions. This task is all the more important as in his own country, the US, he notes that the liberal tradition has something of a monopoly in culture. He holds this monopoly to be no good thing, remarking that² 'a criticism which has at heart the interests of liberalism might find its most helpful work not in confirming liberalism in its sense of general rightness but rather in putting under some degree

of pressure the liberal ideas and assumptions of the present time.' Professor Trilling's sense of the inadequacy of liberal-rationalist culture has been engendered in him by the events of our own age and by his own reading of 19th- and 20th-century literature. Hitler, the Gestapo, the Moscow Trials, the concentration-camps, and the gas-chamber, as well as a study of Rilke, Eliot, Auden, Yeats, Flaubert, Orwell, Arnold, and Keats, have convinced him of the pinching design, the cramping proportions of the liberal world-picture. History and literature have shown Professor Trilling that the liberal-rational culture of ideas is deficient in the interest it accords, the answers it gives, to the following questions: (1) the presence and persistence of evil, (2) the knowledge and state of death, (3) contemplation as a valid form of thinking, (4) the tragic element in life. These aspects of art and existence are either denied or disregarded by customary rationalist preconceptions which might briefly be tabulated thus: (1) belief in human perfectibility, (2) concentration on man's earthly existence, (3) a bias in favour of utilitarian thought, (4) an optimistic faith in progress and rectification of wrong by reason.

As a literary critic, Professor Trilling is often to be found testing these latter assumptions in the light of the former awarenesses. It is, however, in his unusual fiction *The Middle of the Journey* (characterized by Mr. George Painter as 'the most important novel by a non-genius since *Passage to India*') that we discover this antithesis enfleshed. John Laskell, a young middle-aged convalescent, goes to visit friends in the country. These friends, a young married couple have shared with him the progressive faith of most Left-Wing intellectuals. Without being members of the Communist Party, they have—so to speak—'fellow-travelled' culturally, and for all the blots upon its record the Marxist Utopia still stands for them as a focal-point for their imagination. Laskell, we understand, has always held this faith with modifications, and his near-mortal illness has acquainted him with aspects of his mind hitherto unknown, like spots on the dark side of the moon. It is about this experience which he now wishes to talk, but his friends are unwilling to listen to him. Nancy Croom, the young wife, cannot even bring herself to utter the word 'death' (which was Laskell's prospect at one stage of his sickness). Her pregnant condition is a factor in the repugnance she feels toward the notion, but it is only a part of it. Her rational-progressive beliefs have so 'committed' her to life that she cannot bring her mind to bear on death which is also an element of it. Laskell finds himself curiously frustrated by the unwillingness of her and her husband to show an interest in this new segment of his thought, for the fact remains that 'he had never in his whole life been so happy as during the days he spent in bed . . . The perfect peace that resulted had seemed to him a kind of virtue and a kind of wisdom. It was this that he would have liked to tell the Crooms about'.

Quite without deliberation on his part, he had found himself instinctively initiated into the contemplative life: 'during the latter part of his time in bed he had been able, for quarter-hours at a time, to stare at a rose that had survived the death of eleven other roses that had been sent to him . . . He could become lost in its perfection, watching the strange

energy which the rose seemed to have, for it was not static in its beauty, it seemed to be always at work organising its petals into their perfect relation with each other.' But the joy and excitement which Laskell had known in exploring the primary steps of contemplation cannot be recognized by the Crooms, who have no use for thought undirected by will or reason. For them, thought implies objective function or action, and that kind of thinking which doesn't they would dismiss as escapism.³ Finally, it is in an ex-bohemian woman of the 'twenties who has married an uneducated, poor and shiftless man that Laskell meets with understanding. To her he half-confesses that, during his illness, he was a little in love with death. This woman does not possess the intellectual resources of his friends, but in their place she has an insight which their ideology is too small to admit:

'Supposing you were,' [she replies.] 'You have a right. Are you supposed to hate it?'

He did not then know from what authority she spoke, but he heard authority in her voice, enough to make him stare at her and not answer.

'Are you?' she insisted, a little passionately.

'No,' he had to admit.

'Well then!' she replied, bridling with pleasure and tossing her head at having won the argument.

Laskell's alienation from the Crooms is widened when another character Maxim Gifford appears on the scene. Very much a Douglas Hyde type, Gifford has broken with Communism, swinging over from a rigid Party-line position to one of adamant Christian orthodoxy. Gifford distinguishes his own Christian viewpoint from that of the Crooms (with their notion of the social causation of every individual action) in the following words: 'For you, no responsibility for the individual, but no forgiveness. For me—ultimate, absolute responsibility for the individual, but mercy.' Laskell does not agree with Gifford, but he sees that 'the intellectual power had gone from [the Crooms'] system of idealism, and much of its power of drama had gone. The time was getting ripe for a competing system'. Gifford proclaims that the future lies with either his or the Crooms' point-of-view. Laskell demurs at this, describing man as he sees him (and in Pascal's phrase!) as 'neither beast nor angel'. Gifford retorts that Laskell's opinion is now a dated Renaissance throw-back while the Crooms accuse their friend of 'shilly-shally' and lack of 'commitment'. So the book ends, with Laskell feeling his own newly isolated position. An ex-progressive and a qualified liberal, he has lost all party or sectarian centres of affiliation. Laskell, unlike the Crooms, is prepared to believe the worst about the CP which Gifford divulges. He is not, however, prepared to be swung pendulum-wise into Mother Church as Gifford has been. Both extremes remain, for him, abhorrent; and he goes on his way in lonely doubt or truth.

Post-liberalistic thought has envisaged the world as being an abode of horror: a chaos, a maelstrom, a beautiful volcano, and not a well-regulated Paley-ian watch. John Stuart Mill, in his own perceptive manner, noticed the predisposition of liberal thinking to look upon existence in a 'prosaic' way. Like him, Professor Trilling has noted this

anti-poetic slant, and endeavoured to correct it by recalling liberals to 'a sense of variousness and possibility'.

An awareness of the workings of evil in the world seems to be an essential condition to the extension of liberal thought. 'Nowadays,' comments Professor Trilling, 'the sense of evil comes easily to us all. We all share what Henry James called 'the imagination of disaster'. Twentieth-century history, he continues, saw this evil expressed 'in the political life in a kind of gratuitousness which has always been in the world but which never before in Western Europe had been organised and, as it were, rationalized'. And what history presented in terms of events, post-liberal schools of theology were finding a language to typify. This new vocabulary—however the humanist chooses to read it—tells him of something which is happening, of changes taking place in the mind of man. Professor Trilling openly acknowledges the debt, speaking of how 'we began to be [freshly] aware of [evil] in certain quasi-religious senses a couple of decades or so ago'. He also observes how contemporary sociologists are drawing on terms of Christian theology in order to express their own findings. (He instances their use of the concept *charisma* to designate 'the hot, direct relationship with Godhead, or with the sources of life, upon which depend our notions of what I have called spiritual prestige'.)

Traditional rationalists might look upon this as a capitulation, a frantic loss of nerve; but even in his retreating movements Professor Trilling retains his sense of nice all-important distinction. He asserts that the danger of our new 'discovery' of evil is that 'we may come to assume that evil is equivalent to reality'. Speaking of that grand collection of 'the sayings of the Jewish Fathers, the *Pirke Aboth*, in an essay on Wordsworth, he observes that from these sages 'we hear about sin, but we do not hear of the sinful nature of man . . . and of evil we hear nothing at all'. Here is a correcting reflection on the despairing precipice-leap into total religious pessimism. 'Neither beast nor angel', as Pascal reminds us!

Eliot, Yeats, Flaubert, Baudelaire—a Christian, occultist, agnostic, manichean—one and all assert the primacy of the tragic in art. With its over-hopeful ameliorative schemes, rationalism often offers tragedy, at best, a grudging place in its system. Yet there may exist certain flaws in a person, or certain pre-eminent traits for good or ill—which bring about catastrophe and destruction, remedy and temper them as we will. Professor Trilling speaks of how the tragic artist possesses a deep constitutional sense of 'the elemental *given* of biology' which 'conditioning' may be unable to remove. Can a leopard change its spots? 'Yes,' says the traditional rationalist, 'it can'. 'No,' replies the artist, 'never. All it, or we, can do is recognize them.' The highest art has always conveyed a notion of inevitability. Because of this, maintains Professor Trilling, 'it is inescapable for us that the word "tragic" should be used as an ultimate recommendation of a sense of life'. 'Yet we,' he adds, 'when we use the word, do not really mean it in its old, complex, mysterious

sense—we mean something like “violent” or “conclusive”: we mean death.’

And here we are, back again at the death-wish—that instinctive surrender to the darkness which John Laskell, the rationalist in Professor Trilling’s novel, noted in himself with surprise, a touch of shame, and a thrill of exploration.

Nor dread nor hope attend

A dying animal;

A man awaits his end

Dreading and hoping all.

Which, we may ask, is the truer statement of man’s approach to death: this of the poet Yeats, or that *apatheia* or ‘affectlessness’ which Stoics and many rationalists have shared? To read Professor Trilling is to view these old alternatives in a fresh light. Whether they may be reconciled is a deep question. At least, out of their organised collision, which Professor Trilling engineers, much vitalising discussion may come. To suspect this critic of contriving an intellectual wooden horse is to mistake the intent behind his work. A narrow rationalism, shut up within its gates, is no more fructifying than a closed religion. Professor Trilling must be reckoned with.

¹Professor Trilling uses the term liberalism in a wide sense, and not with any delimiting political significance solely. Writing of liberalism, he has in mind the same set of assumptions as most rationalists have in speaking of rationalism. For the purposes of this article, the terms are used interchangeably.

²These words of his were written in 1948, and the reader may accordingly think of the Macarthy Trials and the treatment of negroes in the Deep South. But Professor Trilling is speaking of the *cultural* monopoly of liberalism, and not of its presence in the fields of politics and action.

³Professor Trilling has a fine essay on this theme, in his book *The Liberal Imagination*. Entitled *Reality in America*, it treats of the cultural historian Parrington whose ideas, like those of the Crooms, were similarly limited.

WORLD VISTAS—

MORE BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY

NORMAN BENTWICH

THE most exciting archaeological discoveries in Israel of recent years have been made in the empty area of the Wilderness of Judea and the shores of the Dead Sea. They include the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Monastery and rich library of the Essene sect at Qumran by the Sea, the biblical, apocryphal, and apocalyptic manuscripts buried in the near-by caves, and finally, the burial chambers, the incredibly well-preserved clothing and furniture, coins and other objects and a treasure of documents, legal, political and military, recovered in the almost inaccessible cliffs in the Wilderness, which were the hideouts of the Jewish Zealots in their desperate rebellion under Bar Kochba against the Romans in the second century.

This year Professor Yigal Yadin of the Hebrew University, who has had a major part in interpreting these finds, which date from the second century BC to the second century AD, is engaged in a thorough exploration of the fortress and Herodian palace carved out of the steep rocky mountain of Masada. That tragic citadel, which Josephus described in detail in his History of the Jewish Wars, rises 120 feet above the Dead Sea. In it the Zealots made their last stand and committed mass suicide. It is expected to yield more treasures of that period, and to enrich our knowledge of the military struggle as well as of the Jewish religious movements in the age when Christianity was born. Professor Yadin is completing the first of three seasons of excavations. He has already been able to reveal the structure of the palace, the huge cisterns and store-rooms, designed for a long siege, the pattern of the fortress, a synagogue and a ritual bath in the battlements; and he has recovered a number of manuscript fragments which are of the greatest historical interest.

In this article I propose to deal with other significant, if less sensational, discoveries of archaeological expeditions, and of fortunate individuals, in different parts of the Bible country. Miss Kathleen Kenyon, Director of the British Palestine Exploration Fund, working with the French Dominican Fathers in Arab Jerusalem, continues the immense labour of exploring the lines of Jerusalem's ancient walls at different periods. The expedition has established that the old Jebusite city of the second millennium BC was in the south-east, and the original walls were in that area, and not in the north-east where the traditional Mount Zion was situated. King David's city, built after the capture of the Jebusite Fortress, was also extended in the south-east direction; but Solomon's Temple, of which the site has never been contested, was on the peak of Mount Moriah towards the north. The walls and the gates, built by Nehemiah after the return from the Babylonian captivity, had broadly the same circuit as the present walls, which were rebuilt by the conquering Ottoman Sultan, Suleiman the law-giver, a contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth I. The Christian city of the fourth and following

centuries covered a much larger area, which has been disclosed; and the latest evidence supports the identification of the site of the Church of the Sepulchre with the ancient Calvary, just outside the walls of the first century city.

A dramatic and unlooked-for side-light on biblical Jerusalem is an inscription bearing its name in the old Hebrew characters, and scratched on the walls of a cave near Lachish in the southern Lowlands. It was discovered by accident, by an officer of the Israeli Army on a routine patrol. Lachish, as we know from the accounts in the Book of Isaiah of the siege of Jerusalem by Sennacherib, was one of the fortresses guarding the road from the Plain to the capital city. It was captured, as a famous frieze in the British Museum records, by the Assyrian invaders. The inscription, which has altogether 32 letters, runs thus: 'The Lord God of the whole earth, the mountains of Judea belong to him, the God of Jerusalem'. Remarkably, the description 'God of Jerusalem' occurs only once in the Hebrew Bible, in the Second Book of Chronicles (32-19), in connection with Sennacherib's siege, about 700 BC. We may conjecture that the scratched message was a testimony of faith by one of the captains of the Judean Army defending the fortress. It is not indeed the oldest inscription with the name Jerusalem. For that is found in Egyptian hieroglyph monuments and in Accadian or cuneiform tablets of burnt clay, more than 500 years older. But it precedes in time by two centuries what were the earliest known Hebrew inscriptions of the name. It goes to confirm that writing was a common accomplishment among the Hebrews before the Babylonian Captivity.

A second chance find in the coastal area, not far from Lachish, illustrates the same lesson. It was made by an Israel archaeologist searching in the debris of a Tel, the mound of the ancient Philistine city of Ashdod. A potsherd, which was a common writing material, and has the advantage of imperishability, bore the following plaintive appeal in Hebrew of a peasant to the local governor: 'Let my Lord the governor hear the word of his servant. Thy servant was reaping in the field and reaped, and finished, and gathered the corn before taking any rest. Then came H., son of X. He took thy servant's garment. All my brethren will witness on my behalf, those who reaped with me in the heat. Verily I am free of guilt. Restore my garment. I will pay Thee in full; and be not helpless to save'. Presumably the potted petition was brought to the governor in the city, and thrown away by him, let us hope after restoring the garment.

In the northern part of Israel, exploratory digging is pursued in several areas, and often well rewarded. By the shores of Lake Huleh, now drained and canalised, burial chambers of a prehistoric age and containing numerous vessels and ornaments, have been unearthed. Burial frequently was in a pottery model of a house, or in a pottery coffin made of two jars joined at the mouth. The coffin contained jars for the food and drink of the dead. At Tiberias itself, by the northern shores of the Sea of Galilee and the famous hot springs, a synagogue of an early century of the Christian era, with a striking mosaic floor, has been unearthed. The

motives of the mosaics are the usual folk-art, an ark of the scrolls of scripture, with the seven-branched candelabra on each side, the signs of the Zodiac with the Sun-God in the middle, and the ritual symbols of the ram's horn and palm branch used in the synagogue service. Another synagogue is at Chorazin, a mile north of Capernaum, where Jesus preached, and pronounced the doom: 'Woe to Thee, Chorazin'.

In the Coastal Plain, while there has been no major expedition since the uncovering of the vast Herodian and Roman town of Caesarea, and the restoration of the miniature Crusader fortress of St Louis in the same place, new objects constantly come to light. A marble head of a Greek goddess was dug up at Dor, a few miles north of Caesarea, and a treasure trove of silver coins in thousands was unearthed on Mount Carmel. They were minted mostly in Tyre, and probably represent the tribute voluntarily given by Jewish congregations of the dispersion for the Jerusalem Temple, and buried when the Jewish rebellion in the first century made transport dangerous.

Besides the big expedition at Masada, mentioned above, two parties of archaeologists of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem have been digging on historic sites of the Negev. One is in the high plateau east of Beersheba, where a new town with a biblical name, Arad, is being constructed. Close to it a rocky peak has been identified with the Canaanite fortress of that name, which is mentioned in the Book of Joshua. Large massive walls and masses of pottery of the right period confirmed the identification. The other site is Engedi, the fertile oasis recorded in the Song of Solomon, which is on the west shore of the Dead Sea, at the frontier of Israel and Jordan. There, besides the citadel and many walls, the expedition found the remains of a perfume factory of the era of the Kings of Judah, which probably used the balsam—balm of Gilead—of the oasis. On a steep hill some hundreds of feet above the springs, a wonderfully preserved Canaanite Temple, with an altar and the apparatus of sacrifice, has come to light.

The Rockefeller Museum of Palestine antiquities is in Arab Jerusalem; and the existing two archaeological museums in the Jewish city are utterly inadequate for the display and study of the continuous finds. One of them is improvised in a house; the other is an institute of the Hebrew University. Now, however, on a site immediately adjoining the University a new national museum of archaeology on a large scale is rising and nearing completion. Everything in Israel happens quickly, and next year we may expect to see it equipped, occupied, and challenging comparison with the Rockefeller Museum, only two miles distant, but inaccessible to Israelis.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO: A NEW PHASE

RICHARD COMYNS CARR

TWO years ago relations between Spain and Morocco were strained. This was due to the fact that Morocco laid claim to the Spanish territories on her borders. When Spain, in 1956, withdrew rapidly and peacefully from her Moroccan Protectorate, hoping for friendly relations with the new Moroccan state, she retained her so-called 'places of sovereignty' on the Mediterranean coast—the towns of Ceuta and Melilla and a few small islands. She also retained the enclave of Ifni, on the Atlantic coast, with a population of about 50,000, and the Spanish Sahara, bordering on southern Morocco. The Moroccans were not satisfied. Soon after they had gained independence an irredentist agitation started to annex all these territories, including the Sahara, as by right forming part of Morocco. There were incidents, obviously connived at by the Moroccan government: in 1957 large forces of Moroccan irregulars made incursions into Ifni; in 1958 there was a raid on the Spanish lighthouse at Cape Bojador; in 1961 Spanish and foreign oil technicians were kidnapped in the Sahara desert. The Moroccan government officially pressed their claims to the territories before the United Nations—in December, 1960, and again in April and October of 1961.

In the early months of 1962 the situation was one of expectancy. The Spaniards had reinforced their garrisons and declared their determination to defend the territories. The Moroccans did not bring matters to a head because they had other problems, internal and external, and were too concerned with developments in neighbouring Algeria to wish to involve themselves in trouble with other countries. But it looked as if the dispute might at any time flare up into an international incident.

Since then, however, the atmosphere has completely changed. Morocco has made little mention of her territorial claims and then only to say that an amicable solution can be reached between the two countries themselves, and diplomatic exchanges have achieved a note of almost ostentatious cordiality to which each side is evidently as eager as the other to contribute. The new understanding came about before the end of 1962. In the late summer the situation still looked far from promising. There was a recrudescence of the press campaign for Morocco's territorial claims and this was accompanied by interference with movement from Morocco into Ceuta and Melilla, a form of pressure that strikes at the economic life of these towns, closely dependent on the Moroccan hinterland. Moroccan patrol boats had for some time been harassing Spanish trawlers fishing off the north Moroccan coast and things became worse when Morocco unilaterally decided to extend her territorial waters to 12 miles. Spain replied by sending six warships to Ceuta and Melilla to protect her fishing fleet. A few weeks later, however, a number of Spanish fishing boats were interned at Agadir for fishing in Moroccan waters.

But the Moroccan government seem to have decided that things were going too far, or perhaps new thinking on their foreign relations suddenly took shape: in the midst of these incidents they made an overture of

friendship. The Foreign Minister, Ahmed Balafrej, declared in a press interview that, despite the present phase of misunderstanding, Morocco was anxious for good-neighbourly relations with Spain; that he hoped King Hassan II and General Franco would be able to meet to clear the atmosphere; and that Morocco was meanwhile ready to consider an agreement with Spain on navigation and fishing rights such as would remove points of friction.

Mr. Balafrej's words were eagerly seized on in Madrid, and particularly the most concrete part, his proposal to discuss the fishing dispute. The Spanish boats were released a week after being interned in Agadir and Spanish owners were informed that they would be allowed to fish in Moroccan waters without hindrance. At the end of October Mr. Balafrej paid a five-day visit to Madrid, with a mission as personal representative of King Hassan. He was received by General Franco and had talks with the Spanish Foreign Minister, Señor Castiella, and with Franco's deputy, General Muñoz Grandes. His account of the talks, at a press conference given on his return to Rabat, went beyond formal diplomatic phrases. They had, he said, reviewed all the questions outstanding between Morocco and Spain with a view to friendly co-operation in the future and it should be possible to find flexible solutions that would at least partially meet Moroccan views while safeguarding the legitimate rights of Spain. He added significantly that Morocco had now outgrown the chauvinism natural in the early days of a country's independence and that he was sure the King would find a formula to solve the complex problems that existed between the two countries.

In November, General Muñoz Grandes paid a return visit to Morocco. The purpose of this was officially stated to be to complete the Madrid discussions and settle outstanding points. It was, however, intended solely to cement the understanding and demonstrate the new spirit in Spanish-Moroccan relations. In this it was an outstanding success. King Hassan, after awarding General Muñoz Grandes the highest Moroccan decoration, expressed friendship for Spain in particularly cordial terms—the two countries, he said, would always find themselves shoulder to shoulder in difficult times.

These exchanges have been followed by others and by increasing indications of a desire on both sides for closer relations. In his speech from the throne in March, 1963, on the second anniversary of his accession, King Hassan spoke of putting Spanish-Moroccan relations on a new basis, and later in the year, when returning via Spain from New York, he had a meeting with General Franco at Barajas airport which, although nothing of practical importance is likely to have been discussed, was given great prominence in the press and had a symbolic value. There were exchanges of ministerial visits between Madrid and Rabat to explore possible fields of co-operation. It is true that Allal El Fassi and the Istiqlal party of Morocco continued to demand the 'recovery' of the Spanish African territories—as well as Mauritania and a large slice of Western Algeria; but the Istiqlal were no longer in the government and their rigid adherence to the old nationalist platform evidently embarrassed

the King and his ministers in their attempts to apply a more flexible foreign policy. During the United Nations Commission's debate on Spain's African colonies in September the Moroccan ambassador refrained from polemics and declared that the main issues between Morocco and Spain could best be settled by direct negotiation.

This year the results of the exploratory talks on possible forms of co-operation between the two countries have begun to show themselves. In March the Spanish Minister of Industry, Señor Lopez Bravo, attended the Feast of the Throne, King Hassan's anniversary celebrations, as a guest of honour and in the course of a four-days' stay discussed Spanish technical assistance to Moroccan industry, particularly textile, chemical and pharmaceutical, and iron and steel, and a general scheme of joint industrial planning. Later in the month, as a result of a visit to Madrid by the Moroccan Minister of Information, agreements were signed on co-operation and exchange of information over the press, films, wireless and television and on joint campaigns to promote the tourist traffic.

The improvement in Spanish-Moroccan relations is not due to any change of attitude on Spain's part, because Spain was always anxious for close and friendly relations on a basis of the *status quo*, only combining this with a policy of firmness and an unequivocal assertion of her rights in Africa, and this has continued to be her attitude—only a week before General Muñoz Grandes' visit to Rabat the Spanish Minister of War was assuring the population of Ceuta and Melilla that they would remain indissolubly united with Spain. And so far as treaties and long occupation can confer rights of this nature Spain's case in regard to Moroccan claims is a strong one. Ceuta and Melilla have been virtually Spanish towns for centuries and a plebiscite would give an overwhelming majority in her favour. Spain has held Ifni since 1860 and the Spanish Sahara since 1900, and the latter has never belonged to Morocco. The aggressive and imperialist spirit was on the Moroccan side. As in other African countries, the achievement of independence went to the heads of the political classes—there was even talk of claims on the Canary Islands and, with memories of Moorish dominion, on the south of Spain.

The late King Mohammed V adopted the demands of the Istiqlal, partly perhaps to retain popular support and perhaps also from an interest in Saharan oil. But events since then have combined to convince his son, Hassan II, that such a policy is inopportune. He inherited a country in a disturbed state; the economic situation was bad and is still bad; and his attempts to establish a strong monarchy on a constitutional basis have led to a clash with the Left Opposition parties. He has his hands full of problems at home. But, above all, there is the threat of Ben Bella's Algeria. The recent frontier fighting was only a symptom of this. The real threats to the King was that the traditional monarchy that he is trying to maintain in Morocco is in conflict with the 'Arab Socialism' everywhere being promoted by Nasser and that a revolutionary form of Arab Socialism has established itself in the next-door state. There is the danger not only of war with Algeria but of Ben Bella attempting to spread his Socialism to Morocco and promoting subversive movements

among the already hostile Left Wing parties. This is no time for further foreign complications. The present policy of the Moroccan government is to promote good relations with all neighbouring countries and to welcome support where they find it, and in Spain they find ready support. General Franco has no desire to see a revolutionary Left Wing régime on his doorstep. Meanwhile, hostilities with Algeria have ceased and Ben Bella has been showing greater moderation, perhaps influenced by the need for French approval and financial support, as Algeria has grave economic and social problems of her own. Diplomatic relations have been re-established between Morocco and Egypt after the rupture due to Egypt's aid to Algeria during the frontier hostilities; this suits Nasser's rôle as the promoter of Arab unity. At the moment the situation is stable, and Morocco has no desire to disturb it.

The issue between Spain and Morocco over the Spanish territories has not been settled; it has merely been put in the background. But it may now never come to a collision. With the new spirit temporary solutions may be found that will enable Spain in due course to extricate herself from African rule—the Spanish government have declared, in Madrid and before the United Nations, that they are following the policy of 'decolonisation'. There are signs that she may already be preparing discreetly to relinquish the most unrewarding of her possessions, the barren outpost of Ifni: it was admitted in Madrid last year that Spanish troops had withdrawn within an area of five square miles round the town of Sidi Ifni and it appears that *de facto* authority over the rest of the territory has been abandoned. The Sahara is at present a poor area, costly to defend and maintain, and oil-prospecting has so far produced disappointing results. Whether Spain would agree to abandon all stake in the future of the country is difficult to say—in 1962 the government announced plans to build a large port at Lensid, on the Saharan coast, to handle iron-ore traffic; but some sharing of influence might be arranged. Ceuta and Melilla are more delicate problems because no Spanish government could suddenly leave the Spanish populations to their fate.

But there is no doubt of the interest the two countries have in closer co-operation. This is seen particularly in the tourist trade, booming in Spain and rapidly growing in Morocco. More than three-quarters of Morocco's visitors arrive via Spain and there is strong pressure by Spanish and Moroccan business groups to build a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar.

Barcelona.

BOLIVIA: NATION OF DANGEROUS DISCONTENTS

JOHN BARR

IN June of this year, a 56-year-old former economics professor, Victor Paz Estenssoro, was re-elected as President of the Republic of Bolivia, a discontented and dangerously troubled nation whose social, political, and economic problems are as formidable as the towering Andean mountains which surround it.

The election, in which President Paz received the approbation of 70 per cent of the electorate, was almost wholly neglected by the international press. Two principal reasons seem to underlie this neglect: (1) the assumption that as a poor and weak nation, Bolivia has little or no significance on the world scene, its problems exclusively internal and without bearing on the great issues of our time, and (2) the assumption that, since President Paz was unopposed in the election and assumed his third (and second consecutive) presidency only by the hardly democratic device of a self-engineered constitutional change, Paz is no more than yet another example of that breed of politician so frequently encountered in Latin America: the power-hungry autocrat. In my view, based on eighteen months' residence in that strange country, both assumptions are inaccurate, and whatever the circumstances of Paz's power and personality and whatever the economic frailty and political instability of Bolivia itself, it is a significant nation with significant problems deserving careful and serious attention.

In the social sphere, the overriding problem is how best, if, indeed, at all, to absorb into the mainstream of Bolivian life that 52 per cent of the population which is pure Aymara or Quechua Indian, the latter the proud but impoverished descendants of the Incan Empire. The principal problem in the political sphere is the search for stability whilst preserving democratic processes, a problem which if left too long unattended could result in a Civil war or even the establishment of a pro-Castro or Communist regime in Bolivia, with the worldwide implications such an occurrence would have. And the dominant economic problem is one of diversifying the economy, with the attendant need, ruthlessly yet skilfully, to put the nation's only important export industry, tin, on a paying basis.

These problems and the solutions which are so vital to the wellbeing both of Bolivia and of Latin America as a whole have their roots in the peculiar kind of country Bolivia is, so typical in so many respects of that desperately poor 'Other America', indeed almost a classic example of the underdeveloped Latin American country, yet in other respects quite unique, with dilemmas unshared by neighbouring nations.

Physically, Bolivia is at once a blessed and a cursed nation. It is blessed with mineral deposits, so far scarcely tapped, that make it a potentially wealthy country, its penury in a setting of vast unrealised wealth the more galling. Of the great deposits of tin, silver, antimony, oil, bismuth, copper, lead, tungsten, and zinc, only the first two named have been seriously

exploited, so seriously exploited in fact that what remains of once-rich deposits is only just economically viable today.

Four hundred years ago the Spanish Conquistadores were drawn by greed for silver to what was then Upper Peru (today, Bolivia); they created the fabulous city of Potosi, an ornate outpost of the Spanish Empire through which passed nearly £200 millions in silver (today, a sleepy, half-ghost town). In the 19th and first half of the 20th centuries, tin created the great fortunes, spawning the powerful tin barons, Hochschild, Aramayo, and Patiño, who until the popular revolution of 1952 controlled the whole of Bolivia's tin production and, thus, the whole of Bolivia's economy.

Physically, Bolivia is also blessed with huge forests of valuable timber, where today wild cattle roam, and under whose floor oil lies for the waiting. Foreign oil companies are today only beginning to explore the potential of Bolivia's eastern lowlands; whether oil—that *deus ex machina* which has transformed Venezuela from poverty to princely wealth almost overnight—may do the same for Bolivia cannot be ruled out, but it is too early to say.

Thus, in Bolivia we see an enormous country, 419,000 square miles (more than four times the size of the United Kingdom), of which rich forests and jungle cover one-third of the land area east and north of the Andean peaks, and rich mineral deposits inhabit the otherwise barren high plateau, the *altiplano*, that stretches 500 miles in length, at an average 13,000 feet above sea level, between the Eastern and Western Cordilleras of the Andes. Certainly, it seems, a physically fortunate country.

But at the same time, Bolivia is physically cursed by two factors. Since 1905 it has been a landlocked nation, one of only two on the South American continent (Paraguay is the other) and its *altiplano*, home of 80 per cent of the population, is, apart from mineral wealth, a forbidding landscape, bleak, windswept, treeless, incapable of supporting life at a reasonable standard and as inhospitable as the face of the moon.

Bolivia's landlocked position, as significant psychologically as it is topographically and economically, is the result of one of several military adventures against neighbours, adventures which in every instance have resulted in humiliation for Bolivia. In the 1880's Bolivia surrendered the wealthy nitrate desert of Atacama and her outlet to the sea in the War of the Pacific against Chile. Under the 1905 treaty, Bolivia formally yielded all claims to the Atacama coastal area; Chile compensated by constructing a rail line from the Bolivian frontier to the Pacific port of Arica, which was declared a free port. This arrangement has not proved entirely satisfactory to Bolivia, for the Arica railway terminates in the capital of La Paz, thus requiring that tin exports be hauled first from the principal mining areas some 150 miles south of the capital to La Paz, then on to Arica, contributing to the prohibitively high ore transport costs. Before the United Nations General Assembly last November, President Paz pleaded for a Bolivian corridor to the Pacific and an enclave on the coast near the Chilean port of Antofagasta, which is linked by rail directly with

the mining areas of the *altiplano*. There seems little likelihood that Chile will grant this request and every likelihood that Bolivia will remain landlocked; smarting psychologically from its inability to press its demands and from the affront to its nationalistic fervour which that very ineffectuality represents.

As for Bolivia's other topographical burden, the barren *altiplano*, there seems no solution other than that most complex and difficult one of persuading the impoverished Indian to move from his scrap of high desert to the underpopulated, almost totally untilled lowlands. That the *altiplano*, unlikely a place as it is, is disproportionately overpopulated in comparison with the potentially rich lowlands is due to two factors. (1) The silver and tin mines created employment and concentrations of population which attracted the Indian to the mines and the *cholo* class of mixed Indian and European blood (who compose 32 per cent of the population) to the mining cities, where they operate the lower reaches of the economy: the markets and small shops. (2) Bolivia is unique in a Latin America suffering from population explosion in being severely underpopulated: fewer than four million persons in an area twice the size of Spain. The very fierceness of existence on the Bolivian plateau discourages immigration, and the infant mortality rate—seven deaths among eleven children in a typical *altiplano* Indian family—prevents that population increase which, in the appropriate areas of the country, Bolivia requires.

Thus the *altiplano* Indian remains the dominant social problem facing the government of President Paz. During the past two years a definite and hopeful start has been made in transplanting the tenacious Indian, an essential first step in integrating him into the life of the nation. More than 100,000 Indians have been resettled on farms near Cochabamba and Santa Cruz, but how many remain there is yet to be seen. For the Bolivian Indian peasant is conservative, illiterate (80 per cent), most reluctant to accept change; that he is so has one advantage for any Bolivian government—the Indian peasant, unlike the Indian or *cholo* mine worker, is not attracted by the radical promises of Marxism. But his reluctance to part with his tiny plot of plateau land (granted him in a land reform programme following the 1952 revolution, when the holdings of the great landowners were broken up) means that Bolivia is unable to develop its promising third of the nation. In the past, apart from the immigration of some 4,000 Japanese from the Ryukyu Islands, attempts to populate the lowlands have met with little success; the homesick Indian has returned to the *altiplano* or has failed to adapt his unusual physique (huge lung development, 40 per cent more red corpuscles) to sea-level life, often falling prey to tropical diseases.

The Bolivian government finds it equally difficult to persuade the conservative Indian to accept modern agricultural techniques or even to grow more than what he needs to maintain his family at bare subsistence level: a patch of *quinoa* (millet); minute potatoes which he freezes and dehydrates and eats as *chuño*, his staple and often his only food; and a small herd of llamas, possibly a vicuña or two, whose fur he sells,

invariably spending the profits on the intoxicating *coca* leaf, which he chews to numb hunger and to make his lot on earth seem a little less arduous. So long as the *altiplano* Indian refuses to accept change, he will continue to be the outsider, not participating in the economy or the political life of Bolivia; the annual per capita income of £40 will fail to rise appreciably; and President Paz will fail to realize the promise he has repeatedly, and quite accurately, made: 'The old Bolivia is up there on the *altiplano*, the new Bolivia is down below.'

Political instability is endemic to Latin America, and nowhere is it more critical than in Bolivia. Prior to the 1952 revolution, Bolivia's political patterns followed recognisable Latin American lines: military juntas, despots, assassinations, *coups d'état*. But in the late 1940's, Victor Paz Estenssoro and a small clique of dissatisfied colleagues formed the Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario (MNR. Party) whose aims were to distribute land to the small peasants, nationalize the tin mines, and establish a reasonably democratic regime (by Bolivian standards). The instrument of power was to be the 20,000 long-discontented, long-exploited tin miners, to whom the MNR. secretly distributed arms. In April, 1952, the miners' militia and the MNR. struck, quickly humiliated the ineffectual army, unseated an inept, despotic military junta, and took over the government.

The initial reforms instituted by the MNR., with Paz as President, seemed to promise potential stability and economic progress. Universal enfranchisement was initiated in a nation where, previously, only 200,000 were on the electoral rolls, almost all of them the 'white' minority of Spanish-European ancestry which totally dominated, and today still dominates, the political and economic life of Bolivia. The land reform, a bold education programme, and the nationalization of the mines were all promising actions, righting previous wrongs. But it was not long before political instability, resulting from factionalism in the MNR. and too much power in the hands of the tin miners' union, began to threaten the very existence of an MNR. government.

The greatest contributor to the dangerous factionalism has been, and is today, the militant pro-Castroite Juan Lechin, once Paz's right-hand man and heir-apparent. While Paz was occupied in introducing his far-sighted reforms, and while he even democratically stepped aside from the presidency in 1956 in favour of his mild colleague Hernan Siles Zuazo, Lechin connived for power behind his back. As head of the powerful miners' union, he filled top posts with professional Communists, seized control of the miners' militia and soon built it into a force able to brandish a fist at the Bolivian army, not yet recovered from the humiliation of the 1952 revolution.

During President Siles' term of office (1956-1960), Lechin and the miners were bolder than they would have dared to be with the forceful Paz. They staged incessant strikes for higher wages, bullied President Siles unceasingly, and took to arms at the slightest suggestion of a reduction in their power. Indeed, it was bitterly yet too accurately said at that time that

President Siles' authority ceased at the La Paz city limits; beyond that point, Lechin was the acting president of Bolivia.

With the approach of the 1960 general election, the miners' union was thoroughly infiltrated by Communists, Lechin was Bolivia's most commanding figure, general strikes were crippling the already frail economy, and Bolivia was kept just this side of utter chaos (and communism) by United States aid on a scale of £9 million a year, the highest *per capita* in Latin America, amounting to 30 per cent of Bolivia's total national budget.

The next MNR. candidate for the Presidency was supposed to be intellectual Walter Guevara Arze, but personal ambition coupled with the turmoil left in the wake of Siles' term of office persuaded Paz, still chairman of the MNR., to overpower Guevara and put himself forward as the candidate. He silenced Lechin's outcries by giving him the Vice-Presidency and promising that Lechin would succeed him as Presidential candidate in the elections of June, 1964.

But as 1963 drew to a close, Paz became more and more reluctant to surrender his power. He employed a familiar Latin American technique for eliminating rivals: he sent Lechin off as Ambassador to Italy, Siles as Ambassador to Spain. Then he exhibited a contempt for democratic process by forcing a law through the MNR.-controlled Bolivian Congress to change the constitution which forbade a President to succeed himself, and followed this action with an announcement of his own candidacy.

At this announcement, an enraged Lechin hurried back from Rome, called a general strike in the mines, put his miners' militia on alert, branded Paz 'a traitor', and launched a power struggle with Paz for the Presidency. The crisis-point in the Paz-Lechin struggle came in December, 1963, when the President arrested two officials of the miners' union on grounds of instigating illegal strikes. Lechin responded by seizing 19 hostages at the tin mine of Catavi, two Americans and a Dutchman among them. For ten days the hostages were held, guarded by husky bowler-hatted *cholo* women with sticks of dynamite under their traditional seven petticoats. Paz threatened an army attack on Catavi if the hostages were not freed; Lechin threatened to kill the hostages if the two mine officials were not released. Paz stood firm; Lechin finally capitulated, was drummed out of the MNR. Party by Paz, formed his own short-lived political party, and announced himself as Presidential candidate. But he failed to gain sufficient support outside the Communist-dominated union. Thus when Lechin finally and bitterly withdrew from the campaign, Paz was left unopposed and returned as President with the support of 70 per cent of the electorate.

Today bitter factionalism threatens Bolivia's precious little political stability, and Paz's actions, admittedly goaded by the militant Lechin, suggest that the MNR. is capable of holding power only by sliding back into the too familiar Latin American pattern of autocracy. The end result may well be a totally dictatorial government or a civil war (it would be Bolivia's 180th revolution in 139 years of independence) which, if

Lechin and the miners prevailed, would result in a pro-Castro or Communist regime, the first on the South American continent.

Yet in one sphere, Bolivia's economic crisis, Paz's high-handed methods, are very possibly justified. Tin still accounts for 80 per cent of Bolivia's total exports, and Bolivia still produces 15 per cent of the world's tin supply, but the nationalized mines have not prospered, the tin deposits are in great measure worked out, and it is apparent that Bolivia must diversify its economy. The first step in this diversification is to put the mines on a workable economic footing. At present, the national mine complex, Comibol, is losing £335,000 a month, production is down to 15,300 metric tons a year (50 per cent of its pre-nationalization level), and, because of poor deposits, mismanagement, high transport costs to the coast, a flooded world market, and union featherbedding, it costs Comibol 9s 6d to produce a pound of tin which sells on the world market for 8s (Malaya produces a pound for 6s).

The only solution, and one which Paz is ruthlessly pressing, is to sack redundant miners, close down uneconomic mines, eliminate the veto power which the miners' union now holds over Comibol's management decisions, eradicate the most professional of the communist mine officials, get rid of nearly all the non-working miners' union officials (one for every three genuine workers), and cut the numerous fringe benefits which the miners now enjoy and which double their basic monthly income of £8, high by Bolivian criteria. Paz's most recent attempt to sack 2,000 surplus miners resulted in a general strike, the resignation and reorganisation of the Bolivian cabinet (eliminating pro-Lechin men), and the grave affair of the Catavi hostages, with the threat of an all-out civil war. Yet rehabilitate the tin mines Paz must if Bolivia's economy is to become at all viable.

What the consequences of Paz's next move will be are difficult to forecast. Lechin's power is presently in abeyance, but he and his left-wing union remain a most dangerous force, and their arms (still cached in secret strongholds) remain a constant threat to the slender stability of Bolivia.

That Victor Paz Estenssoro is not a typical Latin American autocrat is, I believe, apparent; but equally apparent is the fact that pressures and promised violence from the extreme left are driving him farther and farther from the democratic processes. That Bolivia, for all its frailty, has a definite significance on the Latin American, indeed the world scene, is also apparent, for a failure to solve its crucial problems could lead directly to a Castro of the Andes. How to solve these problems without pushing Lechin and the miners too far is a formidable dilemma for President Paz, and Bolivia remains today a nation of dangerous discontent.

MOSCOW REPORT—

LEARNING HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

ANTHONY SYLVESTER

IT is a riddle wrapped in mystery inside an enigma,' Sir Winston Churchill is reputed to have expressed himself about Russia. I was often reminded of this during my recent three-week visit to the Soviet Union, one in a series I have paid over the last ten years.

But a Russian might just as well have said the same about Britain, or any western country for that matter.

Times have changed in Russia since Stalin died, in 1953. 'We live worse now. We have less to eat at any rate,' said a Russian when I talked to him in a provincial town. 'But we are less afraid of talking to foreigners.' I heard identical views from several others.

It is true that most British people may now visit the Soviet Union. But only a relatively small number do so. The high cost of such travel is still an effective bar to any large-scale influx of western tourists to Russia. The cheapest way to have a glimpse at the Soviet Union is the £43 all-in boat trip to Leningrad. But this is not a typical Russian city. To go anywhere beyond Leningrad, Moscow or Kiev would cost a great deal more. It is possible to go camping; but then one is restricted to any one of the towns in whose suburbs the camp is situated. It is normal to travel in Russia in a group, which is always closely supervised by official Intourist guides. Individual travel is possible to the 38 Russian towns now open to western tourists, but the cost of this is £12 10s 0d a day, save for selected seaside resorts where lower rates apply.

In most Russian towns western tourists are almost a sensation. In Rostov-on-Don our group of British and American tourists was surrounded by crowds everywhere we stopped for sightseeing. Early in June we were the first foreign tourists in the town this year.

The Russians one met were eager to put questions on wages in Britain, unemployment, National Health Service and other topics of interest to an ordinary man or woman. But such contacts are few, considering the vastness of the country. The impact western tourists are making on Russia and her people is clearly insignificant, far smaller than in the case of such Communist countries as Hungary or Yugoslavia.

There are other sources from which the Russians derive what knowledge they have of conditions in the West.

The importance of shortwave broadcasts in Russian from western stations is difficult to overestimate. And the BBC occupies a position apart with its reputation for accurate and prompt news service and balanced comment. Jamming of BBC broadcasts in Russian has now ceased and listening to such programmes is widespread. But it is not considered a good thing, I was told, for a member of the Communist Youth League, let alone a Party member, to tune in to foreign radio for his own edification.

Another source of information is foreign newspapers. Only those with Communist views are generally on sale. But the Russians who can read

Serbo-Croat or Polish may be able to learn a great deal more about the outside world than if they took only the Soviet newspapers. The London *Daily Worker*, widely available in the Soviet Union, assumes a special significance. 'I like taking the *Daily Worker*,' said an acquaintance in Russia. 'I don't know English, but I like looking at pictures. I can see how your people are dressed. I can see in other ways too that life is really far better in England than our Government would like us to think.'

Soviet authorities indeed go to great lengths in an attempt to distort a truthful picture of life in the free world. The reporting on events in Britain, the USA and other western countries is calculated to bring out unfavourable features. In a school in Volgograd I read through the paper cuttings that had been stuck on the wall for the pupils to read daily. Not one single item could be interpreted as throwing a positive light on the West.

An American member of our group asked a boy of ten in this school if he would like to visit the USA. 'No,' the boy replied, 'I will never wish to go there. There are too many slaves in America.'

Occasionally Russians go abroad as tourists, but always in closely watched groups. Their official guides take pains in drawing attention to negative phenomena. A young woman in Volgograd told me she had visited London recently. 'I was appalled at the sight of an old woman in tatters, selling matches,' she said.

Many aspects of western life are very difficult to grasp for a Russian even when objective information is available.

Talking to a factory manager I was asked the following characteristic question:

'Your businesses are, as you say, largely owned by private individuals and are motivated by the pursuit of profit. Each unit looks after its own success. How can you then fulfil your national plan?'

'We have no national plan.'

'But how can, then, the needs of the people be met, of industries and the State itself? How can economic progress be made on a national scale?'

The plain answer is that I don't know myself. Somehow it seems to work. Often better than in Russia.

Another topic which both fascinates a Soviet citizen and eludes his grasp is the position of the Queen.

'Suppose the heir apparent is a person of low ability, he (or she) will nonetheless succeed to the throne when the reigning monarch dies.' That a sovereign in Britain reigns but does not rule is difficult to understand for a Russian whose knowledge of non-Communist systems of government is to a considerable extent inspired by old, pre-revolutionary Russia.

The fundamental idea of choice, economical, political and social, is of course not alien to the Russian people. It is wrong to assume, as many do, that the Russian race is quite peculiarly suited for communism and unable or unwilling to have anything that is different. Unless they be actively engaged in the Communist movement as political workers the Russians invariably appreciate the importance of having newspapers of more than one view, of being able to choose between political candidates

and parties, of having independent workers' organizations for the promotion of members' interests.

But the actual interplay of forces in a free, pluralistic society, the way people can effect their choice and have their rights protected as individuals, is remote to the Russian mind. I talked to a student in a Kiev park. He was preparing for his finals in economics. 'Does your Army shoot at workers when they strike?' he asked.

Yet, the general impression I gathered from life in the Soviet Union during my present visit as compared with three years ago was that many modern ideas were clearly gaining ground. Russian authorities seem more willing to learn from others, in simpler things of life. People are better dressed now; adequately and less oddly than in the past, although crowds are still drab and dull.

In architecture contemporary styles are taking the place of the ornate pomposities familiar from Stalin's times. New housing estates look far less barrack-like than formerly, and balconies in different, vivid colours add a touch of gaiety. Modern cafés have been built within the last year or two in the large cities for the young to gather in airy spaces with large windows and light, contemporary furniture. In restaurants, in the evenings, modern tunes are played by dance bands, although Edwardian music predominates. Twist is widely popular.

These ideals are not so much the result of any closer contacts with the West. They have mainly penetrated into the Soviet Union from satellite countries in eastern Europe which seem to perform an important role for the Russians as a window to the outside world. A visit to a large department store in Moscow revealed that most of the better-made clothing originated in either Czechoslovakia or Eastern Germany.

If it is difficult for a Russian to learn and understand the truth about life in the West, the reality of Russia, too, is elusive even to a frequent visitor speaking the language.

The Russians appear, as a rule, not to be great lovers of truth. Loyalty to a cause, or else a destructive hatred of a regime that oppresses them, may easily outweigh a devotion to objectivity.

A tourist is subjected to systematic propaganda carried out by the guides and interpreters whose business it is to impress the foreigner with a favourable picture of Russia. This is often done in a crude, transparent fashion, insulting to a westerner who is used to more subtle approaches. I have come across blunt lies. I heard the guide say that meat was plentiful in a town in which there had been none for weeks.

Yet, resorting to plain untruths is less frequent than the tactics of presenting the exceptional as typical. During the present visit I was shown around a coalmine in the Don basin; the only Russian coalmine I had seen. Transport underground, ventilation and safety arrangements were all of a very high standard and coal cutting was largely automatic. The miners I interviewed claimed to be earning up to 400 roubles a month (2.6 roubles equal £1 at the official rate of exchange)—over three times the average salary of a physician. They had one month of holidays with pay and about twenty per cent had their holiday expenses in

sanatoria or rest homes partly or wholly paid by the State in any given year.

This could not have been a typical Russian coalmine, just as the guests I saw in a Sochi sanatorium, the Metalurg, recuperating in palatial splendour, were surely not representative of Russian workers. Equally unrepresentative was a model State farm producing tomatoes and cucumbers in hothouse conditions and employing most imaginative and up-to-date methods, near Kiev. Because there were no such tomatoes on sale in the city.

Overwhelming hospitality extended to visitors in the Soviet Union is another reason why many tourists carry away a misleading impression. In Volgograd, our group of British and American tourists, a small group of ten people of no particular significance, visited a boarding school for boys and girls. The headmaster of the school and his entire staff paid us their compliments, a ballet performance in which some hundred girls took part, most of them in national costumes, was laid on for us, we were shown around classes and dormitories; and as we left, the whole school assembled to pay their farewells while the boys' brass band played and the girls' choir sang. Bouquets were presented to women members of our group. Similar receptions occurred in other establishments we had visited under the auspices of the Intourist.

Broad generalizations about life in Russia are now possible. There are a number of excellent books on the subject, giving an unprecedented insight into the country. It is no longer a secret that life in Russia for ordinary people is a grim struggle with housing, food and all manner of other shortages; with petty tyrannies, a frustrating search out of bureaucratic entanglements.

Much of this is freely admitted by the Russian leaders themselves. The blame for it is put on the remnants of 'Stalinism', on the destruction caused by the German invaders (a theme that is played *ad nauseam* by official guides), hundreds of years of pre-revolutionary backwardness . . .

But what the average living standard of Russian townsman is remains an enigma. There are great differences between the main cities, Lenin-grad, Moscow and Kiev, and provincial towns. In leading towns none of the essential food items seemed to be in short supply, although quality was often poor, especially of meat. Most of the ordinary consumer goods were available and one could hear no complaints of acute shortages. But the situation changed dramatically as we visited other urban areas.

In Volgograd long queues could be seen waiting outside shops to buy sugar, 2 lb at a time costing nearly 10s a lb. There was little meat available, and what there was of it was very inferior. Pork was on sale in Volgograd from starved animals which had been slaughtered for lack of feedingstuffs, at the price of 7s a lb. There was no white bread.

Selection of consumer goods, too, was much smaller in provincial towns and many essentials were not available for sale, for example, electric wire or bulbs.

Yet for times immemorial, Russians have been short of much that a

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POLAND IN 1964

AXEL HEYST

IN my reports on Poland for the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW I have stressed, since 1960, the constant deterioration of the situation which augured so well in 1957. This deterioration has not been halted, and recent events connected with the protests of Polish intellectuals against drastic censorship and against the inadequate supply of paper for periodicals and books are only highlighting a state of affairs which has existed for a long time.

The causes of this general deterioration in Poland's internal political and economic situation are, as always in such cases, rather complex. The Communist régime was confronted, in June, 1956, when the Poznan workers revolted, with the open hostility of a population brought to despair by the disastrous amateurish economic policy which so many years after the war could not deliver the goods. The masses were unnerved and fed up with shortages, inadequate wages and lamentable housing; the whole nation had endured enough of censorship, of propaganda trying mentally to isolate Poland and to feed the nation with a pap of lies and false ideas giving a completely distorted picture of the outside world and a ludicrously rosy image of the internal situation. The intellectuals had struck with the Poznan workers, and in October, 1956, the régime had to change its course as otherwise it would be courting open revolt and bloodshed on the Hungarian pattern.

Gomulka, a discarded Communist who had been imprisoned by his own comrades, took over; but, after all, he knew that something more than his own skin was at stake. He knew that relaxation there must be, but only up to a point. For, although a man of very limited intellectual powers, he must have known that the very life of the Communist Party was jeopardised and that if freedoms were granted on too big a scale the régime would be swept away.

Thus Gomulka tried to placate his own nation, and the concessions he granted constituted a minimum. He put an end to collectivization, sensing that if he pressed further with this policy there would be a dangerous explosion among the peasants. He ended the feud between Church and State, acting from the conviction that this could have led to a very risky situation. And, thirdly, he stopped the secret police from taking indiscriminate and open action. So Poland's dread during the so-called Stalinist night has been removed from public life—to the wings. On top of that, Gomulka granted a limited freedom to the Press, to public meetings; and freedom of talking and grumbling was fully restored as there was no longer any fear of being penalised by the once-dreaded secret police.

The sceptics in Poland, of whom there are many, argue that Gomulka cannot be accused of being dishonest and of going back on his promises; that he kept them all in the three really important sectors. He was from the beginning known to be inimical to the intellectuals, regarding them as the stormy petrels of Polish life. As a man of small intellectual

gifts, a typical Communist bureaucrat who can talk for hours on end in the boring Party style (in this he vividly reminds one of the interminable and dull speeches by Stalin), he was always on guard against the intellectuals, and when the chance was presented he pounced. Actually, for the last four years or so his main effort was directed to the curbing of the intellectuals, whom he regards, probably with some justification, as the most dangerous element for the régime. He is aware of the critical faculties of the Polish community and of their respect for their own intelligentsia. The intellectuals are still looked upon by the oppressed nation as their real leaders: and so Polish poets and writers—from Mickiewicz to Sienkiewicz, were respected during the night of the Partitions as the real expression of Polish moral core and even of political thought.

The sceptics declare that Gomulka has kept his word, that he retreated only in those spheres where he did not want to make improvements and where he performed some cosmetic operations only to delude the masses. They say that the campaign against the intellectuals has continued since 1960 and that the amazing feature is that in the Soviet Union there seems to be a trend towards the liberalization of the intellectual life and towards a greater freedom of expression. But those people forget that Poland in 1956 led the field as far as freedom of expression was concerned, and that she had to pay the penalty for being too far advanced on that front; now she has to conform to the general slow pace of the changes. It is the slowest ship in a convoy which determines the pace of the others; the Polish ship wanted to go full speed ahead and for this temerity she was called to order by the Russians. Now Poland is probably worse off than Hungary, which has made some spectacular progress during recent months.

The whole issue is complicated by the fact that for the last two years suspicion has been growing in Poland that the famous 'October revolt' (called by the more cautious, 'October events') has been more or less in the character of a fraud imposed by one of the two warring Communist factions; this theory, strengthened by an article by a certain Mr. Jedlicki, who was close to the ruling circles during the October 1959 events, published in the Paris emigré monthly *Kultura*, had created quite a stir in Polish public opinion. For Jedlicki argued that the October, 1956, changes were instigated by one of the Communist factions which had come to the conclusion that the masses can be duped by superficial concessions. Jedlicki expressed the opinion that the October, 1956, changes amounted to a gigantic fraud perpetrated on the nation.

It is not easy to follow Jedlicki's argument and there are some obvious gaps in his reasoning. But the emotional influence of his analysis on Polish opinion seems to be beyond question. He has added fuel to the fire, to the smouldering fire of suspicion that the celebrated 'Spring in October' hailed by some commentators, native or naïve, was a trap; that the Communists granted only the minimum of concessions to save their skins; and that Gomulka was not, after all, a torchbearer of liberalization but a Fabius Cunctator who wanted to cover the retreat of the shattered

Party. Gomulka was just carried on by the impetus of the revolt: and he managed to gain control. He succeeded in becoming a catalyst of the revolt, and by doing this he has nullified the bomb.

This analysis seems to be nearer the mark than Jedlicki's slightly tortuous explanation. Gomulka was chosen by the events as the expression of the revolt: he channelled the anger of the masses, he granted concessions and waited for the time when some of the freedoms could be taken away with impunity. The nation, weary after years of oppression, of privations, of shortages, disenchanted by little help from the West, embittered, has been sliding deeper and deeper into apathy. Even such a simple strategist as Gomulka could reckon upon that all-pervading apathy, believing that he would, in due course, succeed in imposing some more drastic rule on the whole intellectual life without evoking much protest. Apathy proved to be the régime's greatest ally.

The Polish nation is apathetic because it is tired: tired of food shortages, of appalling housing conditions, of inadequate wages, of the constant pressure on the Press, of censorship. It offers less and less resistance to the rulers who are at cross purposes with themselves and are far from being a monolithic unit. It is a tragedy, for two factors should encourage the nation: the quarrels inside the Party, which is not unanimous, and the position of Russia, much enfeebled due to her clash with China. It is a tragedy that the Polish nation cannot exploit those two weaknesses: there is a chance today, better than was presented in October, 1956, clearly to state the case and to demand concessions. For Russia cannot back her people and régimes with the same determination as in 1956. She cannot risk a revolt in any of the satellite States. Such a rebellion would have, today, much too dangerous repercussions. It might develop into a chain reaction—Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Hungary could join the movement, and Russia has to avoid any united front by the discontented.

Opportunity there is but hardly any will to exploit it. Maybe the mood is only transitory; maybe we shall see a movement of discontent on a larger scale. But for the time being even the intellectuals are playing safe: the protest of 34 Polish scientists and writers addressed to Prime Minister Cyrankiewicz, was a rather mild affair. But it was the first shot in a—who knows?—larger campaign which may make the Government retreat from its too orthodox position. The Government has to realize that the intellectuals are still a power in Poland and that the pressure of Western opinion cannot be neglected and dismissed lightly. Whatever régime there is in Poland one can justly say that the Poles are very sensitive to what the world, especially the West, thinks about them. Therefore, Western reaction, in the form of, for example, the letter to *The Times* signed by eminent British writers and scholars, must have had an effect on the attitude of the Polish régime. It seems that the more energetic the Western reaction is, the better for the cause of liberty.

The arguments advanced by some in defence of the Polish cause (compare the second letter from the Polish intellectuals in *The Times*, ten out of the original group of thirty-four) that the whole thing was only an

internal affair in a country which, twenty years ago, passed through a great cultural revolution, does not hold water, or if it does, the water is not of the highest purity. Every authoritarian régime tries to justify its tyranny and censorship by arguing that this is only its own affair and that nobody should intervene. Those régimes use a double weapon against their own nations: on the one hand they appeal to their citizens to be good patriots and not to complain about the oppression of which they are victims, on the other hand they shield their iniquities with the myth of national sovereignty which, they indignantly say, cannot suffer such indignities from the outside world. But those leaders forget that man is no longer 'an island unto himself', as John Donne rightly said many years ago, but that nations today are no longer isolated islands, and that there is more interdependence in thought, economy and intellect than in previous days. The world wants to be an open world, which means that it is now more accessible than ever to the flow of information, to the exchange of ideas: one cannot hide internal troubles from the eyes of other people . . . if only because there is encouragement of foreign travel and of contacts with the free world. Foreign observers cannot remain blind to oblige those régimes.

The situation in Poland is inexplicably bad on the economic sector, and unfortunately talk about a steady improvement is largely phoney. Poland still suffers from food shortages, which is an indictment of the scandalous policy of the régime. The country has not solved the housing problem; housing conditions in big cities are rotten. The standard of living has not been rising in any conspicuous way; compared with the progress made in the West, Poland's achievements seem to be pathetic. For this, amateurish and muddling economic policy must be blamed. As long as there is no breakthrough in the field of private initiative, as long as sufficient freedom is not allowed for the creation of private shops and similar enterprises, so long will the Polish economy be stagnant. But sceptics say that such a turn is out of the question: the so-called Socialist economy cannot stand any alternative, any competition. If private initiative were given some chance, the poverty and the rottenness of the 'Socialist' economy would be shown to all and sundry in their true colours. The régime cannot allow such a shocking disclosure.

And so the economic muddle continues, and the chances of any real progress are almost nil. What is done is done chiefly by the efforts of the nation, the people who fight the unequal fight in various domains, culture included. But even here, strides towards culture and the fighting of illiteracy have been hampered by the doctrinaires. For in spite of the lamentations of those who would like to paint the picture as black as possible, and even greet every turn for the worse as a welcome sign, it must be stated in all fairness that in the diffusion of culture and the popularization of knowledge, in the ambition to bring to the masses easier access to culture and education, the 'New Poland' must be given a good deal of credit. Books were never as popular in Poland as in the last fifteen years or so; the so-called social advance and the throwing open of the universities resulted in some real improvement and brought much

valuable material to cultural life. One could say that the basis of the nation has been greatly strengthened and broadened. For this free access to knowledge, free schools and universities, cheap books have been largely responsible.

Now, however, the shortage of printing paper, for which there is no explanation, endangers the existence of serious periodicals and of the publishing of books. Official circles talk about the necessity for exporting paper but in fact this amounts only to one per cent of total Polish exports. Periodicals are being reduced in size, with the possible exception of the weekly *Kultura*, which has been foisted on the public at the expense of two earlier publications, *The Cultural Review* and *The New Culture*. Catholic papers suffer most as the circumscribing of their circulation hits them severely. Books which used to appear in hundreds are now published in diminishing numbers. Thus the progress of the nation towards a higher standard of culture has been halted by the chicanery of the régime.

There is apathy in Poland and this state of affairs has been exploited by a régime which realizes that an apathetic community can be ruled easily. But the régime's strategy may meet with defeat; the Poles are unpredictable. They could suddenly awaken from this state of apathy, and burst out in despair. The régime should not test too much its nation's patience; under the apathy there is an underlying feeling of anger, and the events of 1956 should be a warning for a régime which takes too many things for granted.

The tragedy of Poland today is a double one: apathy at the very moment when so much could be gained by a determined stand and by pressure on the Government, and the quality of Polish Communists, poor indeed. The best were liquidated by Stalin in the infamous purges of the thirties. The remainder of the idealists have been estranged by the antics of the careerists. What rules Poland now is a very inferior team which cannot even see the great chance to exploit the situation. It seems that even Rumania has a much better team, and that Kadar towers high over Gomulka. Poland has had the bad luck of having a Communist team of a very inferior order, a team which cannot improve the lot of the nation, and bargain successfully for better terms with Moscow. They simply don't know how to play: and this conviction adds bitterness to comments and estimates made by the Poles about the predicament of their country.

EMPRESS AND QUEEN—

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

G. P. GOOCH, OM

EVERYTHING has been written about the Empress Eugénie, declares Mr. Kurtz, 'except the truth', by which of course he means the whole truth. Here at last in a substantial and richly illustrated volume the author has produced a masterpiece and deserves the gratitude of readers for the most detailed and convincing record and interpretation of the most arresting woman who has sat on any throne since Catherine the Great and Maria Theresa.* His bibliography indicates the enormous range of his studies, and in addition to printed sources he has found treasures in the official and unofficial archives at home and abroad. One of the principal sources of our knowledge of the court and the times is the voluminous correspondence of the novelist Merimée who was one of her earliest friends and remained closely attached to Eugénie to the end of the reign though never in the least in love with her. The Alba Papers in Madrid have proved of special value and the reports of ambassadors at the court of France, among them Lord Cowley from England, Baron Hübner and Richard Metternich from Austria, may be described as goldmines. The author has devoted years to his task and his book has received the reception at home and abroad which it richly deserves.

What sort of human being emerges from this microscopic investigation? The reader's first impression, I think, will be that Eugénie was much more of a personality than has sometimes been believed. Nature had given her a pretty face but that would never have carried her to the heights of fame. She possessed considerable intelligence, a strong will and a loving heart. She may be said to have played her part on the world stage with dignity and success. That she became a leader in fashion is known to all the world, but the author points out that her personal tastes were for simple styles and that her cultivation of fashion and her patronage of Worth's creations were designed above all to benefit French industry and increase the prestige of the régime. She was also a woman of exceptional physical courage. When Orsini very nearly achieved his murderous intentions in Paris in 1858, the Emperor was badly shaken but his wife was not unnerved. When many years later after the fall of the Empire she fled from Paris to the coast she persuaded the kindly American owner of a small yacht to put to sea in spite of his warnings of the danger of a storm. His fears were realized and in the middle of the Channel Eugénie seemed to be doomed to end her spectacular career beneath the waves.

Eugénie was born in Spain, the daughter of Count Montijo, a member

*Harold Kurtz. *The Empress Eugénie*. Hamish Hamilton. 50s.

of one of the oldest aristocratic families of the country, and of a Scottish mother. Her parents played a minor part in her life for her father died early and her mother, though she lived to witness the collapse of the Empire, had little love to give. Eugénie was educated in England and France and was as much at home in those countries as in her native land. With her beautiful face and aristocratic birth she was beset in early years by various suitors, but in the only case where she was prepared to give her whole heart she was rebuffed by the Duke of Alba who preferred and married her sister. Napoléon III was captivated by her beauty and charm when they met at the beginning of his reign but his first approach was declined. After a brief period of reflection however she wrote to inform him that if he was still of the same mind she was ready to consent. That she was in love with him she never pretended, but she sincerely admired his régime, convinced as she was that the best government for France was a benevolent autocracy. In a loose age with a shady record of royal morals in France and Spain, she knew what she had to expect. Her husband declared at a later stage that he had remained faithful to her for six months. One *maitresse en titre* after another was accepted, and the Emperor's needs required in addition a supply of prostitutes procured for him by his agent Bacciochi.

The young Empress entered into the plans of her husband which involved a succession of wars beginning with the Crimean War against Russia and reflecting no glory on any of the belligerents. The Emperor then turned his attention to the Italian nationalists who under the leadership of Garibaldi, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont-Sardinia, were engaged in a nation-wide campaign to create a united Italy. Here and here alone during the reign was there some divergence between the views of husband and wife, for Eugénie, though by no means an ardent Catholic, was not altogether happy about the diminution of the Papal possessions and the ending of the temporal power of Pío Nono. During the Emperor's absences on his campaigns Eugénie was appointed Regent and bore her burdens with courage and equanimity. After French help in the unification of Italy had been rewarded by the cession by the Italian government of Savoy and Nice, the next important undertaking was to encourage the younger brother of the Austrian Emperor to accept the offer of the throne of Mexico. There was no thought of despatching French troops across the Atlantic, and it was not long before the luckless Maximilian was overthrown and executed. The gamble had failed and the prestige of its French patrons was diminished.

Throughout the sixties French eyes were looking with growing apprehension across the Rhine at Prussia which, under the leadership of Bismarck, King William and Moltke, was advancing from strength to strength. After Austria had been defeated and expelled from the German Federation in 1866, some Frenchmen wondered whether it would be France's turn next. In the later sixties the Second Empire seemed a little surer of itself but the Emperor's health which had never been good began to decline. He seemed to feel that the burden he had imposed on

himself was becoming rather too heavy to bear alone. He therefore consented to the establishment of what was called *l'Empire Libéral* under the leadership of Emile Olivier who has described the shortlived experiment in a long series of volumes.

The last year of the Empire is fully described by Mr. Kurtz and the whole-panorama comes to life with the aid of new material. The candidature of a Hohenzollern prince for the Spanish throne in 1870 could not be expected to be to the taste of France but there was not the slightest need to risk a life and death conflict. Here occurred the greatest mistake ever committed by the Emperor. Not content with the withdrawal of the candidature, he was crazy enough to demand a promise from Prussia that it would never be renewed. This demand played straight into the hands of Bismarck who welcomed the opportunity of striking down a neighbour who had so often proved a dangerous antagonist in the past. The Empress was accused of describing the conflict as *ma petite guerre* but it is satisfactory to learn that there seems to be no foundation for such a discreditable charge.

The Emperor left for the front and the Empress once again was appointed Regent. But the Regency was brief. When the news of Sedan and the capture of the Emperor reached Paris she could hardly believe it, but there was nothing to be done except to leave the country, while giving such moral support as she could to the Government of National Defence under Gambetta and his colleagues at Tours. Nothing in this exciting volume is more poignant than the correspondence between husband and wife during the autumn, winter and spring till the surrender of Paris and the conclusion of peace. When it was all over the ex-Emperor joined his wife in England and passed the remaining year and a half of his life at a pleasant country house at Chislehurst. Never had the two been so close to each other as during this period of his growing weakness. No more women came between the two and the story of their 20-year partnership ends on a gentle note.

Louis Napoleon, like all other rulers, particularly usurpers, needed an heir. Eugénie provided one in 1856 after a very difficult childbirth. Henceforth the Empress had somebody to love as she had never loved since her early attachment to Alba. The boy at an early age showed signs of unusual intelligence and fully returned his mother's affection. He was only 14 when the dynasty collapsed and he joined his mother in England where he continued his education. We come very close to him in the memoirs of his tutor Filan. When, however, the schooldays were over he felt that he was without serious work, and in spite of his mother's attempted dissuasion he insisted on joining the British troops in the Zulu War of 1879. He promised to take care of himself but broke his promise when he joined reconnaissance sorties into enemy territory, in one of which he was surrounded by a superior force of Zulus and pierced to death with no fewer than 17 assegais. The news took a fortnight to reach a stricken mother and it was by far the greatest shock she had experienced during a life of many unpleasant experiences. The body was sent home and found a resting place in a shrine at Farn-

borough beside his father where they were to be joined by the Empress forty years later.

Eugénie's old age was comforted by the affection of old French and English friends and by the unceasing kindness of the English Royal Family. Queen Victoria had always been on very friendly terms since Eugénie and her husband had visited England soon after their marriage and Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort had returned the visit. Victoria's friendship continued to the reigns of Edward VII and George V and one of the most touching passages in this book describes an interview with the Duke of Windsor in her last years. During the war of 1914 she turned one of her residences into a hospital and after the surrender of Germany she was invited by Clemenceau to witness the signature of the Treaty of Versailles which restored to France the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine lost by her husband's unwise action in 1870. The time had come to leave the stage on which she had played a prominent part and she passed away in 1920 at the age of 94 retaining her interests and friendships to the end.

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man needs for a comfortable life. What matters to them is not so much a comparison with an ideal situation as with what they had before. Food is scarcer now than it was last year or the year before, due to a succession of disastrous harvests. But many articles are now within the reach of the ordinary people that formerly were not. TV aerials can be seen protruding from the roofs of even the most primitive shacks. An increasing number of young people can buy their motor cycles; photo-cameras are excellent and very moderately priced.

The most difficult thing, probably, is to find out what ordinary Russian people make out of their condition. One is constantly faced with extremes. The story of official Russia and those who support it is well known. The ordinary Russian, friendly and talkative as he may be, will seldom tell you what he really thinks. They are not afraid to talk any more, but afraid of telling the truth.

One does, however, come across people with desperately critical views; people who are glad to find someone to whom they can unburden their tales of woe in brief, furtive encounters.

'You see how I live,' said a former war hero to me as I visited his dwelling. A tiny room was shared with his wife and three young daughters. The toilet was in the courtyard of the large, old, ramshackle building in which innumerable people seemed to live. Water was collected from a pump some distance away. 'I have been waiting for a decent flat since 1947,' he said.

I took a photo of the house in which he lived. 'You ought to take a picture of that other building, it is far worse than ours,' he said. To him the picture of Russia was one of utter gloom, and he wanted me to share his view. 'We can get no milk for children. Not even potatoes.' He went on. The fact was that in his town both these essentials were available, as I later found out. He, too, was an unreliable witness.

QUEEN ANNE 1665-1714

BRYAN BEVAN

PRINCESS ANNE, daughter of James Duke of York and of his first wife Anne Hyde, was born at St. James's Palace on 6 February, 1665. When very young, Anne was very delicate. She suffered from some trouble in one of her eyes. She was therefore sent over to France where she was entrusted to the care of her grandmother, Queen Henrietta Maria, and later to the care of her Aunt Henrietta, Madame of France, beloved sister of Charles II. Who would have dared to predict that the shy little princess would one day reign as Queen of England? During her reign were fought the glorious victories gained by the Duke of Marlborough, which finally destroyed Le Roi Soleil's ambitions to dominate Europe.

After Anne returned to England, much of her childhood was passed in the lovely surroundings of the ancient Palace of Richmond. She shared the same governess Lady Frances Villiers with her elder sister Mary. It was at Richmond that Anne first met Sarah Jennings, who later married John Churchill. The Princess was at once fascinated by the scintillating wit of the older girl and expressed a particular fondness for her. Later their friendship was destined to become one of the most remarkable in history, but Anne when Queen developed a will of her own. She was never completely dominated by her favourite the Duchess of Marlborough. An important influence in her youth was that of Henry Compton (later Bishop of London), a zealous protestant and avowed enemy of her father the Duke of York, who already possessed Catholic sympathies. It was from Compton that she probably acquired her rabid abhorrence and fear of papists. It was wisely decided (almost certainly by her uncle Charles II) that Anne should be trained in elocution by the actress Mrs. Betterton. Many years later this was of immense value to her when she had to deliver speeches to Parliament in a beautiful, clear voice.

Anne was only six when her mother died in St. James's Palace of cancer, secretly acknowledging herself a Catholic. Two years later James Duke of York married his young Italian bride, Mary of Modena, who was fifteen. The Princess resembled both her mother and her father. She inherited Anne Hyde's craving for gambling at cards and her greediness, while in her obstinacy, conscientiousness and irritating habit of repeating herself she resembled her father. Like her father, she also adored hunting. After James's marriage to her stepmother, Mary and Anne lived much in St. James's Palace. Both princesses grew up at the gay and dissolute Court of Charles II where they sometimes took part in the masques then in vogue. Anne was no beauty, but with her brown hair, which clustered about her neck, exquisite hands and large eyes, she was by no means unattractive. In November, 1677, Mary married William of Orange, but Anne was not present owing to smallpox. After the reluctant bride had left for Holland, the Duke of York, being aware how attached Anne was to her sister, 'visited Anne every day of her sickness, and commanded that her sister's departure should be conceal'd from her; wherefore there

was a feigned message sent every morning from the Princess to her Highness to know how she did.' (Dr. Lake's Diary.)

At first Anne was on amicable terms with Mary of Modena, later she grew extremely jealous of her stepmother, distrusting her Catholic influence with her father. However, in the Duke of York's letters to his niece the Countess of Lichfield we get lively glimpses of them together at Winchester. 'The Duchess and my daughter,' he wrote, 'have been several times a hare-hunting with little beagles and are mightily pleased with the sport.'

It is little known that Anne's first suitor was the churlish George of Hanover, but nothing fortunately came of the match. Henceforward the Princess nursed a grudge against the House of Hanover. A more romantic suitor was John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, who was banished the Court by Charles II for having the audacity to pay court to his niece. In July, 1683, the Princess was married to Prince George of Denmark. Their marriage was most harmonious and in her tenderness towards her exceedingly corpulent husband and attempts to protect him from the taunts of the courtiers, Anne revealed the more maternal side of her nature. Charles II, however, had a rather poor opinion of his nephew: his *bon mot* bears repetition: 'I have tried George drunk and I have tried George sober. Drunk or sober, there is nothing in him.'

Yet Anne had a latent lesbian strain, and she definitely preferred the friendships of women to those of men. What she really needed was affection and self-assurance. On her marriage the Duke of York readily granted her request that Lady Churchill should be appointed a Lady of her Bedchamber. In Hooke's *Conduct of Dowager Duchess of Marlborough* (1742) Sarah tells us how the famous Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman correspondence started between the two friends. 'My frank, open temper naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the Princess took the other; and from this time Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman began to converse as equals, made so by affection and friendship.' Sarah's mistake was to suppose that such frankness, sometimes disguised as veiled insolence, was still suitable after Anne had become Queen. By 1685 when James II succeeded his brother, her ascendancy over her mistress was very great.

The new King and Queen's small son the Duke of Cambridge had died in infancy in 1677, and late in 1687 they were overjoyed when Mary of Modena was again with child. It is almost impossible to excuse Anne's hostile behaviour towards her father and stepmother, for James was an indulgent father and his Queen had been kind to her. Anne was jealous of her stepmother, deeply deplored her father's fanatical pro-Catholic policy and was fearful of the consequences. Yet one cannot forgive her for poisoning the Princess of Orange's mind against Mary of Modena. Before the Prince of Wales's birth in St. James's Palace on 10 June, 1688, Anne remarked insolently to the Queen: 'Madame, I think you will be brought to bed before I return,' and immediately departed for Bath. Anne was malicious and small-minded, yet it is more than possible that she really believed the absurd warming-pan stories

that a suppositious child had been planted on the nation. So did many of her contemporaries. Hence her letter from her dwelling the Cockpit with its sneering references: 'the great bustle that was made about her lying in at Windsor, and the resolving all of a sudden to go to St. James's which is much the properest place to act such a cheat in.' The Princess of Denmark has often been blamed for deserting her father. Although Sarah Churchill maintained that she did not influence her mistress to fly to Nottingham, writing that 'it was a thing sudden and unconcerted,' many of their contemporaries thought otherwise.

After the Glorious Revolution, Anne quarrelled both with her sister Queen Mary II and her brother-in-law King William III, who were childless. Mary of Orange resented the natural desire of Parliament to grant Anne, now heiress to the throne, an annuity and imperiously ordered her to dismiss Lady Marlborough. On her part, Anne disliked her brother-in-law, was angry with him for neglecting her beloved husband George and privately nicknamed him 'Caliban' or the 'monster'. She had the misfortune to suffer many miscarriages and some of her children died in infancy. Modern historians have suggested that George of Denmark, though a faithful husband, may have been syphilitic. Her son, William, Duke of Gloucester, born in 1689, was always sickly. He spent much of his short life at Camden House where his mother proudly watched him play with his toy cannon. His death at eleven was an intolerable affliction for Anne. Ever afterwards when writing to Sarah, Anne used to refer to herself as 'Your poor unfortunate Morley'. After Queen Mary II's death in 1694, Anne became reconciled to William.

She ascended the throne in March, 1702, at the age of thirty-seven. She was always popular with the people of England having many of their tastes, for instance she delighted in hunting in an open chaise drawn by one horse in Windsor Forest. Swift relates in his *Journal to Stella* that she 'drives furiously like Jehu and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod'. Despite her chronic ill-health and her gout, Anne was capable of showing majesty on ceremonial occasions and her addresses to Parliament were dignified. True she was of limited intelligence, but her Ministers came to realise that she had plenty of spirit. Although Anne created Sarah Marlborough Groom of the Stole and Mistress of the Robes, Sarah soon displayed some displeasure with her mistress for openly favouring the Tories. She tells us: 'The Queen had from her infancy imbibed the most unconquerable prejudices against the Whigs. She had been taught to look upon them all not only as republicans, who hated the very shadow of regal authority but as implacable enemies of the Church of England'. The Queen was certainly religious and was warmly attached to the Church of England, preferring to make her own Church appointments. Owing to Anne's initiative a considerable part of her revenue was alienated, so as to help the plight of the poorer clergy. This is still known as Queen Anne's Bounty. She also revived (as her portraits indicate) the ancient custom of touching for the King's Evil. She most conscientiously performed this duty many times during her reign. Dr. Johnson when a small boy was once taken to London for this

purpose. Boswell relates that Samuel Johnson always retained 'a confused but somehow a solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood'.

One of Anne's most cherished projects was a closer union with Scotland. On 6 November, 1707, when the United Parliament of Great Britain assembled for the first time, the Queen was greatly elated. Although she was stubborn and on occasions showed ingratitude for the services performed by her Ministers, Anne had plenty of common sense and used her endeavours to moderate the violence of party rule.

It is well known how the termagant Duchess of Marlborough continued to attempt to dominate the Queen and to interfere in politics. 'Mrs. Morley', however, eventually grew weary of 'Mrs. Freeman's' arrogance and lack of tact. Sarah also was acutely jealous of Anne's new favourite, Abigail Hill. She was a poor relation of Sarah's, who had wormed her way into the confidence of her royal mistress—a subtle enchantress, who soothed Anne's leisure hours by her skill on the harpsichord. Yet she never achieved Sarah's dominating position. Abigail married without Sarah's knowledge a gentleman of Prince George's household named Masham. Sarah accused her of introducing Robert Harley—a Tory politician—by the backstairs in the royal palaces for confidential conversations with the Queen. Much to her fury the Duchess was finally dismissed from all her offices. On being told of the Queen's irrevocable decision she is said to have flung her gold key of office at her husband's feet.

The Queen enjoyed a warm friendship with the Duke of Marlborough, the 'Mr. Freeman' of the 'Cockpit' days, and admired him for his military genius in gaining the victories of Blenheim and Ramillies against the French. The Palace of Blenheim was constructed as her own and the nation's gratitude to the great general. Owing to the clamour of his enemies, the Queen deprived Marlborough of all his offices. Marlborough, a sensitive man, then wrote to the Queen, 'I wish your Majesty may never find the want of so faithful a Servant as I have always endeavoured to prove myself to you.'

After Prince George's death in December 1708, the Queen became increasing desolate. They had both shared many interests, including a love of gardens and planting trees in one of her favourite residences Kensington Palace. The Orangery, which Anne had built, was a present to him.

In her last years she grew so corpulent that when residing at Windsor Castle she had to be carried up stairs by a device fitted with ropes and pulleys and lowered through a trapdoor into the room below. It was reminiscent of an apparatus used for Henry VIII.

Great Britain has always prospered under the sovereignty of her Queens; but Anne herself, in the Augustan Age of English literature, had little knowledge of literature or taste in architecture. She died on 1 August, 1714—two hundred and fifty years ago—a sad weary woman, distressed by the wrangling of the politicians and by the quarrels of her favourites, Lady Masham and the Duchess of Somerset.

NATURE—

THE LEGION OF THE MANY-LEGGED

CARTWRIGHT TIMMS

IF we turn over a heap of rotting leaves by the wayside, if we lift a flat stone, if we disturb the rubbish heaps in our gardens, we shall almost certainly see some of the 'hundred-footers' or the 'thousand-footers'. Certainly the centipedes will not stay long to be observed, for they will dart into hiding with astonishing rapidity. The millipede, the 'thousand-footer', is more lethargic and will curl up or feign death. The centipede is a solitary creature, but the millipede is more gregarious and three or four are often found together.

It was once the custom to group the centipedes and millipedes in one class to which was given the name of *Myriapoda*. The differences between the two creatures are, however, greater than the resemblances and it soon becomes clear that they are on different branches of evolution. Centipedes are flattened, they have only one pair of legs to each segment; their feelers have fourteen or more joints. There are three pairs of mouth parts and the first pair of legs have been modified into poison claws. Millipedes on the other hand are roughly cylindrical, they have two pairs of legs to each segment after the first three, and their feelers have only seven joints. They have only two pairs of mouth parts and they have no poison claws.

Gardeners are wise to distinguish these two groups, for the centipedes are his friends and the millipedes are his foes. Centipedes are carnivorous and destroy large numbers of harmful insects. Millipedes are vegetarians and are often harmful to garden produce. They are both creatures of darkness, hating the light, and both are able to creep through narrow crevices and small tunnels in the soil. Both creatures breathe, as do the insects, by means of tracheae, taking in air through paired slits which are found on nearly every segment.

Centipedes and millipedes are unpopular with the general public, who lump them with wood-lice and earwigs as loathsome 'creepy-crawlies'. They have also been largely neglected by zoologists, apart from a small band of specialists. Yet these creatures have life histories of absorbing interest and strangely enough in such humble forms of life, display qualities of mother love. We must, however, guard against crediting them with emotions which they do not possess, for their maternal devotion is entirely instinctive and owes nothing to intelligence.

Although the centipedes are popularly known as 'hundred-footers', this is far from being correct. Some species have only fifteen pairs of legs, others have as many as one hundred and seventy-three pairs. Their prey consists of insects, insect larvae, wood-lice and earthworms, and are captured by being run down, few creatures being able to move as swiftly as the centipede. Cannibalism is frequent and it seems that their prey is first rendered helpless by an injection of poison and then is

devoured by the strong mandibles. They hunt during the hours of darkness and prefer surroundings that are damp rather than dry. Some species live on the seashore and are found between the tidemarks.

The length of life varies between different species, some living for less than a year, others living for as long as five or six years. Winters are spent in hibernation, usually under stones, beneath loose bark and often among undisturbed garden rubbish. Travellers in tropical countries are familiar with the giant centipedes, some species reaching over eight inches in length. The 'bite' of a giant centipede, which is actually made by the first pair of legs, may be a serious matter, for poison is injected which causes swelling and considerable pain. The nervous system is affected and there is often headache and giddiness. Even our small native centipedes may inflict a painful wound and as they live among rotting substances, there is always the possibility of blood-poisoning. There are records of centipedes entering human nostrils and both they and millipedes have been found living in the human alimentary canal. Fortunately, their tendency is always to scurry away when they are disturbed and instances of their 'biting' human beings are extremely few.

There are several species of luminous centipedes, although none of them is common. The light given off is much feebler than that produced by the glow-worm. Maternal care is shown in those species where the mother curls around her eggs and keeps them continually moist. During this spell of looking after her eggs, the mother centipede takes no food. After the eggs are hatched, she will fight in defence of her young. Yet if she loses her eggs or her young, she is quite unable to find them again.

Centipedes increase in size in much the same way as certain primitive forms of insect, where there is no clearly divided larval stage. The chitinous outer covering becomes too tight and finally bursts and is thrown aside. The number of these 'moult' varies and while some species emerge with the full quota of legs and segments, others have few segments and so have an immature stage which roughly corresponds with the 'nymphs' of certain insects.

One of the many fascinating qualities of the vegetarian millipede is the manner in which it covers the ground. It seems almost as if waves of movement are passing along its many pairs of legs. The millipede's antennae contain the organs of smell. As with the centipede, there is some evidence of maternal care among the millipedes and some species make a smooth spherical nest cavity just below the surface of the soil. Here the female millipede will deposit her eggs which may number up to a hundred. After the eggs are laid, the female leaves the nest cavity, sealing it with mould moistened by her saliva. The eggs hatch in about twelve days.

Millipedes have no poison claws to protect them, but they give off a yellowish caustic fluid which has an unpleasant smell. This undoubtedly saves the millipedes from many of their natural enemies. There is one enemy, however, that ignores the evil-smelling secretion and this is one of the parasitic Tachinid flies. These flies are internal parasites on many insect larvae, on spiders and even on snails. Only one species, as far as is

known, is parasitic on either centipedes or millipedes. This shining black fly lays a single egg on the millipede, usually fastening it with a gummy secretion just below the millipede's head. When the fly larva hatches it makes its way inside the millipede and there it flourishes until eventually the millipede dies. Then the fly completes its development and flies away, leaving behind the remains of the dead millipede.

The millipede has to face the hazards of moulting, when the outer cuticle becomes too small and has to be cast aside. When the millipede crawls out of its old casing, it is soft and grows rapidly before the new cuticle has time to harden. The cast-off greyish casing is frequently eaten by the millipede.

The female millipede lays her eggs in the ground in the early part of the year, in fact from January to May. The young take about two years before they are fully adult and are able to reproduce. The fully-grown millipedes attack a variety of garden root crops and are also injurious to wheat. One species is extremely fond of mangolds and has also been found devouring the ripe fruit of strawberries. It appears that the larger black species of millipedes do little damage, being scavengers feeding on decaying vegetation and even on small slugs and insect larvae.

A curious power possessed by some species of millipede is that of migration. This was observed as long ago as 1885, when large numbers of millipedes were seen crossing a road from a field of oats towards a pasture field. This migratory power also accounts for the presence of millipedes in large numbers where they have previously not been seen at all.

One of the millipedes is short and rounded and when disturbed rolls itself into a ball. This has given it the common name of Pill millipede and it was at one time administered as medicine. There is a small millipede known as the galley-worm, because its many legs when in motion vaguely resemble the movements of oars in a galley. The female galley-worm constructs a dome-shaped nest with a small outlet almost like a chimney at the top. Here she lays her eggs and when the tiny galley-worms hatch they creep out through the chimney into the world outside.

These humble, unpopular forms of life, even though they may be found in every garden, present problems which the zoologist has yet to solve. Why does the luminous centipede give out its light, when it lives almost entirely underground in the burrows of the earthworm, which is its food? There can be no question of its light attracting its mate, for the luminous centipede is blind and the blind cannot lead the blind.

LITERATURE—

JOUBERT: THE CRITICS' CHOICE

M. WHITCOMB HESS

WHEN Matthew Arnold's essay on Joubert appeared in the *National Review* in January 1864, his subject was practically unknown outside Paris. Published later in a volume of critical essays that went into many editions, Arnold's interpretive sketch, which has been called one of the finest expository pieces in the language, helped Joubert take his place among the world's great critics. 'There are,' Arnold wrote, 'a certain number of men who have been real men of genius, but who for some reason or other, in most cases for very valid reasons, have remained obscure, nay, beyond a narrow circle in their own country, unknown.' The English critic added that Joubert was such a man of genius. Though they may well remain obscure, however, 'they are safe: the multitude will not trample them down.'

Only two kinds of authors, said Arnold, are thus safe in the general havoc. The first are the Homers, Dantes, Shakespeares; the second are those who 'snatch them up, and set them in place of shelter where the oncoming multitude may not overwhelm them.' These last are the Jouberts, as few as those they save, perhaps, and whose sense of truth, as it both 'illuminates and gives joy' in Arnold's happy phrasing, indissolubly unites the common culture of the world. For Joubert penetrated beyond what Arnold called the rhetorical truth into the *vraie vérité*.

Joseph Joubert, eldest son in the large family of a poor doctor, was born in Périgord, 6 May, 1754. At fourteen he entered the college at Toulouse where the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine took him under their protection. Ten years later we find him in Paris, admired by Diderot and Fontanes, D'Alembert and La Harpe. Later he was to introduce Fontanes and the then unknown Chateaubriand into the literary and political salon of Mme de Beaumont, one of the last great salons. Known even then as a young man who '*s'inquiétait de perfection bien plus que de gloire*', he was described after his death by Chateaubriand, using Epicurus' words, as one who 'chose to hide his life'. However, he held two public offices: the first, justice of the peace in the little town of Montignac where he was born; the second, first inspector general of the university Napoleon founded in 1809, of which Fontanes was the Grand Master. No recluse or valetudinarian as some supposed him, his great circle of friends and his delightful conversations show him to have been, as Stopford Brooke said of Browning, one who could move in all ranks of the fashionable world and yet keep his soul and his art crystal clear. Joubert died on 3 May, 1824.

A private printing of Joubert's *Pensées* in 1838, fourteen years after his death, was made by Chateaubriand to whom the widow had entrusted

her husband's box after box of notes and essays. Joubert had never planned to have them published. But, as an English reviewer was to say of the 1850 edition of the *Pensées* which was made by the critic's brother Arnaud, 'to glance over Joubert's *Pensées* is like uncovering a tray of diamonds.' Certainly the French literary world's reception of the first little octavo volume had been sensational, and it was borrowed, copied in manuscript, read eagerly in the salons. The theme constantly recurring throughout Joubert's writing had been, 'Never quit sight of realities'. But his vision of these realities is very different from that of the modern so-called realist. Rather it is like Plato's, the kind that puts light in the eye, the *Mut der Wahrheit* in the heart. Never does it darken or depress. His realities are precisely truth, goodness, beauty.

In matters of politics and of religion Joubert was able to maintain such a toleration of tone that it was impossible for anyone to quarrel with him. The fact is particularly notable when we remember that his lifetime spanned the years of the Revolution, the First Empire and the Restoration. Arnold refers to his amenity as inborn. This amenity was disturbed only by those persons who do harm by design; and except for men of deliberate depravity, he constantly made excuses for all whose ideas differed, even diametrically, from his own. His consistent amiability which sets him at a far remove from all the 'angry young men' of our own century was as integrally a part of his philosophy of the art of literature as it was of his philosophy of life.

His nephew, Paul de Raynal, wrote in his own edition of Joubert's *Pensées* (2 vols., 1842) that his uncle had been 'very scrupulous in the choice of books to be admitted to his sanctum'. The latter, of course, was his library which was situated at the very top of his house in Paris, in the Rue St-Honoré. From this sanctum he saw, in his words, 'a great deal of sky and very little earth'. Here M. de Raynal tells us were to be found 'friendly authors only'. The list included many volumes of Plato, Homer, Virgil, Aristotle and Plutarch. Arnold writes that when Joubert was in the country at Villeneuve, where his wife's family lived, 'the young priests of the neighbourhood used to resort to him, in order to profit by his library and by his conversation'. His English admirer added here that 'retaining perfect independence of mind, he was religious; he was a religious philosopher.'

The astute critics' critic who had written regarding books of poetry and religion

One should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when one thinks differently from the poets, and in religion when one thinks differently from the saints

believed that there are unchanging rules to live by in both areas. '*Il y a quelque chose d'immuable dans l'homme*' he said, and art which only reflects life must reflect that immutability. His criticism of the 'monstrosities of fiction' was succinct. '*They have no place in literature*'. Even though such products result from ignorance on the author's part, we are told that 'ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself, in matters of literature, a crime of the first order'.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MR. LEONARD WOOLF'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Beginning Again: an Autobiography of the years 1911 to 1918. Leonard Woolf. Hogarth Press 30s.

Never so much alone as in a crowd, might be said of Mr. Leonard Woolf on the clues given in the third volume of his Autobiography, especially in the parts relating to the Bloomsbury Group which came into existence 1912-1914. In his Foreword he quotes some lines of Rilke and refers to 'the bars of one's birth and family and ancestors, of one's school and college, of one's secret and sinuous psychology' and then asks, 'Has not my mind, my soul, if I have a soul, for the last 82 years been pacing up and down like the panther, backwards and forwards, behind these bars and gazing through them until, so weary, I have seen, not the world or life, but only the bars—a thousand bars and behind the thousand bars no world?' This rhetorical preliminary flourish expresses the author's uncertainty in social relationships confessed more clearly as the book develops. He is speaking of the Stephens, the Duckworths and the Stracheys, and says: 'I was an outsider to this class, because, although I and my father before me belonged to the professional middle class, we had only recently struggled up into it from the stratum of Jewish shopkeepers. We had no roots in it . . . Socially they assumed things unconsciously which I could never assume either unconsciously or consciously.' With such an inclination towards hurtful self-analysis it is not surprising that the brilliant young Cambridge intellectual, the friend of Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster, G. E. Moore, J. M. Keynes, Clive Bell and Roger Fry, felt almost persistently on the fringe of the group he knew and admired.

When Mr. Woolf came home on leave from 6½ years in the Ceylon Civil Service, in 1911, his eager resumption of Cambridge friendships brought him into touch with Virginia Stephen, and their acquaintance ripened in the next twelve months until she agreed to marry him in August, 1912. In the months before their union he became aware of 'the menace of nervous or mental breakdown under which she always lived.' The story of Virginia Woolf's ordeal of living under the pressure of mental instability is one of the saddest in the records of genius. She was, her husband says, 'the only person whom I have known intimately who had the quality which one had to call genius.' He traces the development of her neurasthenia—as it was first called—through manic depression during the thirty years of their marriage, and never once is there given any hint of self-pity in the terrible anxiety he endured. Her life was punctuated by four major breakdowns: the first after her mother's death in 1895 when she jumped out of a window, another in 1914 culminating in 1915 with an overdose of veronal, a third in 1940, and the final tragedy in 1941 when, on March 21, she ended her sufferings by suicide in the river Ouse. Mr. Woolf traces the connection between Virginia's madness and her writing as 'close and complicated . . . whenever she finished a book she was in a state of mental exhaustion and for weeks in danger of a breakdown':

' . . . though you can tell a person like Virginia not to go for a walk or to a party, you cannot tell her not to think, work or write. I have never known any writer work with such concentration and assiduity as she did. When she was writing a novel, she did the writing in the morning from 10 to 1, but she was thinking about it almost all day long. And she put the whole of herself into the writing and thinking. Even with a review, she would write and rewrite it again from end to end five or six times, and

she once opened a cupboard and found in it (and burnt) a whole mountain of MSS.; it was *The Voyage Out* which she had rewritten (I think) five times from beginning to end.'

That book was published by Duckworth & Co. in an edition of 2,000 copies, and in the ten years 1919-1929 the publishers sold 479 copies and paid the author in royalties £26 2s. 10d. That is only one significant piece of publishing statistic quoted by Mr. Woolf.

Mr. Woolf asked for further leave from the Colonial Office while Virginia was making up her mind whether or not to marry him. He resigned when the extension was refused, and it was thus that a successful Ceylon official drifted into journalism and politics. He became in turn a student, and then a propagandist for the Co-operative and Feminist movements. Becoming a convinced socialist he was identified with Fabian research. In 1916 he published a book, *International Government*, which was used extensively by the government committee which produced the British proposals for a League of Nations laid before the Peace Conference, and also by the British delegation to the Versailles Conference. He was exempted from military service on health grounds. In 1917 he and his wife started the Hogarth Press on a capital of £41 15s. 3d. of which £38 represented the cost of a small printing machine. Everyone knows how many distinguished books have borne that imprint. In 1913 the first of Mr. Woolf's two novels, *The Village in the Jungle*, was published and has been several times reprinted. He was a prolific and weighty contributor to the *Nation* and the *New Statesman*, a stout defender of Civil Rights, and in general an all-round champion of human liberties.

What particularly delights me about this third instalment of Mr. Woolf's Autobiography is his deft facility in character sketches of many well-known people encountered during his long life. Describing Rupert Brooke's physical charm he adds, 'His attitude to all other males within a short radius of any attractive female was ridiculously jealous—the attitude of the farmyard cock among the hens.' Of John Galsworthy he writes, 'he seemed to us and to all our generation a second-rate novelist and stuffy, respectable reactionary.' After criticising *Lord Raingo* in the *Nation*, he found himself opposite its author Arnold Bennett at a dinner party given by Wells. Three times during the meal Bennett fired at him across the table, 'W-w-woolf d-d-does not l-l-like my novels.' Stories of Roger Fry, Lady Ottoline Morrell, Lydia Lopokova, Desmond MacCarthy, Katherine Mansfield, the Webbs, Ramsay MacDonald (anathema to him) and T. S. Eliot are among the pleasures of his book. But it should have been called *Hoeing*, to match the earlier titles *Sowing* and *Growing*, and because there are so few weeds in it.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE DANCE OF WORDS

Man Does, Woman Is, 1964. Robert Graves. Cassell. 16s.

In his *New Poems*, 1962, Robert Graves included a brief, single image of five lines depicting acrobats

'Poised impossibly, on the high tight-rope

Of love . . .

As though uncertain on which side to fall.'

His new volume, *Man Does, Woman Is*, contains three groups of poems numbered XV, XVI and XVII. Those in phases XV and XVI he describes as 'closing a three-book sequence dramatizing the vicissitudes of poetic love. Because such love walks on a knife-edge between two different fates . . . these numbers . . . supply alternative endings to the sequence.'

We may well beware, however, of expecting anything so deceptively simple

as a lyric expression of the myriad moods of love and of lovers: Perfectly chiselled as these lyrics are, the 'alternative endings' have at their core a deeply serious identification of the poet with his medium. It is a concentrate of poetry that Mr. Graves provides. The style not only expresses the feeling. It *is* the feeling. Hence every one of his poems is like an action completed—the fusion of idea and emotion at white-hot intensity, with the resulting explosion controlled, pared down and subdued until only the hardest gem-like substance remains.

It is possible and certainly rewarding to attempt to distinguish the techniques he uses to achieve such perfection. Perhaps two of his characteristics are two of the outstanding achievements of modern poetry. One is the decorous, reticent tone which heightens emotion where it is most intense. The other is the exploration of a single arresting image so completely fused with the subject of a poem that it is the emotional equivalent of an analogy in logic. Of both these techniques, Mr. Graves is a master, indeed the greatest living. For his images have a common appeal to immediate apprehension that Mr. Eliot's lack, innovator though T. S. Eliot undeniably is in both these ways.

To discern something of a poet's techniques is one thing; to find the true source of his genius another. Robert Graves' advice to poets in 'Dance of Words' is salutary:

'Grant them their own traditional steps and postures
But see that they dance it out again and again
Until only lightning is left to puzzle over—
The choreography plain and the theme plain.'

In his *Oxford Addresses on Poetry*, Mr. Graves said that his concern was with 'the hard core of our English poetic inheritance, namely, poems inspired by the Muse rather than commissioned by Apollo, God of Reason.' In such enduring company his latest poems belong. For those who would follow him, the recipe must necessarily read, 'First, catch your lightning.'

BETTY ABEL

ILLUMINATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

William Blake, Poet and Painter: An introduction to the illuminated verse. J. H. Hagstrum. University of Chicago Press. 56s.

This book combines the best and the worst of present-day American scholarship. Mr. Hagstrum's thesis is a valid one, that the illuminated poems and prophecies of Blake should be considered as single inspirations and not as separate entities of verse and illustration. And, of course, he is right. To take only a single example, one of the most famous of all Blake's poems 'The Sick Rose', though beautiful in itself as a creation of words alone, takes on a fuller and deeper significance in its context in the exquisitely wrought world of personal mystery that Blake illustrated in *Songs of Innocence and Experience*.

What Mr. Hagstrum has to say, however, could probably have been expressed far more effectively in an essay of about one-third the length (and cost) of this book. He has gone out of his way to cross the t's and dot the i's of his case by seeking to trace Blake's spiritual and artistic ancestry via the medieval illuminated Books of Hours, via Durer, via Raphael, via Michelangelo, and in a chapter on emblem tradition, via of all things, the maps of John Speed. In the course of the argument the baby is ejected with the bathwater with a vengeance. The point that he has unfortunately failed to grapple with is that Blake, like Michelangelo himself, or Douanier Rousseau or, nearer home, like Christopher Smart or John Clare, was an original. He was deeply influenced by artistic or spiritual affinities with earlier writers or artists but the world he

created was essentially one of his own feeling and imagination. To delve too deeply into possible lines of Blake's spiritual inheritance creates a risk of ignoring both his own direct mystery and the extent to which he belongs to tradition of artist craftsman like Thomas Bewick. There is an interesting chapter, however, on Blake's relationship with contemporaries such as Barry and Fuseli.

The book is well illustrated and is written with considerable insight and learning. Mr. Hagstrum's prose style is unhappily by no means easy to read, however, and it is irritating in a work of scholarship to be faced with a myriad of footnotes and no separate bibliography. Anything that adds to our understanding of the fascinating and miraculous world which Blake created is welcome, but, *pace* the poet himself, 'As none by travelling over known lands can find out the unknown, so from already acquired knowledge Man could not acquire more and herefore an universal Poetic Genius exists.'

ERNLE MONEY

TOWARDS FREER WORLD TRADE

New Directions for World Trade: Proceedings of a Chatham House Conference, Bellagio, 16-24 September, 1963. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Oxford University Press, 30s.

The economist bases his assumptions on facts and carefully measured trends. The politician has his predilection for platitudes. This should make a wide measure of agreement among a group of international economists more likely than the area of agreement one would hope for from an international political forum. And indeed the group of distinguished economists who met last September at Bellagio, Lake Como, to discuss world trade, with special reference to the growth of under-developed countries, reached a surprising measure of agreement and, possibly, some long-term good.

Their aim was to identify the most promising lines of advance for an international policy of world trade directed towards the problem of under-development, to establish some relevant findings for the United Nations Conference on trade and development last March.

The method adopted to present these deliberations deserves high commendation. Starting with an introduction by Andrew Schonfield, there are seven preparatory papers, followed by a detailed report summarizing the discussions, conveying the views expressed at the conference.

The statement of policy indicates the wide measure of agreement on such questions as expansion of trade, policies for the developed countries, policies in the developing countries, international commodity problems, the position and policies of the centrally planned economies, world trade institutions and disarmament prospectives.

The recurring theme throughout the discussions was an encouraging emphasis on the need for fewer restrictions, greater access to markets, less discrimination, encouragement for the under-developed countries to resist the establishment of new industries simply to replace imports. The conference favoured policies of keeping tariffs down and concentrating on the development of industries on a long-term competitive basis. For both developed and under-developed countries, all forms of protection were regarded as undesirable.

The most encouraging features to emerge were, firstly, the view that the richer countries clearly concerned with technical assistance for the poorer should go out of their way to foster trade rather than aid, although the present level of aid should be on a scale beyond that met by private investment; and secondly there was the exciting proposal for the establishment of a new world trade organization to act as an instrument for supervising the execution of

major policy decisions, in fact to co-ordinate the work of existing international bodies, including GATT, and to assume responsibility for new functions.

WILFRED ALTMAN

KIRKPATRICK ON MUSSOLINI

Mussolini: Study of a Demagogue. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick. Odhams. 45s.

Nineteen years have passed since Colonel Valerio (Walter Audisio) and two partisans riddled Benito Mussolini and Claretta Petacci with machine-gun bullets at almost point-blank range. Togliatti was later to announce that the order had come from him as Secretary of the Communist party and as a Vice-Premier of Italy. This summary execution made a martyr of an evil tyrant. The continued presence of a small Neo-Fascist party in the Italian Parliament has something to do with that fact. But today Christian Democracy is the strongest force in Italian political life, just as modern Federal Germany enjoys a Christian Democrat-Liberal Coalition and tries to forget Hitler.

The meteoric careers of these two men, Hitler and Mussolini, have made their mark upon millions of us. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, in *Mussolini: Study of a Demagogue*, a companion volume to Dr. Bullock's *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny*, has produced a distinguished and superbly documented biography, written in that taut, economical, workmanlike prose that we learned to admire in *Full Circle*. 'Benedetto Croce, the philosopher and the foremost intellect of his age in Italy', recalls Sir Ivone, wrote of Mussolini that 'historians would surely set themselves to discover in the man signs of generosity and genius. They would attempt to rehabilitate him, but, added Croce, they would do so in vain, because he was in reality of limited intelligence, deficient in moral sensibility, ignorant with that fundamental ignorance which did not know and understand the elementary essence of human relationships, incapable of self-criticism or of scruple, excessively vain, lacking taste in every word and gesture, always oscillating between arrogance and servility.' To Sir Ivone this is a 'cruel verdict'; the present writer agrees with Croce. Sir Ivone finds himself more in sympathy with a reaction of Count Grandi during one of their conversations: a sigh and then two words, 'Poor Mussolini.' Mussolini himself, in one of his days of depression during the shortlived Salò Republic, opined that Giolitti had been Italy's greatest statesman in recent times, and added, 'I am a poet and a little mad.' He also commented: 'I have never made a mistake when I followed my instinct, only when I obeyed my reason.'

Sir Ivone cleverly depicts the oscillations in the evolution of Fascism and its doctrines and dogmas. There are, for example, enormous differences between the Seventeen-Point Programme enunciated in Mussolini's *Popolo d'Italia* on 6 June 1919 (page 87), the Eight-Point Programme of 1921 (page 112) and the text of the Law of 3 April 1926, which promulgated the Corporate State. In the early days, Dino Grandi could oppose the inauguration of a Fascist party, for reasons roughly comparable to those whereby the French President refuses to term himself a Gaullist. And the first Mussolini Cabinet could, *mirabile dictu*, include two Social Democrats as Ministers of Public Works and of Posts and one Liberal as Minister of Agriculture. Furthermore, Sir Ivone squarely places upon the shoulders of the King the responsibility for the advent of Fascism to power. In 1922, when the then Minister of the Interior had for once put some stuffing into that worthless Prime Minister, Luigi Facta, it was Victor Emmanuel III who refused to proclaim Rome to be in a state of siege, merely (so he thought) to save the Facta Government. Again, in 1943, when dissident Fascists, Court leaders and the High Command were well advanced with their plans for the removal of Mussolini, the King insisted that the first move must come from a 'constitutional' organ of the régime—the

Grand Council. And that was what happened. Victor Emmanuel III was of poor intellect, but he had native shrewdness, and he was anti-Nazi.

The author could have supplied a longer list of Italians who spoke out against Mussolini's aggression against Abyssinia, and it is a blot upon Croce's otherwise noble record that he spoke out in favour. The treatment of the Concordat with the Vatican is first-class. Sir Ivone could, however, have made rather more of the foundation of the Popularist Party and of its leader, the Sicilian priest, Don Luigi Sturzo, a contributor in his day to *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*. For that Party was the herald and the forerunner of the Christian Democrats who have ruled Italy either by themselves or in alliance since 1946. Its main significance is that it taught Roman Catholics to take part in political life, which most of them had eschewed since the days of Popes Pius IX and Leo XIII. The tasks of the Risorgimento and of the Unification achieved by Count Camillo Cavour and King Victor Emmanuel II had necessarily eliminated the temporal possessions of the Papacy. The Liberal Government's Law of Guarantee of 1871 had been most generous, but the wounds long persisted.

Sir Ivone gives us a spirited account of the relationship between the Duce and the Fuhrer, at first one of master and pupil, later of pupil and master. Although here he necessarily leans a little heavily upon Professor Elizabeth Wiskemann and her *The Rome-Berlin Axis* and upon Mr. Deakin and his *The Brutal Friendship*, Sir Ivone's narrative is illuminated by his own record of service and by his acquaintance with Mussolini Cabinet Ministers and his intimacy with the terrain and the theme. He was present at the Munich Conference and regards its organization as a shambles. It is sad that Sir Ivone has not survived to enjoy the publication of his book and its reception in the world capitals. This biography has the quality of durability. It is a masterly contribution to the understanding of 'the isthmus years' and of at least one of the irrational personalities who bestrode them.

DERYCK ABEL

THE POLICE (Penguin Books. 3s.) In this Penguin Special, a barrister, Mr. Ben Whitaker, reviews briefly but pungently the whole field of police functions and behaviour in the United Kingdom. It is a forceful but detached commentary which pinpoints the most important problems affecting the police and the public whom they serve. He puts both sides on the controversial issues, but reaches firm conclusions. For example, upon the question of public relations and the investigation of complaints against the police, he rightly concludes: 'The overdue introduction of independent inquiries would do more than anything else to dispel the suspicion between the police and the public'. As to police organization, he favours a national force and discounts its political risks. 'The real safeguard of a democracy is the

accountability of its government to a freely elected Parliament.' Unfortunately history shows that police power can destroy this accountability. Mr. Whitaker recognizes that the country will not accept more than regional forces. Upon the question of police strengths, he realizes the need for larger forces, although a great deal can be done by introducing more efficient technical equipment. He anticipates that police are widely looked upon as on the fringe of the community. However improved their conditions become, this is likely to continue. This must be a drag upon recruitment. Furthermore, the mass of people would dislike a career spent in tracking down their fellow men, however important this may be. Mr. Whitaker does not give sufficient weight to this aspect.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1964

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Enid Lakeman

THE LIBERAL FAITH
G. P. Gooch, OM

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LONDON LIGHTS

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND

Now that the dust of The Birthday has begun to settle, one of the remaining—and quite fascinating features—of the Bard's quatercentenary celebrations is an exhibition of Shakespeare's England at the Gore Hotel, a stone's throw from the Royal Albert Hall, in London. The exhibition will remain open until October.

Among its highlights are rare books and manuscripts enabling visitors to study the First, Second, Third and Fourth Folios and a Quarto of Shakespeare's works. There is also a reconstruction, two-thirds life size, of the backstage area at Shakespeare's Globe Theatre in London, recollecting a production of Julius Caesar, with stage instructions attached to pillars, costumes and properties hanging on the wall, and daily transactions, such as the evening's takings of £3 10s. 0d. recorded in Henslowe's Diary.

Equally fascinating is a small portrait, showing the playwright holding a quill pen. It is believed to be the only existing portrait of Shakespeare during his lifetime, although there is some mystery about its authenticity, whether it is in fact a contemporary portrait. A tablet above bears his Arms, his motto 'NON SANS DROIGHT' and words which 'hayle thee Mayster of the Globe'.

A label on the back of the picture suggests that it was painted on the occasion of Shakespeare being appointed Manager of the Globe. It was exhibited in 1864 at the Tercentenary Celebrations. From the 1870s until 1945 it was

owned by the Firth family of Norwich, but there was some doubt whether the inscription was genuine. In 1945 Mr. C. K. Ogden acquired it through Sotheby's, and had it cleaned by Mr. Hans Beran (adviser to the Vienna Museum and restorer) who believed it was painted between 1590 and 1610, probably about 1600. He considered the frame as contemporary and the tablet and inscription probably so. This suggests that the picture is not a Holder or Zincke forgery, but can it be a contemporary portrait as C. K. Ogden thought?

COMMONWEALTH IN CONFERENCE

To political scientists and students, the very concept of Britain's Commonwealth, a loose confederation of states, some led by men once imprisoned by Britain, must seem an astonishing mid-twentieth century phenomenon.

The recent London conference of Commonwealth premiers looked at first, commented *The Observer*, 'like one of those depressing family gatherings where everyone came to see an old aunt, out of a sense of duty and with one eye on the estate'. Yet in a world where tight blocs are loosening, the extraordinary disparity of the Commonwealth was seen to have new advantages. Far from being an old idea for which people were trying to find use, the Commonwealth looked unexpectedly well adapted for survival in the new fluid world. And, as *The Observer* saw it, 'far from pronouncing the solemn rites over the body, the most unexpected

people—including Nkrumah—demanded that it should be given a face-lift and a tonic'.

Standing out among the large new infusion of able African leaders, was Kenyatta, the most commanding of them all, looking much younger than 75, and in tremendous form, surrounded by his own aides, some of the most polished of young Africans. He was 'simply delighted' by a dinner party given for the Premiers at Buckingham Palace, and unusually eloquent at the conference and on television. And generously he made light of the attempted assault on him outside his London hotel by two young fascist hooligans. He was thought to have got on famously with Sir Alec and to have emerged as the 'Menzies of the Black Commonwealth'—a sizeable statesman.

Even Nkrumah, in his smart black Mao Tse-tung tunic, was all charm and laughter—reasonable and even placatory.

PLAIN TALK

It must be a hazardous task switching from ministerial office to editing a political weekly. Even devoted fans are apt to look for a change from the inevitable political platitude to at least some plain talk. Mr. Iain Macleod, a former Minister of Health and Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Macmillan Government, and now editor of *The Spectator*, must be beginning to realize just how difficult this can be.

Commenting recently (under his pen-name of 'Quoodle') on the serious typhoid epidemic in Aberdeen, he wrote: 'Over and over again we read that part of our defence against typhoid must be "close attention to personal hy-

giene". Surely here, if ever, Ministers and newspapers should say exactly what they mean. They do not mean that we should sleep with our windows open, or change our socks. They mean, above all, that after one has defecated one should whenever possible rinse one's hands. The word is inelegant and no doubt a simpler expression would be more widely understood, but the advice is vital and may save lives—typhoid or no typhoid.'

Quoodle's plain talk was far from plain enough to satisfy all his readers, as at least one letter hinted. '... Quoodle aspires to plain talk,' the writer pointed out, 'but I still find him too nice in his expression to be useful. "Personal hygiene" does not mean rinsing one's hands after defecation "when-ever possible"; it means scrubbing hands and the finger nails with soap and water and a nail brush every time, whether it is possible or not.'

SCIENTIFIC BRITAIN

The image which the UK travel promoters persist in portraying in America, of a land of ancient monuments and customs, of Bloody Towers and Beefeaters, must cause unending amusement to the seasoned traveller. Yet visiting economists and businessmen, who expect to find some vestige of outdated thinking and methods in our industries, are expressing astonishment over the revolutionary new processes at work in one of our oldest industries—cotton.

One of the leading figures behind this revival is a young executive, Mr. Joe Hyman, whose impact is already spreading far beyond the cotton industry. Like Professor Peter Drucker in the States, Hyman

is rapidly establishing a reputation as a 'management thinker'.

His approach to management is simple, but it works. It is to 'estimate the time a reorganization or a new project will take, and then to decide the type of people required for the operation and to choose the person around whom the team will work. There has to be a dichotomy between the strategic concept and the tactical operation; someone must be "thinking" and other people "working"—this is not to say that thinking is not working, but to separate the functions.'

'The problem of many businesses today,' Mr. Hyman believes, 'is that they have not divided strategy from tactics, objectives from operations, with the consequence that timetables move out of line and momentum is lost.'

The Hyman theory on graduates in industry has been equally well thought out. The graduate joining the company spends the first five years in postgraduate work within the company, as part of a management structure, five years in a leading position, five years being responsible for an operational group, and five to ten years in direction. 'This would give a cycle of 25 years and, assuming a graduate entered industry in his early twenties, he would be free to do other things between the ages of 45 to 50. He would devote his time at that stage to public service or to government work, or perhaps take a sabbatical leave.'

TWISTS AND TURNS

The end of a long Parliament, and the prospect of a new government when the House returns in October, leave the impression that

political and parliamentary life is disquietingly unstatic as well as unpredictable. In the early fifties when Henry Brooke displaced the sitting Conservative member for Hampstead and almost caused a grievous split in the local party, the pundits said he was too old for junior office and too inexperienced for a senior post. No one expected to see him fill the great office of Home Secretary, nor to display such staying power, despite so many 'gaffs'.

By the same token, who would have expected Edward Heath, an amiable young organist from Kent, in the role of chief whip disciplining proud Tories, or emerging as an unflagging negotiator in Europe, and latterly as a veritable hustler of industry at Horse Guards Parade? Nor would anyone have predicted the exultant return of Selwyn Lloyd after Macmillan's ruthless axing.

Who would have expected George Brown to rise above the Ministry of Works, or Harold Wilson to do more than fill the Presidency of the Board of Trade—albeit with distinction, or James Callaghan to do better than run the booking offices of British Railways?

But then would anyone have dared to predict that the Conservatives—intuitively and historically disposed towards steady, stable but unadventurous rule, could survive crises like Suez, Vassal, Profumo, Commonwealth immigration, resale price maintenance, the Common Market, the head-rolling and the leadership tussle, which gave the Commons its most unlikely peer and reaffirmed the nation's most pressing crisis: the lack of leaders?

ALBION.

FORUM FEATURES—

EUROPE AND THE STV

ENID LAKEMAN

'We must now make them' [the European communities] 'more democratic, gradually extend to new domains the European method, and finally prepare the creation of a European political authority under democratic control'.

Jean Monnet,
to a European congress at Bad Godesberg,
25 February 1964.

AS the European Economic Community becomes more closely-knit and its central authority acquires more power, the need for increased democratic control over that authority becomes more widely felt. Both within and beyond the Community other organizations are developing, each again with its problems of democratic control; the NATO Parliamentarians have made their first tentative approach to the possibility of some day becoming a directly elected body, and the number of unofficial international organizations with elected executive committees increases steadily. The means by which such bodies may be chosen are therefore a matter of increasing interest.

The usual pattern is for an international governing body to be composed of delegates from the various national components—delegates perhaps appointed by governments, perhaps elected by national committees. As a corporate spirit develops, there may arise a demand that all the nationalities involved shall share in the choosing of the whole governing body instead of selecting only their own national representatives, and later even a demand for direct election by the individual men and women who are members of the organization instead of indirect election by their national representatives. It is this last stage which is provided for by Article 138 of the Treaty of Rome: 'The Assembly shall draw up proposals for elections by direct universal suffrage in accordance with a uniform procedure in all Member States'.

Whatever the stage of evolution, it is important that the governing body should command the confidence of those it serves; both of those to whom it is directly responsible and of such groups or individuals as these in turn may represent. This implies a need for a truly representative body, so that each member of the organization may be conscious of sharing in decisions and not feel merely a cog in a machine run by others. It is further desirable that the machinery should be so devised as to stress the common interests of the members and avoid exaggerating their differences.

These considerations apply more or less emphatically to any body, but for international and federal bodies there are added complications. Covering a very large area, with probably a variety of languages, means that a popular electorate is unlikely to have much knowledge of more

than a few candidates, while if voting is done by delegates there has to be a settlement of the familiar problem of whether, and if so to what extent, large component units should be given more voting power than small ones. The federal body probably means less to most of its members than do its component parts; hence it is of particular importance to use methods that will promote a growth of corporate feeling and avoid any that are likely to draw attention to their differences. That Surrey appears in the House of Commons as though inhabited solely by Conservatives and County Durham as though almost exclusively Labour is much less dangerous than if similar conditions applied to France and Germany in the Parliament of the EEC. It would also be dangerous if a shift of public opinion sufficient, say, to bring the Social Democrats to power in the next German election were to change the complexion of the German representation so drastically as to make it appear as though one Germany had left the Community and a different Germany had joined it.

No political doctrine is confined to one country or one period; it has its supporters if not all over the world at least certainly within all countries that are likely to join in a federation. The difference between one country and another, or between one country now and the same country ten years hence, is one of degree—more Socialists here, fewer there; more Conservatives then, fewer now—and this should be reflected in their representation. For any member of a federation to be represented solely by its majority party gives a false impression, magnifies the differences between it and other members, deprives its minorities of opportunities for fruitful collaboration with people of like mind elsewhere in the federation, and involves a high risk that the services of a valued personality may be lost to the federation, solely because his party no longer commands a majority in his country.

How disastrous may be the effects of such misrepresentation can be seen from the American Civil War. A select committee reported to the US Senate in 1869 that a major cause of the war had been that, while the northern and southern states each contained a minority sympathetic to the other, those minorities had little voice in Congress. A similar situation in Ireland contributed to its eventual partition.

It therefore follows that any system of direct election to the European Parliament or a similar body should be such as to give representation not only to the majority in each member country but also to minorities—in proportion to their size or sufficiently nearly so as to prevent gross exaggeration of the differences existing within the organization or excessive fluctuation of the elected body's personnel.

These things are indeed often, though not always, recognized when delegates are appointed. While a United Nations delegation usually consists solely of government supporters and acts as a whole in the name of its government, Council of Europe representatives are normally drawn from all major parties in rough proportion to their parliamentary strengths, and their members vote more often with their party colleagues from other countries than with their compatriots of different parties.

Supposing this to be desirable, how can it be achieved when direct popular election is involved?

It clearly cannot be achieved by the electoral system usual in Britain, which gives the whole representation of any constituency to the one party that has the most votes there. This makes the London borough of Islington (all Labour in its parliamentary, county and borough representation) appear to be totally opposed to the London borough of Chelsea (all Conservative except for one ward), which may not be a very serious matter for two parts of a city firmly united for centuries but might well be fatal to a nascent federation. It can transform a parliament if only a small fraction of the electors change their minds (or move to different constituencies); in Britain's very close election of 1951, the result could have been another Labour government instead of a Conservative one if, out of the 313,800 people who voted Conservative in 14 key constituencies, only 3,041 had voted Labour instead. It is common for distinguished MPs to lose their seats because there has been a swing against their party (not against them personally), while far less distinguished members who happen to hold seats where their party has a large majority will retain them. What people of other nations often imagine to be a personal voting system (because only the names of candidates appear on the ballot paper) is in reality a party list system in which each list is limited to one name for one seat.

If the British system is ruled out, what else can be chosen? In the first place, it will not help to substitute for our first-past-the-post system one achieving the election of each representative by a clear majority; it is essential to secure reasonably fair representation both of the majority and of large minorities, and this is impossible in single-member constituencies; several representatives must be elected together.

The method of doing this which will at once occur to people involved in the European Community is a party list form of proportional representation: votes are cast for parties (with or without some subsidiary choice between individuals) and each party is allotted seats in proportion to its votes.

This meets some of the objections to a majority system: it gives a much larger number of the voters an effective share in electing the body that purports to represent them; it does not make adjacent regions appear to be wholly opposed politically when they differ only in degree, and it avoids sweeping changes in the party complexion or the personnel of the elected body brought about by relatively small changes in the voting. It has, however, certain drawbacks, which show themselves particularly in a new organization whose future shape is uncertain and whose unity needs to be developed.

For an election under a list system, parties have to be defined beforehand, and we must expect that they will be, initially at least, the parties that already exist in the country voting. But these may have little relation to the parties in other member countries, and these inconsistent divisions may hamper the co-operation of individuals of different nationalities whose political views coincide. An English Liberal is uncertain in which

of the French parties to look for a kindred spirit, and if he assumes that the German Free Democratic Party is the same as the British Liberal Party and then finds that it is not, this may obscure for him the fact that large numbers in both these parties recognize each other as being of the same political breed.

Perhaps even more important is the fact that national parties may have little relevance to the main divisions in the international body, or may lose or acquire that relevance as conditions change. A case in point is the division of British opinion at the time when we were seeking admission to the Common Market. Were we voting in the election of its Assembly, it would be less important that we should be able to vote, say, Conservative than that we should be able to vote for a Conservative convinced of the Community's value and determined to make it work, rather than for a Conservative of the opposite opinion (or vice versa). It might even happen that the leadership of some party set out to sabotage the Community by nominating only candidates from the section opposed to it, relying on national party loyalty to secure votes from its pro-Community section. Such a manoeuvre would be easy under an electoral system giving the party organizations the decision as to which individuals should be elected and which defeated; it would be frustrated by a system giving the voters power to overrule the party organization's choice.

The same applies to changes that may become necessary with time. Even if the present party structure were wholly suitable, it is unlikely always to remain so. We cannot foresee what divisions may arise regarding the course to be taken by the European Community or by any other such body, and it is important that the electoral system should be such as to allow the voters to influence these decisions. It should be a flexible system, which will reflect the voters' wishes not only about the established political parties but also about any other relevant groups that exist now or may arise in the future.

There are many modifications of party list proportional representation which allow some degree of choice between candidates within any party list, and hence some reflection of the voters' wishes on personalities and on questions that cut across the party lines—a much better reflection at all events than the British system allows. The vote, however, always remains to some extent a vote for the party list as a whole, including candidates the voter may not like, and in most such systems the element of personal choice plays quite a minor part.

Very different is the form of proportional representation used in English-speaking countries. This requires no prior decision as to what parties, or analogous groups, shall be considered to be taking part in the election, and indeed there need be no such groups; the system works equally well if every candidate is an independent, competing solely on his own personal merits. An elector can give his vote according to party or according to anything else that he considers important in relation to that election—e.g. for faster or slower progress towards full federation. Indeed, he can do both at the same time. The voters, and

only the voters, decide which individual candidates are elected; there is no way in which the party leaders, or anyone else, can force them to elect any man or woman if they prefer some other. The English inventor of the system, Thomas Hare (it was invented independently by C. C. G. Andrae in Denmark four years earlier) indeed looked upon it primarily as 'personal representation'; the proportional representation of parties or other groups is a by-product which arises from the way in which the electors choose to vote.

The essentials of the system are as follows: In a constituency electing enough members to provide representation both of the majority and of at least one minority (anything from three members up, according to circumstances), each elector has one vote. A candidate is elected if he polls the necessary quota of votes, this quota being the smallest number of votes that can be obtained by each of as many candidates as have to be elected, but not by more. (Calculated by dividing the total number of valid votes by one more than the number of seats to be filled and adding one to the quotient.) The elector gives his vote in the first instance to the candidate he most wishes to see elected (usually by marking that candidate '1'). More often than not, this will contribute to the election of that candidate, but if it cannot (either because he has enough votes for election without it or because he has so few votes as to be without hope of election), the vote is transferred to the candidate that voter has marked '2'; if it cannot help him either, it is transferred to the '3', and so on, until it reaches a candidate it can help to elect. The object is to give the voter an unlimited free choice of candidates and to make as certain as possible that, whatever his choice, his vote will be effective.

Suppose the voters behave like those in the 4-member constituency of Dun Laoghaire and Rathdown in the last Irish general election (1961). There were 30,333 valid votes cast, hence a quota of 6,067, and 13,582 people (a little over two quotas) voted '1' for one of the three candidates of the Fine Gael party. One of these, Cosgrave, had 1,087 first preferences more than he needed for election, and of those 1,087 voters 956 expressed a second preference for one of the other candidates of that same party. The lower of these, Brennan, was eliminated and his votes were transferred; of the 3,551 people who at that stage had voted for him, 2,711 chose to vote next for the remaining Fine Gael candidate, Dockrell, thus bringing Dockrell's vote up to 7,456 and electing him. If people choose to vote on party lines, a party with two quotas of first preferences is bound to win two seats, no matter how many candidates that party may have, from two upwards, or how the votes are initially distributed among them.

But the voters were under no compulsion to vote on party lines. They were free, if they liked, to ignore party and vote for the individual candidates they knew personally, or for some other kind of group—for all the retiring Deputies or all the "new blood", for all the Catholics or all the Protestants, or in any other way that seemed to them right. In an election for nine members of the council of an English professional organization, for which the quota was 76, ten candidates all belonging

to one branch of the profession polled a total of 333 first preferences, their individual votes ranging from 13 to 58. Of the 176 votes transferred at one time or another from candidates of this group, 106 went to other candidates of that same group, with the result that the bulk of that group's votes became concentrated on its four most popular candidates and elected them.

That it is the *most popular* candidates of any party or group who are elected is of the highest importance. The success or failure of any individual depends solely on how much support he can win from the voters; no party organization can secure or prevent his election by any means other than persuasion of the electors. So does the acceptance or rejection of a policy depend on the popular choice. Applied to the election of a parliament, this method would enable an elector to vote, say, Socialist but to give preference to the Socialist candidates who were most (or least) willing to advance along the road to a European federation; the strength of the federal tendency in the parliament would depend directly on its strength in the country.

An example of this effect occurred in the first election to the parliament of what is now the Republic of Ireland. The main issue was whether or not to accept the Treaty offered by Britain, and the electors were able to make their wishes prevail by giving preference to the pro-Treaty or the anti-Treaty candidates within each of the two blocks seeking their support. A two-to-one vote for the pro-Treaty candidates gave a two-to-one parliamentary majority in the same sense.

Thus, the voter is not limited to letting one single consideration (such as party) determine his vote, nor need the same considerations operate in any one election as in the one before. In the first direct election to the European Parliament, votes might be determined almost entirely by domestic party politics; in the second, a substantial number of voters might choose among their party's candidates according to their attitude on European questions; in the third, some voters might treat one of these European groups as their primary party, letting domestic questions affect only their preferences within this. If elections were in a constituency covering several nationalities, a voter could support any political group and at the same time give preference within that group to candidates of his own nationality; he would never be forced to choose between conflicting loyalties but could let his European feelings gradually develop while retaining his original patriotism.

The trouble about agreeing on 'a uniform procedure in all Member States' is that most people take for granted the procedure in their own state. They may not understand very clearly how that procedure produces the results it does, or even realise just what those results are, but still less do they understand any alternative methods. As five out of the six EEC members use party list proportional systems, and the sixth, France, has done so for some elections, they are liable to assume that some system of that kind must be the best—or, like the Germans when seeking to get away from the impersonality of elections in their Weimar period, imagine that a personal element can be introduced by copying the British.

THE LIBERAL FAITH

G. P. GOOCH, OM, CH

SEVENTY years ago I embraced the Liberal faith and I have never seen any reason to change it. I was born into a Unionist family but during my four happy years in Cambridge I had the opportunity of looking round the world and forming my own opinions without being particularly influenced by any of my contemporaries or seniors. Gladstone's adoption of a policy of Home Rule for Ireland seemed to me a wise decision and though it broke his party and kept the Liberals from power for nearly twenty years I never wavered in my conviction that time would prove him right. The next great political experience of my early life occurred when Joseph Chamberlain became the eloquent champion of Imperialism which was adopted by the majority of the Conservative Party. In this new field I had as little difficulty in making up my mind as in the Home Rule controversy; I was completely unaffected by charges of 'Little Englandism' and of being the 'friend of every country but my own'.

My enthusiasm for the Liberal faith decided me to seek a seat in Parliament which I found in the triumphant Liberal victory of January 1906. It was a delight to serve under the leadership of Campbell-Bannerman who in a memorable phrase had declared: 'Imperialism! I hate the word and I hate the thing!' And when he decided to allow the Dutch of the Transvaal and Free State to enjoy internal autonomy he turned Botha and Smuts from enemies into lifelong friends. Though part of the work of the House of Commons was frustrated by the House of Lords we succeeded in laying the foundations of the Welfare State and in limiting the veto powers of the Upper Chamber.

The core of the Liberal faith is the belief in the value of liberty for nations, classes, churches, minorities and individuals. Dealing first with the freedom of nations let me say with what satisfaction I witnessed the coming of Home Rule for Ireland in 1921, and how much I wished that the Grand Old Man could have lived to see that vindication of his statesmanship and courage. I was also extremely glad—to support the efforts of Lord Morley to move a step forward from the rigid bureaucracy which had hitherto prevailed in India. There was nothing doctrinaire in my Liberal faith, for different nations have reached different positions in the world and very few at that time campaigned for larger concessions to the nascent Indian nationalism than was granted in the Morley-Minto reforms. In addition to extending the frontiers of liberty in the British Empire Liberals had always applauded the efforts of subject races to secure self-determination. Italian Nationalists have been grateful for our sympathy in the Risorgimento, and Gladstone's speeches during his Midlothian campaign preceding his return to office in 1880 had provided a precious moral stimulant to the Balkan Christians in their efforts to throw off the yoke of the Turks. Needless to say, I have welcomed the emergence of the larger part of the Dark Continent from the position of subordination in which it had lived so long. And the trans-

formation of the British Empire into the Commonwealth has been one of the main satisfactions of my later life.

Next to national liberty let me mention civil liberty, by which I mean the ever-increasing number of our fellow citizens who share in the central and local government of our country. Believing as I have done since my early years in the equality of the sexes, I was an advocate of votes for women long before they became practical politics. I lost no opportunity of voting for private members' bills for women's suffrage during my four years in the House of Commons, and regretted that it was not brought into force by the government largely owing to the opposition of Asquith who was converted to the principle only by his experience of women's services in the war. Every step in the advance of women towards an equal share of responsibility for serving our country has caused me the keenest satisfaction. The winning of the vote has been followed by the appointment of women to ministerial office, by membership of the Upper House, by appearance on the judicial bench, in police uniform and occasionally by their occupation of the pulpit. The legal and social position of women is one of the obvious tests of the maturity of a community.

The freedom of the press is an essential part of democracy and Liberals have taken their full share in establishing and maintaining it. Our object is to facilitate the task of our citizens in forming their own judgments on the basis of the widest possible presentation of events and ideas. In this world, said Goethe, there are few voices and many echoes. The Liberal ideal is for the maximum number of our fellow citizens to be voices. The freedom of the press, however, like other freedoms, has to be limited by the demands made by what may fairly be called commonsense. Our present system rightly makes two exceptions to the principle of limitless freedom. The first is that there must be no attempt to undermine the loyalty of the forces and thereby to threaten the security of the State. The second is our duty to control the importation and domestic circulation of pornographic news which is plainly contrary to the health and strength of our society. That there are borderline cases in this latter domain has been shown in some recent *causes célèbres* and many people feel that we can safely entrust the decision to a British jury. What I have said about papers is of course equally applicable to books. There is some apprehension that TV may occasionally step over the borderline and present pictures likely to excite youthful minds. This situation will need careful watching. Academic freedom in our universities has long become a recognized factor of our national system.

Last but not least, I must mention what may be described as the spiritual liberty of the individual in a civilized community. Every Liberal is at heart an individualist, by which I mean that his right to the fullest opportunity for the development of his deepest instincts of mind and heart is part of the core of our Liberal faith. Because everyone of us is unique we abhor the totalitarian systems of Fascism and Communism. It has also been said that every Liberal is an optimist, which

means that broadly speaking we expect our citizens to make wise use of their privileges. Among the fundamental rights of every citizen in our Liberal view is the right to choose and practise the form of religion which he deems most suitable to his spiritual needs. Both clericalism and anti-clericalism in the repulsive forms familiar in various foreign countries are unknown in England today. This is not entirely due to religious apathy. Different people require different forms of religious organization and belief, and I witness with the utmost satisfaction the unfettered freedom of the individual to choose what suits him best. Many find comfort and strength in their membership of the Roman Catholic Church with its unique tradition of authority from the beginnings of Christianity. Others discover all they need in the Anglican communion which I think may be described as typically English in its preference for the middle way and the variety it offers in its three sections, the High, the Broad and the Low. It has been described as the halfway house between Rome and Geneva. The formal supremacy of the Crown which has shocked so many Catholics since the Reformation has now melted away and the Church of England enjoys the same complete autonomy as the Free Churches.

Farthest from the Catholic position stand the Quakers, the children of the great Puritan movement of the seventeenth century who dispense with ministers and creeds and find all they need in the Inner Light. In his celebrated *Lettres sur les Anglais* written after his three years' residence among us in the early part of the eighteenth century, Voltaire expresses his admiration for the spirit of toleration prevailing in the religious sphere and singles out for special commendation the sect of the Quakers who embodied the principle of self-determination in its fullest form. Small as are their numbers, England would be the poorer without these model citizens who do not find their way into the law courts and in whose large industrial enterprises no strikes occur. One reason for their limited numbers is their doctrines of non-resistance which has never commended itself to the vast majority of their fellow citizens who, like myself, believe it to be our right and our duty to resist an attempted invasion by aggressors determined to trample underfoot the fabric of our liberties which has taken centuries to erect and for which we rightly regard ourselves as trustees for the generations to come. Mill *On Liberty*, as immortal a treatise as Milton's *Areopagitica*, may well be read or re-read by Liberals, young and old, a century after its publication for it remains the unrivalled presentation of the Liberal faith in its broadest aspects.

The Liberal approaches the sphere of economics with a bias against an omnipotent State. He prefers our present system of balanced economy, in which the State is ready at any time to take over any important national industry which can no longer obtain the financial resources needed to modernize the industry. We favoured the nationalization of mines and railways not from any doctrinaire attachment to nationalization itself but as a measure of simple necessity. During the latter half of the nineteenth century many Liberals wanted little more than the

system of *laissez-faire*, but with the increasing complexity of our national industries all parties have come to recognize the necessity of the State undertaking somewhat larger responsibility for the shaping of our economic destinies. Every proposal for nationalization, declares the Liberal, must be considered and decided on its own merits. 'Our libertarian faith makes us Free Traders, monopoly-busters, Distributists, land-values taxers and practitioners of co-partnership.'

In the domain of foreign policy Liberals share with other parties the tradition which dates back to Henry VIII. It is sometimes called 'splendid isolation', but I do not regard this as a suitable formula, because it appears to suggest that we are and always have been standing alone. A better description is to be found in the words 'Balance of Power' which means that we have adjusted our diplomacy to the changing world situation. Though our island position has become a diminished factor in our national security we continue our own practice of meeting emergencies if and when they arise. This flexibility has resulted in numerous changes in our reaction to new situations. Thus we co-operated with Germany and Russia in the years in which the independence of all three powers was threatened by Napoleon. But when Russia's attempt to dominate Constantinople seemed to us and France to foreshadow an excessive increase of Russian power in Eastern Europe we co-operated in the Crimean War. Later in the nineteenth century, when Germany began the construction of a formidable high sea fleet in addition to the strongest army in Europe which she already possessed, once again we began to feel the need of support from foreign powers as our own navy lacked the support of a numerous army. Accordingly we ended our long feud with France and a few years later with France's ally Russia.

Since the First World War we have witnessed a partial return of our old friendly relations with Germany soon to be followed by the emergence of a formidable threat in the advent of the Nazi party. In the Second World War as in the first we required and obtained the support of France and Russia in the prolonged efforts to overthrow the régime which threatened the safety of us all. After the second world conflict the potential danger of Communist Russia led us automatically to a rapprochement with post-Nazi Germany and it seems likely that an association of Federal Germany, France and England will continue, and that the United States in her own interest as well as ours will maintain its close concern with the defence of the Free World. Such has been the long story of change but throughout it all we trace the guiding principle of the Balance of Power.

Needless to say, Liberals welcome every attempt towards the closer association of States, the diminution of international tension and the reduction of armaments as they welcome every practicable measure of social reform.

The good Liberal never despairs.

Wilfred Altman reviews Harry Cowie's Penguin Special, 'Why Liberal?' on Page 496.

WORLD VISTAS—

A PENANG LAWYER—I

LORD OGMORE

THERE were certain facets of legal practice in Penang when I was a young lawyer there in the early Thirties, facets no longer commonly found in Great Britain and presumably no longer found in Malaysia.

In the first place there flourished the professions of legal touts and tipsters. The illiteracy and migratory character of many of the frequenters of the courts, and especially of the criminal courts, were such that a person in need of legal assistance was often prepared to accept the guidance at a fee of the tout and tipster. There was, of course, a distinction between the two professions. The tout had some connection, of a gossamer kind, of course, not reduced to any definite form, with some firm of advocates and this would be a firm itself of an insubstantial nature for none of the better class went in for this type of connection. The tipster on the other hand did not come into contact with legal firms at all and might be unknown to them; his business it was to know the current success or failure of the advocates in the courts and, as a racing tipster judges the performance of the jockeys of the day, so the legal tipster was prepared for a consideration to advise his clients on the form of the advocates. It was he who could tell which one was having a run of luck and who was in a losing vein, what advocate seemed to please this judge and what one was displeasing to that magistrate. The tipster advised his clients on the men who were good at prosecution and those who excelled at defence, he who could present well a straightforward case and he who was a bold man in a forlorn hope. It was because of the watchfulness of these gentlemen that it was dangerous for an advocate to have a run of losing cases and it was usually impossible to tell in advance what cases were likely to be winners owing to the favourable light in which the client and his witnesses saw their case and the optimistic way in which they remembered its circumstances.

The potential client, having been advised perhaps by a tipster, would present himself at the advocate's office only to find another barrier to surmount. The advocate's own clerk, so it was rumoured, often demanded a fee before admitting the client to his master.

Another profession in Penang was that of backer of suits at law. This profession was closely allied to that of the tipster and was sometimes pursued by the same gentleman. This generous individual, operating in civil actions, would finance the plaintiff or defendant in return for a substantial fee either of a fixed sum or dependent upon the amount recovered; in any case it would be of a substantial amount.

Yet another calling was that of professional bailer, the only one of these professions recognized by the Courts. He was a necessity in such a shifting community as that found in the criminal courts of the Straits Settlements. The bailer received a percentage of the bail bound from the accused and thereby secured his release on bail. The bailer employed

watchers to keep an eye on his slippery clients and thereby the police were saved the necessity. The accused might have slipped away from them but he would not be able to evade the watchdogs of the bailer.

The personages I have mentioned kept, as it were, discreetly in the background but there was yet another type of professional gentleman who came only too much into the foreground and forced himself upon the notice of the unhappy advocates; these were the corps of professional witnesses. They gave evidence in any case for a fee, the amount depending on the gravity of the proceedings, the money at stake or the importance of the part to be played: the witness having been paid was prepared to give evidence in any cause and to give such evidence as was required of him. This practice was, in the case of a particular individual, like minerals below ground, a wasting asset, as we advocates soon got to know him as did the Judges and Magistrates. But judges and magistrates changed fairly frequently so that, whilst the profession could not be relied upon as a constant source of livelihood, it could be regarded as a useful supplement to some other pursuit such as the lower ranks of moneylending, fraud in one way or another or living upon the immoral earnings of one or two girls. It so happened that in the rush of business in the courts I frequently went into action without having interviewed my witnesses and sometimes without having even met my client. On such occasions, when I was relying on a sturdy proof of evidence from some witness whom I had been assured was eminently respectable, I sometimes found my heart sink as, calling upon the name of this worthy citizen, I saw worming his way to the box one of these rascals I knew to be professional witnesses. Professional witnesses were once well known in English practice. When the Common Law courts were held at Westminster this class of man used to stroll around Westminster Hall sucking a straw or with a straw in his hat, the straw being the badge of his trade. From this practice is derived the expression used by lawyers "Man of Straw", denoting not a professional witness but a man of no financial worth, one who will not stand to his contract.

A business allied to the foregoing but differing from them by being out of Court, so to speak, was that of the strong-arm men. These tradesmen undertook on a fixed tariff to provide revenge or to remove awkward contemporaries with no danger to their clients. The fee started at a low figure for a beating-up, went higher with slit nostrils, ears sliced off or limbs broken, higher still with blindness by vitriol or other means, until eventually the highest fee, murder. There was little danger to the practitioners because not only were they unknown to the victim or to his friends but there was no ostensible motive so far as they were concerned. Sometimes however the affair went wrong and in Alor Star I heard the dismissal of an appeal by three Sikh strong-arm men from a conviction for one of these brutal murders.

Another feature was this: that it by no means followed that he or she who was summoned or even arrested was the person who later stood in the dock or served the sentence for the offence. Well-to-do Chinese

were quite often able to arrange for a substitute to take their place and even where the right person had been arrested, tried and convicted, cases had been known in the days before the fingerprint system for a quick substitution to be made in the few yards between the magistrates court building and the police station. Once the fingerprints of the right person had been taken there was no way out, but up till then substitution was possible in a country where almost anything could be bought at a price.

I may say that in all these matters Penang was no worse than Singapore and only worse than upcountry towns in that it was larger and had always a certain floating element in its population. Appearing as I did day in, day out, in the Courts in every variety of criminal case, and in many civil ones too, I learnt advocacy the hard way. I learnt it not by the book but by the person in the box. There were certain principles I found to be eternal. It was essential, for example, to concentrate on the good points of your own case and the weak ones of your opponent's. This may seem a fairly obvious rule but in fact time and time again I have heard advocates trying to explain away some weak point of their own thereby implanting it even more deeply in the mind of the magistrate or the jury. I remember that in a murder case in Alor Star when I was counsel for the defence there was a damning piece of evidence against me, and so I completely ignored it, never cross-examining on it and making no mention of it in my speech to the Assessors. They presumably thought that if it had been important I would have mentioned it. They acquitted the accused.

I was further very sparing with my questions and tried to concentrate on the main points. Furthermore I never in an examination, cross-examination or re-examination ventured at all if I could help it into the unknown. The re-examination of Mr. Winkle in the celebrated case of *Bardell v Pickwick* is an example of the folly of not leaving well alone. I found at first that having to ask questions through interpreters tended to be confusing but I soon became accustomed to it. But what is really essential in advocacy is a flair, a sixth sense, an immediate insight into the psychology of the witness so that the advocate knows exactly how to deal with him, when he is lying and when he is speaking the truth.

The people of Penang regarded the Courts as a continuous free show and there was always an audience for the dullest case.

As a rule, the district court judges knew much about the country and its people and one in particular was a man whose Malayan learning, ability and experience were unsurpassed but whose career was marred by his idiosyncracies. He came into Court one day, sat down and looking gloomily at the table before him, said, 'What is the legal mind? This is a question often asked; I will explain what it is. If you ask a lawyer whether he will have an egg for breakfast, he will not say "yes" or "no" like a normal person, he will ask "what sort of egg? a hen's egg? a duck's egg? A swan's egg? Or an ostrich's egg?" "That," added the Judge morosely, 'is the legal mind and Mr. Rees-Williams* has it in the extreme'.

*Lord Ogmores name was David Rees-Williams before he was created a Peer.

I have said that sometimes we did not meet our clients before a case began. On one occasion this caused some embarrassment. On the first occasion a case was called it was to fix a date, the time of lawyers being important and the number of advocates few. On one of these days I was appearing in another Court as I was getting a lot of cases in the lower courts at the time and so I asked my colleague Mr. Hume to fix a date for me. He went down and, when the case was called, rose and said that he appeared for his learned friend Mr. Rees-Williams who was for the Plaintiff. 'And who is for the Defendant?' asked the Judge. One of our clerks came forward and whispered to Hume who then got up red in the face and said that his learned friend Mr. Rees-Williams was for the Defendant also. There was a laugh in Court at this and the Judge said, 'Well since Mr. Rees-Williams is acting for both sides he would seem to be the one to settle the dispute'. Thereupon he struck the case out of his list.

I had one interesting Civil case, the attempt by her parents to recover a Princess of the Royal House of Siam from a Royal House in Malaya. When the child was an infant, the Ruler to whom she was related, took her into his household but now that she was fourteen and of marriageable age her parents wished to have her back and came down from Bangkok and instructed my firm to set about her recovery. The Ruler resisted the application saying that he had brought the child up as one of his family and intended that she should remain there.

As this was a case involving Mohammedan law it came before the Chief Malay Kathi, the Chief Judge, where no lawyer had a right of audience. I tried to bring it before the European Judge but he held that he had no jurisdiction and so I studied the relevant passages of Moslem law but was not allowed to expound them. Then began a battle of wits, the Ruler, the Head of the State and his advisers on one side and I on the other. I then applied for an expert in Mohammedan law to be heard and this was granted whereupon I took Dr. Sarwa, whose newspaper article had unwittingly caused riots in Penang, and Dr. Sarwa discoursed at considerable length on the issues involved. But it was to no avail. In the end I persuaded the Malay Judge to send for the child and to see her in chambers. Malay royal ladies were rarely seen in public in those days so this was somewhat of a triumph for me. There was a flutter of royal and noble Malay ladies in gay silks and satins and with them a dainty little girl, the subject of the action. The Judge questioned her in chambers and she convinced him that she wished to remain with the Ruler's family, so remain she did and my clients, her parents, went back disconsolately to Bangkok.

Crimes of violence, from murder down to mild cases of beating-up, occupied a good deal of the time of the Courts and mine. One curious feature was that crimes were usually committed by a person against someone of the same race; except for the professional strong-arm men, few people ever committed crimes outside their own community. I found that my clients were usually appreciative of and grateful for what was done for them but not invariably so. I remember defending an Indian,

of some education, occupying a position of responsibility on an estate, charged with a particularly brutal murder. Mr. Balfour Ross of the Penang Bar was for some of the alleged accomplices. He and I strove mightily, and in the end, after a nine days trial at the Assizes, although the noose was almost drawn tight around their necks, they slipped out and a verdict of not guilty was given by the Assessors. A week or so later my Indian client walked into my office and I thought he had come to express his thanks as was often the pleasant custom of his countrymen, but not a bit of it. 'I want you to take an action on my behalf against the police for false imprisonment' said he, as bold as brass.

'Look here,' replied I in wrath 'If you want my advice take the next boat to India and never come back here again. Now get out.' And away he went, scared and, I hope, chastened.

I defended an Indian charged with murder. He had hacked his wife to death in the middle of the street in a suburb of Butterworth. He stabbed her twentyfive times with a penknife before she died and although the accused had only one leg and was not active and it happened in broad daylight in the middle of a street, no one interfered. But this was something that might easily happen then in the East as seems now to be the case in the West. People did not interfere in affairs concerning others. A woman whose dress caught fire from the lamp of the rickshaw in which she was riding was badly burnt. None of the spectators went to her assistance. Fishermen would not save a stranger drowning at sea. They felt it would be impious to do so since it might be the Divine Will that he should drown.

To be continued.

TRINIDAD LABOURING TO LEADERSHIP

SUZANNE TWISTON-DAVIES

ON 31 August, 1962, yet another of our erstwhile Colonies—Trinidad—celebrated its Independence. It is not my purpose in this article to discuss whether, as a people, the Trinidadians were ready for this very advanced step in their chequered island career; but, I must confess, having worked for a period in Trinidad, and re-visited the island at frequent intervals over the last twelve years, to bewilderment that such a step was taken so early. The following story may serve as illustration:

During July, I went to the wedding of two Indians in the village outside which I was staying with friends. The bride was my hostess' dressmaker and the bridegroom a clerk on a neighbouring cocoa estate. Mary was the last of a family of twelve to get married, and so it was to be a grand occasion. It was a very suitable wedding, for the couple came of the same background, and their fathers had come to Trinidad on the same boat. . . .

After their emancipation as slaves in 1837, the Trinidad negroes naturally wanted to do as little work as possible, and it therefore became very difficult to get workers in the canefields and on the plantations. So

a scheme was eventually started whereby Indian workers were brought over (mostly from Bengal) as indentured labourers to replace the slaves. They came at the rate of two or three thousand per year, until the Indian Government put a stop to this traffic in 1917; they multiplied rapidly, so that now one-third of the Trinidad population is East Indian; and by constant saving and peasant ingenuity this race can lay claim to more land than anyone else in Trinidad.

Mary's father, Krishna Singh, came over in 1905 as a young man. It was a three-month journey, by sailing-ship, and the quarters were very cramped. Krishna and his fellow-passengers were all made to do communal exercises daily to keep them fit, and to drink quantities of lime-juice to avoid scurvy. The scheme was that the Government paid their fares (with the option of returning to India after five years) and was in turn reimbursed by the various planters, who would request anything from fifty to two hundred workers per plantation. The Indians earned 1s. a day on the sugar estate where Mr. Singh worked. In 1905, sugar sold for $1\frac{1}{2}d$ a lb., whereas the present-day price is $5\frac{1}{2}d$ a lb. They lived in free barracks, their food was also free, and they were constantly visited by welfare officers who saw to it that anyone ill-treating them got a long stretch in prison without the option of a fine.

After five years, a few of Mr. Singh's fellow-labourers returned to India, but most of them exchanged their return tickets for a few acres of land, and sent for their relations. Mr. Singh, in a traditional Hindu ceremony, married the daughter of one of his compatriots and built himself a thatched mud and plaster hut; he cultivated rice, maize and yams, and kept a few chickens and a goat to supply his family with eggs and milk.

As the children came, he and his wife were faced with the problem of education. They were still very poor, and could not have afforded schools for the twelve children they eventually produced. Now the Canadian Missions stepped in, and offered education for children who they felt could be converted to Christianity; and so, although the parents are strongly of the Hindu faith, all their children have been baptized as Presbyterians, which explains their Christian names. Since then, the Hindus have been trying hard to keep their people, again with promises of education, so that the swing towards Christianity has slowed down.

Their education by the Missions, then, enabled the Singh children to move up a step on the social ladder from their parents. Mary became a dressmaker, her sister Ann became a dentist's receptionist, and her brothers became clerks, waiters and taxi-drivers, and grew the nail of their little fingers very long to show that they were not of the labouring class. In the meantime, the parents were scrimping and saving; in a good year, they managed to buy a little more land, and the boys helped their mother to work it during the holidays so that their father could earn extra money in the canefields. This enabled Krishna to buy a cart drawn by a fine big water-buffalo, which he hired out to people who wanted to cart coconuts or sugarcane.

At last came the day when he was able to replace his mud-hut with a

better house, which actually had three bedrooms to accommodate the unmarried members of the family (ten children at this time, plus himself and his wife!), and had electric light and even indoor sanitation as well.

My hostess and I went to see this house on the morning of the wedding, when we called to enquire about the time of the ceremony. Everywhere was hustle and bustle; the house was built on stilts, and the clearing underneath was being decorated with flowers and leaves. The cakes were already out on a table—a huge beautiful one made by the bride, with intricate patterns of bells and coloured three-dimensional flowers, and a smaller cake from the bridegroom, both hygienically draped with mosquito netting. At one side of the clearing were tiers of seats, in which sat, already, all the poor relations and neighbours, their saris making a beautiful splash of colour as they waited patiently for the fun to begin (as it happened, they had a very long wait, for all the family and the hundred-odd important guests were fed at the reception before these unfortunates were allowed to eat at the second sitting).

Outside the front door was the *pièce de resistance*, a huge American car with two horns and every possible gadget and appurtenance, which had been specially hired for the occasion. In odd contrast were the squalor and confusion of the backyard, where a sweating peasant (also hired, but for rather less money) was walking round and round a huge black cauldron in which he was stirring, with a gigantic wooden ladle, a seething mass of mangoes for the wedding curry. The house-cow, right beside him, poked her head amiably over the door of her tiny stall, cud-chewing temporarily forgotten as she peered with polite surprise into the bubbling cauldron.

The ceremony, at the local Presbyterian church, was like any English village wedding, except for the contrast of the bride's coffee-coloured shoulders showing through the white lace of her dress, and the surprising sight of Indian pageboys and bridesmaids round one very fair little flower-girl (my hostess' daughter). The bride was given away by her eldest brother, because the parents' principles did not allow them to attend a Christian ceremony. I wondered whether Mendelssohn, when he wrote his famous Wedding March, had ever visualized a dusky retinue such as I now saw coming down the aisle to the strains of his music!

And so the newly-married pair drove off in their huge American car, followed by others hired for the occasion, to make a triumphant tour of the neighbourhood, all their horns blowing incessantly to show that the deed was done, whilst we returned to await them with the cow and the poor relations. At 4 o'clock, we were served with an enormous curry wedding breakfast (the cakes, it seems, were for show only, and slices would be sent out later on to a favoured few). Many speeches were made, in varying degrees of suggestiveness, through all of which the bride sat with a completely expressionless face, and then the health of the happy pair was drunk in cider. As the curry had just taken the roof off my mouth, I was rather dismayed to find that our glasses were next replenished with raspberry cordial, and, if you have ever sampled the two combined, you will agree with me.

THE SUDETEN GERMANS — TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER

GILBERT FERGUSON

THE German word *Heimat* does not translate well into English. Words like 'homeland' and 'native place' are approximate in meaning but hardly convey its real significance. The fact that in Zoology it is equivalent to 'habitat' may indicate what it embodies. In slogans like *Recht auf Heimat* and *Freie Heimat* the word has kept recurring at the annual rallies of the Sudeten Germans held in Western Germany during the past years.

According to press reports, nearly two million Sudeten Germans live in the Federal Republic and West Berlin. Of these, 300,000 are registered members of their organization, the *Sudetendeutschen Landsmannschaft*. (In most cases only one member of a family is a paying member.) 916,000 are said to be in the Soviet Zone and East Berlin, 142,000 in Austria and 16,000 in other European countries. Before the expulsion this ethnic group in Czechoslovakia numbered about 3,300,000.

The fourteenth rally, held at Stuttgart in 1963, was an occasion to remember. 'The first special trains arrive on Friday', was a headline in a local paper. There were seventeen in all. (At the Frankfurt rally the year before, there are said to have been thirty-one.)

With the support of the local press, the organizers spared no effort to give the event an effective build-up. The programme began a week before Whit Saturday with the laying of a wreath over an urn of earth from the homeland (*Heimaterde*), buried in the Schillerpark at Marbach. Following this, 500 balloons were released bearing the words 'Sudeten German Rally, 1963, Stuttgart'. Throughout the week 104 activities of various kinds took place in and around Stuttgart. These included lectures, exhibitions, musical recitals, religious services and the presentation of the cultural prize for 1963, awarded for outstanding service in the cultivation of Sudeten German interests and traditions (*Volks-tumspflege*). All these led up to the main event—the mass rally on Whit Sunday in the beautiful Killesberg Park overlooking Stuttgart. By then 4,000 members of the Sudeten German Youth Movement had set up their camp of several hundred tents on a site close at hand.

The Sudeten Rally of 1963 was the largest of its kind held in the Federal Republic. The total attendance was estimated at 350,000. In the vast halls rows upon rows of tables and seats had been set up for the visitors. On the walls, at the head of each group of tables, were the names and coats-of-arms of places like Reichenberg, Gablonz, Karlsbad, Schluckenau, Kuhlaendchen, indicating the meeting-places of people from those parts of Sudetenland. There were effusive scenes as old acquaintances (mostly middle-aged and elderly) greeted or embraced each other after long absences. There is no doubt that Germans delight in such organized mass gatherings, but here many people were clearly giving way to natural joy at reunions with old friends. This seemed to be the way in which the occasion was regarded by most. The organizers, however, were obviously at pains to emphasize the fact that this was

not the main purpose of the meeting. The attractively designed and very elaborate programme gave plenty of space to the political aims of the Sudeten Germans, especially the 'Right to the Homeland' and 'Self-Determination'. Included in the programme was a trenchant article entitled 'The Munich Agreement and the Sudeten German Crisis of 1938'. In this the writer stated that the root of the whole trouble had lain in the dictated Treaty of Saint Germain in 1919, which had led to the crisis of 1938. The direct causes of this had been economic rather than political: mismanagement by the Czechoslovak Government had led to an unemployment figure of 800,000, of whom no fewer than 500,000 were Sudeten Germans. He went on to describe Masaryk and Benes as 'the gravediggers of Europe'. Benes's worst crime had been committed in 1945: the expulsion of over three million Sudetens from their age-old *Heimat*. In its course 240,000 had perished, many in circumstances of extreme cruelty. Today no one spoke of those victims of the 'humane' expulsion. The writer admitted that the establishment of the Protectorate of Bohemia-Moravia in March, 1939, had been a violation of the principle of self-determination. The Munich Agreement of September, 1938, however, in the opinion of recognized international lawyers, was a properly negotiated and genuine treaty. Since September, 1938, therefore, the Sudetenland had been a part of Germany and was still so today. The Munich Agreement was still valid.

In the course of the morning the beating of drums could be heard, and the different youth groups, boys in grey shirts and black shorts, girls in national costume, began to march to their places in front of the speakers' stand. First came the Egerländer then in succession groups from Berlin, Lower Saxony, Austria, Finland and from German minorities formerly living in Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia. They marched—rather raggedly—in time to drums and bugle-bands. Most of these young people were in their teens and early twenties, so that very few, if any, could have had any recollections of the *Heimat* or of the expulsion. Whatever the rally meant to them, the general atmosphere, brilliant weather, display of flags, colourful dresses, martial music and masses of people no doubt all combined to make it an impressive occasion.

One of the first speeches was one addressed in German to the youth of Czechoslovakia. It was repeated by a Czech girl in her own language. Since their last message three years before, the Sudeten German youth had sought to find friends throughout the world who were striving for a spirit of toleration and partnership on the basis of human rights. These friends supported the wishes of the Czech youth for freedom and human dignity which, to speak frankly, were denied them. The message ended with the call: 'Your homeland and ours must be part of a United Europe'.

The main speaker now took his place at the rostrum. This was Hans-Christoph Seeböhm, Minister of Transport in the Federal Government, and chief spokesman of the Sudeten German *Landsmannschaft*, a man whose irredentism and whose nationalistic utterances on such occasions have sometimes been an embarrassment to the Bonn Government.

Seeböhm emphasized that the Sudetens were not militarists or *revanchists*. In the Refugees' Charter they had renounced revenge and retaliation. Some people, even in the Federal Republic, accused them of lack of realism: they said the whole movement was the work of a few 'professional refugees'. The fact that hundreds of thousands came every year to the rally was the best answer to such people. There were some who asked, 'How can you go back to your old homeland without causing another expulsion of people—the Czechs?' There was also an answer to that. From recent travellers in Sudetenland, Germans and others, they had learnt that the countryside had become neglected, had become a wilderness, with villages half-empty and houses decaying. 'The Czechs, in fact, do not feel at home in our old homeland', said Seeböhm. He did admit, however, that they would never return to their homeland so long as it was ruled by the spirit of Benes or of Bolshevism. Many people would like to think that, with the passing of the years, their enthusiasm would cool, and that eventually they would abandon hope. That was what they would like to think: the reality, however, was different, as had been seen again that day, eighteen years after the expulsion. In general Seeböhm's speech followed the pattern of previous rallies. A new departure was his proclamation of the mission of the Sudeten Germans—German-Slav understanding as an eastern counterpart to the Franco-German reconciliation achieved by de Gaulle and Adenauer.

To demonstrate its interest and support, the Federal Government usually sends a senior Minister to address such rallies, a task demanding no small degree of tact and discretion. Kai Uwe von Hassel, Minister of Defence, the speaker on this occasion, said that the sufferings of the Czechs under the Third Reich did not provide moral justification for the expulsion in 1945. Czechs and Germans would always be neighbours; it was therefore in the interest of both nations to find a mutually acceptable solution of the problem.

This fourteenth rally of the Sudeten Germans, so far as one could judge, lacked nothing of the appeal of previous ones. Why, it may be asked, do such masses of people, many of them giving up part of their annual holiday and travelling great distances, attend this event? There is no doubt that genuine love of the *Heimat* and reunions with old friends play a big part. The careful nurturing of the youth section is meant to ensure that the urge to return does not die out with the older generation. But what hope have the Sudeten Germans of returning to their homeland? The uncommitted foreign observer must say: very little in the foreseeable future, if ever. In private conversation most West Germans admit this quite frankly. 'Most Sudetens are more prosperous here than ever they were in their homeland', said one man. 'They would not return if they had the opportunity'. He described their aims as quite unrealistic. It would not be surprising if, in his heart of hearts many a member of the Bonn Government shared these views—but who would dare express them in public? Rightly or wrongly, one gets the impression that local authorities who act as 'hosts' at such gatherings

do their best to provide moral and material support out of a sense of duty but without much enthusiasm.

At the 1964 rally, held at Nuremberg in May, Herr Seeböhm's demands went considerably beyond any he has yet made. They were indeed sensational. For the first time he actually demanded the return of the 'stolen' (*geraubt*) Sudeten German homelands to the Sudeten German people of these homelands (*Heimatsvolk*). For the first time, too, he expressed in words what had previously been expressed in print in the rally programme—that the Munich Agreement of 1938 had come about properly in accordance with international law and was still valid. These latest utterances aroused storms of protest both among eastern and western observers—and, it is fair to add, were strongly criticised by liberal opinion in Western Germany; they more than embarrassed the Chancellor, Dr. Erhard. Despite strong representations at home and abroad and calls for his dismissal, Seeböhm got off with nothing worse than a reprimand; he remains a Cabinet Minister—evidence of the support that he and his backers command.

The *Gretchenfrage*, 'Does the Federal Government consider the Munich Agreement of 1938 still legally valid?' was put by a journalist to the Federal Press Secretary, Herr von Hase, at a news conference in May. The Chancellor had to make a comment on the same question during his visit to Washington in June. Both were extremely cautious in their replies. 'Bonn has no territorial claims on Prague', said von Hase. This assurance (one cannot help feeling 'How reminiscent of 1938!') was repeated by Dr. Erhard, who added that, in his opinion, Hitler had torn up (*zerissen*) the Munich Agreement. As not infrequently happens when statesmen make speeches abroad, the Chancellor seems to have said more on a delicate subject in Washington than he would have said in Bonn, with the result that he has been under fire from the Sudeten German organizations and the Association of Expellees.

In spite of these recent assurances, the Federal Government has not yet stated categorically that it regards the Munich Agreement as null and void. Further, the Federal Press Secretary has said that the renunciation of territorial claims is not equivalent to renunciation of the right to the homeland (*Heimatrecht*). What does this mean? Do the Sudeten Germans want to return to Czechoslovakia? 'But,' the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* asks, 'who would want to return to a Communist country?' The question seems all the more absurd when one reads that there are still 200,000 Germans in Czechoslovakia who want to come to the Federal Republic. From whatever aspect one may consider the whole question, however, one thing is certain: although the Refugee Party (BHE) has ceased to count both at Federal and 'Land' elections, the Sudeten Germans are far from being a spent force. They remain a pressure group of considerable importance within the three main political parties. In any aspect of German policy involving German-Czech relations, it is clear that they cannot be ignored.

Stuttgart

IN FLANDERS FIELDS—AND TOWNS

TREVOR ALLEN

OF recent years I have made many Continental journeys. And why, I ask myself, should I recall most often and most vividly one through West Flanders with a small official party? Perhaps because it was in moody winter and off the normal holiday map; because it was a journey through history, and led at last to those 'foreign fields forever England' which we can never forget.

I had known and loved Bruges since my youth: its canals and bridges flanked by typically Flemish houses with stepped gables, its cathedral and Belfry carillon, its museums of primitive Flemish masters and modern Brangwyns, its placid Minnewater once a harbour, its rampart walks and thirteenth-century Beguinage where dames in white, green-shuttered almshouses surrounding elmed courtyard sit making lace, for which the city is noted.

But on this visit we were accorded the privilege of dining on oysters and lobster in the sixteenth-century hall of the Archers' Royal Guild of St. Sebastian with leading townsmen to whom archery is both sport and exclusive club. And what a dream that was of old Flemish furniture gleaming under antique chandelier, faded flags, portraits of past presidents and 'kings', a bust of our Charles II, once a Captain of the Company! And cases of medals won in contests with Ghent and other Flemish towns, cups presented by royal visitors, including Queen Victoria and our present Queen.

After dinner we sampled the 25-metre indoor shooting range, inspected the 60-metre outdoor one with its falcon or 'parrot' target on lofty pole. Archery in such surroundings has a mediaeval glamour every lover of tradition must revere. The centuries seemed but yesterday.

An ancient chivalry appeared to survive in the Guild's courtly president for the previous fourteen years, Dr. Henri Godar, who claimed close ties with Britain. His mother was English, he studied at London's Queen Charlotte's Hospital, graduated in Dublin, and was eager, he said, to fix a match with our Edinburgh archers. They would certainly receive at Bruges a memorable welcome.

The run to Tournai was over the wide Flanders plain; and I think one has to go to Flanders to know what 'plain' means: flat arable with no horizon, as earthy as the verse of Emile Verhaeren, villages that huddle under limitless sky, roads that go arrow-straight into infinity.

But what a grandiose dignity has Tournai! An 1188 Belfry. Belgium's oldest: eleventh and thirteenth century ramparts. Tower-flanked Pont des Troues which formed part of the thirteenth century walls. Massive Henry VIII Tower, part of a fortress he built after capturing the city in 1513. A dozen twelfth century churches. A seventeenth century Cloth Hall and Hotel de Ville. In and around the Grand Place, many fine old houses with stepped gables or Louis XIV overhang.

The twelfth century Romanesque-Gothic cathedral I can never forget, for its *Son et Lumière* spectacle, closed for the winter, was revived for our

special benefit. There, in the darkness of late evening, we huddled on rows of chairs placed on the pavement, warmed by portable electric heaters, while it re-awakened to Sound and Light, loudspeaker voices acclaimed the city's tumultuous history from echoing stone, transept windows lit up, lofty towers flickered with the flame and fury of battle against the night sky. I wondered what the nearby burghers thought, being thus kept from bed.

It was a gesture typical of Hainault, a province proud of its art as of its crafts and industries—porcelain, carpets, tapestries, coal-mining, which produced 50 per cent of Belgium's industrial output in only 12 per cent of its territory.

Earlier we had been shown the cathedral treasures by Judge Fourez, a scholarly, whitehaired Academician who, in 1945, had found among the archives a 1315 Psalter of Louis X probably worth at least ten million francs. Its 512 pages of Psalms, richly illuminated with gold leaf and other decorations by monks of a Tournai abbey, depicted people as monkeys, one being punished by his teacher for celebrating Mass. It was now on view, with another given to Henry VIII when he visited the city.

We were shown other priceless treasures, all scrupulously preserved and cherished: dazzling gold and silver thread copes, a 1402 Arras tapestry, the oldest next to one at Angers, France. A fifth century Cross set with emeralds, an eighth-ninth century ivory Bible, an ivory chest of the Virgin and St. John, a 1530 altar reredos of gilt ivory carved with scenes from the Virgin's life, a twelfth century fresco depicting St. Margaret of Antioch's life. In the Chapel of St. Louis, thirteenth century stained glass. This cathedral sacristy was indeed a fabulous treasure-house.

It was an exalting experience, climbing out of the Flanders plain to hilly Mons with its wide wooded views; a sobering one, too, when one came to the mementoes of 'unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago'—or not so long ago.

On a hill behind the cathedral, once a Roman fort, with remains of an eleventh century castle, rises the 1662 Belfry with its carillon of 47 bells; and nearby is the stone Memorial to the Old Contemptibles who fell defending the town in August, 1914, and the Canadians who liberated it in 1918.

From this hilltop one surveys the battlefields of two wars, for our troops fought there again in May, 1940; in September, 1944, the American 3rd Armoured and 1st Infantry Divisions were in action between Mons and the French border eight miles south.

Near the Town Hall is the War Museum, in a 1625 building which was formerly the State pawnshop. It is crammed with British, Canadian and German souvenirs found on the battlefields, flags, uniforms, weapons, battle plans, battered bugles, 26 British drums, a 2,000 lb. bomb dropped on a nearby village in 1918. It also shows photographs of Hitler and his grim deathcamps. I know no place which so brings home to one the tragedy and waste of war. To walk through it is to relive a nightmare.

At a reception given by Burgomaster Collard we met veterans of the 1914-18 campaigns: *sage*, quiet men, most of them, whose eyes mirrored sad memories. One was a whitehaired Belgian general who had fought on the Yser and now looked frail; another, a British ex-soldier who had settled in Mons and seen his son fill an important post in the city's CID.

It was touching: the deep friendliness of these Belgians for us who had shared a common ordeal. I noticed the same gentle concern later at Ypres. Were we not always brothers-in-arms? The years soften but do not erase. Amid current jibes and snarls against 'Imperialists' it is heartening and conciliating to be among people who know the sufferings we have borne, as they have, and welcome us still as comrades.

Nothing could have excelled the grace and charm with which we were received at the Chateau Le Relais in its lovely park a few miles out, where we dined in state with the Prince de Croy. Modest, cultured, quiet-mannered, devoid of ostentation though his home is one of the most elegant in Belgium, he personified a family proud to have produced a Marshal of France, four Field Marshals, a Cardinal, Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, and numerous Bishops and Ambassadors, and of having entertained Philip the Good, Charles the Bold, Mary of Burgundy, Charles V, Philip II and the Archdukes Albert and Isabel.

We saw the groined, arched halls of feudal dignity and dimensions, the Van Dyck and Fragonard paintings, the rare *objets d'art* which include the collar of the Golden Fleece worn by a famous ancestor, Anthony de Croy, Philip's councillor and chamberlain. It seemed incredible that this home of an ancient aristocracy should have survived the wars which had swept the countryside and devastated whole towns. One wanted to offer up a prayer of thanks for the miracle.

When we went on to Ypres we were on sanctified ground, symbolized by the trimly-kept war cemeteries as restful as gardens, the sounding of Last Post every evening at the Menin Gate Memorial to 55,000 missing whose names are inscribed on the stone and recorded in books kept in a recess.

What a resurrected city of memories it is—and not only of memories. The head of the British War Graves Commission there told me: 'We still find bodies in the Salient, when the ground is dug for new houses, culverts, and other purposes.' Some 200 British ex-Servicemen and their families had settled locally. One man on his staff had been a prisoner-of-war for four years in the first war, five in the second—probably a record.

Stand in the central Place, gaze up at the superb Cloth Hall rebuilt with the 120m. francs voted in 1922 and the uncompleted Town Hall adjoining, and you want to salute the spirit of a people who can suffer, smile, and cry *Resurgam*! There are sermons in the uprisen stones of Ypres. They tell us that those who have known suffering make the staunchest friends. One feels as much at home walking the Ypres *pavé* as in an English cathedral town.

Nothing in my journey was so deeply affecting as a drive through the Salient to Mont Kemmel to lunch at a charming new hostellerie

PORTUGAL IN GEOPOLITICS

PROFESSOR JOSEPH S. ROUCEK

GEOPOLITICALLY, and as a special brand of dictatorial government, contemporary Portugal is certainly one of the most interesting countries in the world.

Once a Pope divided the whole New World between Portugal and Spain. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Portuguese explorers, headed by Vasco de Gama, helped to open up the Americas, Africa and Asia, gave their tongue to great Brazil, and claimed an empire whose sizeable remnant Portugal rules. But no empire ever had a briefer term of glory. Portugal declined so fast and so far that the rest of Europe and America almost forgot it—until World War II, when Portugal, one of the few remaining neutrals in Europe, became the focal point where non-military forces of the Axis and the Allied governments came most directly into conflict. A connecting link between these two worlds, like Turkey in the east, it served as a clearing centre for both groups of belligerents; and it was the last avenue of escape from Western Europe for refugees, and one of the best channels of information from Nazi-occupied countries to the Western Hemisphere.

It proved quite important to the Allies. Historically, Great Britain had guarded it as a sort of an unofficial outpost on Europe's rimland, and Portugal's historic alliance with London provided the protection of the British fleet and saved at least a part of the Portuguese African possessions from annexation by other European powers. In recent years, Portugal has maintained close military relations with the United States, although the alliance is rather shaky at the moment, in consequence of Washington's unwillingness fully to support Lisbon's policies in Angola. Portugal is a member of the NATO, its principal contribution being the granting of permission to the US to build and maintain an air base in the Azores Islands.

It is also true that the harbours of Portugal (as well as of Spain) no longer serve the great trade routes of the world, and even the importance of the Portuguese islands in the Atlantic is declining. Long-range aircraft need no longer stop at the Azores (although cargo boats still refuel at the Cape Verde Islands). The geopolitical importance of the country is still highly appreciated, especially since Portugal (as well as Spain and Italy) benefits from the new air routes that lead from the US and Western Europe; Lisbon, Madrid, Barcelona and Rome are terminals of these air routes, and from these Mediterranean cities, airlines fly to West Africa and South America, thus bringing back in commerce part of what the discovery of America took from the Mediterranean Sea.

Two other points of distinction must be granted to the import of Portugal in current history.

Today Portugal still has three African territories which are the oldest European colonies, or as the Portuguese insist in classifying them, 'over seas provinces,' in the world. And the way the world trend is today, Portugal may have the distinction of being the only colonial power remaining in Africa.

Secondly, for sheer longevity the Portuguese dictatorship, headed by the world's senior dictator, Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, who was 74 in 1963, has outlasted all the others.

PORTUGUESE TERRITORY

The Continental Portugal is situated at the western extremity of Europe and occupies a quadrilateral in the Iberian Peninsula of 35,466 sq. miles; the archipelagoes of Madeira and the Azores are considered as an adjacent part of Portugal. In West Africa, Portugal owns the archipelagoes of Cabo Verde and Guinea, the islands of S. Tomé and Príncipe, and their dependencies, São João Baptista d'Ajuda, Cabinda, and Angola. In East Africa, Mozambique is Portugal's overseas province. Macao, in Asia, with an area of six miles, is on an island of the same name at the mouth of the Canton River in China (population: 169,299). Portuguese Timor in Oceania, and its dependencies, is the eastern part of the Malay Island of that name, off the North coast of Australia, Indonesia, claiming the western part (area, 7,330 sq. miles and population, 517,079). Following several years of agitation by India for the cession of Portuguese enclaves, the Indian army, navy and air units seized the three on 18 December, 1961. The oldest of Portuguese Overseas provinces, administered for more than 400 years, comprised Goa, on the Malabar coast; Damão, near Bombay; and Diu, a small island 140 miles from Damão.

The frontiers of Portugal are perhaps the least changed frontiers in Europe. On this little Atlantic oblong, comparable in size and population to Bulgaria, live over eight million Portuguese.

There is a geographical reason for the difference between Portugal and Spain; the slope of the land away from the centre of the Spanish plateau is very marked; as one approaches it from the east by train or by road one runs *down* into Portugal, through green valleys which contrast abruptly with the scorched plateau of Spain, and which mark very clearly the limits of the Atlantic rainfall. These valleys are very fertile and of great beauty. But the country is undeveloped, living by the export of cork, fish, and wine. The Portuguese have also considerable material riches in cloth: the textiles which were originally woven in the Serra da Estrela have been developed into a modern industry and, in addition, there is a long belt of new ultra-modern factories on the main road running eastward from Lisbon up to the Tagus, which connects with the highway to Spain and to Oporto.

Fishing is an important part of Portugal's economy. It is estimated that about 100,000 people earn their living by fishing. Fish is a more important item of food than meat, especially among the poorer people of the towns, who consume large quantities of sardines. Cod, too, forms a large part of the average diet, but four-fifths of it comes from foreign fishermen. Sardine canning at Matosinhos and tunny at Portimão are a flourishing export industry. But mechanization of the fleet is still incomplete and its methods and equipment are outdated.

The attraction of the sea is shown also in the location of the large urban centres, which are all ports.

Wheat, maize, oats, barley, rye and rice are important. Vineyards abound, and wines, olive oil and fruit are heavily produced. Forests of pine, oak, cork and chestnut cover 19 per cent of the country, and the nation leads the world in cork production. Portugal has coal, pyrites, lead, copper, tin, wolfram, kaolin, sulphur, lithium, titanium. Textiles, pottery, chemical products, paper and glassware are principal manufactures. But steel production was begun only in 1961. Cork, wine, canned sardines, tuna, anchovies, and resins are exported. Unfortunately, Portugal is over-populated in relation to its existing resources. Cereal production is insufficient and has to be supplemented by imports. Although manufactured goods form only a small part of family purchases, many are bought abroad rather than produced locally. The chief problem, then, is to develop industry. But the country's coal resources are poor and its iron resources (at Moncorvo) difficult to mine. The government has been interested since 1927 in the development of light industry. A fine network of communications has been constructed, and a start has been made with the construction of great hydro-electric power stations on the northern rivers with their irregular gradients and fairly regular and abundant flow. The production of electricity has doubled in the last decade, but the power installed still represents only about one-tenth of the potential reserve. The industries which have chiefly benefited from this source of power are those engaged in cotton spinning and weaving (at Minho, a small market town in the highlands, at Covilha on the flanks of the Serra da Estrela, and at Lisbon). Production in the chemical industry has also increased. But in total value and in value per head of the population, the figures do not bear comparison with those of countries with a higher standard of living.

A considerable proportion of the citizens contributes little or nothing to the economy: civil servants, small inventors, and a great number of those living by small trades (drawn to the town by the attraction of a regular income, which they can no longer find in the countryside).

THE PEOPLE

In spite of the regional variations, the Portuguese people display a degree of homogeneity that is one of the highest in Europe. They remain, to a great extent, a simple people, the majority being peasants or small proprietors. In the countryside they are living in the direct line of an unbroken cultural tradition, including costumes, songs, and dances.

They belong to the Mediterranean race, characterized by short stature, long cranium, brown eyes and hair and a dark skin. Being of highly mixed ancestry, the Portuguese include Celtic, Nordic, and Moorish origins, with a mixture of Negro blood in the south, where slaves were imported during the five hundred years of Moorish occupation. Some Nordic elements are represented by taller individuals with pale eyes.

The original nucleus of the present political structure goes back to the thirteenth century when a small principality, whose Christian population, driven back by the Moslems, afterwards set out along the coast to reconquer the south. At that time, Portugal could be distinguished from neighbouring principalities by its language, which had developed

from the original Romanic language and was distinct from the Castilian tongue. (Like the Castilians, the Portuguese became settled at a very early date, but their boundaries did not exactly coincide with those of their states, and so beyond the conventional frontier of the Minho, in the north of Portugal, the natives of Galaicia, attached to Castileo, spoke a Lusitanian dialect still surviving in country districts.)

Although the Portuguese and Castilian peoples have certain similar traits of character and temperament, there are important differences. Whilst the Castilian readily bristles at any affront to his dignity, the Portuguese are more easygoing, more melancholy, and more tolerant of weaknesses.

The language, like Spanish, is a Romance language, and directly descended from the Latin dialects of Roman Lusitania and still bears strong likenesses to classical Latin. But its vocabulary has been influenced by the Moorish invasions and by French contacts in the medieval period. Portuguese is spoken throughout the whole country with only slight dialect variations—and is also the language of Brazil.

The population has grown rapidly from around 5 million at the beginning of the century to 8,913,000 (1962). Settlements are strongly concentrated along the coast, with areas of low density in the north-east and in the Aletenjo plains in the south. Overcrowding in rural areas (such as in Minho in the north-west) has been partly reduced by emigration (especially to Brazil).

Although primary education has been compulsory since 1911, the level of literacy remains low; even now only 60 per cent of the population can read and write. There is, however, a growing number of *liceus* (state secondary schools) and technical schools, and the proportion is likely to increase rapidly as the 1952 measures for educational expansion take effect.¹ The traditional centre of higher learning is the University of Coimbra. Lisbon, however, has a larger enrolment in its main university (founded 1911) and growing numbers at the Technical University (1930). Oporto University (1911) is of about the same size as Coimbra.

Despite the cosmopolitan character of Lisbon and Oporto, traditional ways are little changed in Portuguese villages. Religious pilgrimages and *festas* still play a dominant part in rural life: traditional designs are still used in costume, pottery, weaving, and ceramics. Ox carts and fishing boats, like costume, have distinct designs in different parts of the country. *Fado*, the folk music, has followed the same traditional pattern for centuries, and guitars still accompany the black-shawled singer.

For the seekers of the past, Portugal offers a concentration of European history. There are granite and marble Roman ruins at Evora, the lofty remains of the Visigoth castle of Sao Jorge in Lisbon; the convent at Tomar, with its Byzantine rotunda and Gothic cloisters, the Moorish battlements at Sintra are the masterpieces of Portuguese architecture.

A fabulous world of nineteenth century refinement, *politesse* and relaxation, Portugal offers discriminating travellers one of the last

¹For details, see Roucek, Joseph S., 'Education in Portugal', reprinted from *The Catholic Educational Review*, March, 1955.

heavens of graceful living, one where service is an art and quality a point of pride. Portugal is not the cheapest country in the world, but it is nearly impossible to find comparable goods and services elsewhere for so moderate a fee. It is also one of the countries where 'taking' the tourist is not a national pastime, and foreigners are still received with genuine hospitality. Portugal, above all, is still Portuguese. It was only in 1963 and 1964 that the government suddenly became aware of the possibilities of tourist revenues.

Portugal's urban life is very much centred in Lisbon (835,000) and in Oporto (285,000). Setubal (a fishing and canning centre south of Lisbon), Coimbra (University and market centre of the central districts), and Braga (northern cotton-textile centre) are the leading towns, but each has fewer than 50,000 inhabitants. Lisbon, with its fine natural harbour, dominates the country's import and export trade. The other major port, Leixoes, a few miles north of the Douro river, serves as a port for Oporto.

HISTORICAL ROOTS

Located on the edge of Europe, Portugal was easily accessible in ancient times to settlers from northern Africa. Later, Portugal was invaded by the Romans, then by the Gothic tribes who swept down the Iberian Peninsula. When the Mohammedan Moors invaded the Peninsula from Africa in the 700s, they also overran Portugal.

During this early period, Portugal was merely a section of the country that is now Spain. During the long centuries of struggle to drive the Moors back to Africa, a Portuguese national spirit crystallized. Finally, in 1143, Portugal won its independence and soon expelled the Moors from its borders.

A new era for Portugal started in the late 1300s when the country began to send its explorers overseas and established the basis for a great commercial empire. Under the inspiration of Prince Henry the Navigator, Portuguese seamen sailed around the southern tip of Africa and developed a water route to India.

Within the next few centuries, Portugal obtained possessions in the Orient and Africa, and even discovered and colonized Brazil. The Kingdom of Portugal became one of the wealthiest in Europe. For a brief period in the 1600s Portugal was joined to Spain, but the Portuguese revolted after 60 years and regained their independence.

The enormous Empire was, however, gradually lost to other powers, and Brazil won its independence in 1822. In 1910, a strong uprising drove the King into exile and established the Republic of Portugal. But the government suffered from constant changes until an army revolt of 1926 set up a military dictatorship with General Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona as President (who was re-elected until his death in 1951). But the leading figure, since 1932, has been Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, who refused to become a candidate for the Presidency after the death of General Carmona, claiming that the time-consuming requirements of attending official functions would prevent his giving adequate attention to the management of the country's affairs.

THE PORTUGUESE BRAND OF POLITICS

Among the effective forces at work in Portugal today are the State, which means primarily one man, Salazar; the Church; 'Big Business'; the relationship with Brazil; and the Anglo-Portuguese Alliance.

Any comprehension of the Portuguese type of politics depends on the proper evaluation of the Portuguese mentality. For example, two words which are used so frequently in the Western world, 'democracy' and 'freedom', are so completely differently understood in Portugal, that their use is rather dangerous. 'Democracy' in Portugal means a state of affairs, such as that prevailing during the early stages of the republic, bordering on anarchy. And 'freedom' in Portugal means freedom not to be bound by obligations, freedom from restraint, freedom from duties, freedom not to pay debts, and the like.

Portugal was a monarchy for some 700 years. In 1910 a revolution overthrew the Braganzas and a republic came to power. After 1910 Portugal witnessed 24 revolutions and *coups d'état*—without much loss of life.

In 1926, the last democratic government was overthrown by a military coup, largely supported by elements which had caused the earlier disturbances. Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar became Prime Minister in 1932 and has been virtual dictator of Portugal ever since.

The explanation of Portugal's political history since the early nineteenth century can be found only in its peculiar social and economic structure. Brazil's achievement of independence in 1822 left Portugal with the pressing necessity of reorganizing along new lines its own economic system, hitherto based entirely upon the riches arriving from the distant colony. But Portugal never succeeded in completing the needed reforms. This was due primarily to the resistance of the old traditional interests enjoying the protection of the monarchy. A powerful republican current developed. A republic was created in 1910, as a result. But the republic did not succeed in solving the old problems, which became increasingly pressing; democratic aspirations were smothered by military dictatorship.

The development of Portugal's political parties followed much the same course as that of the parties in Spain. A *modus vivendi* between the Conservatives (*Regeneradores*) and the Liberals (*Progressistas*) was established, and the two parties rotated in office with the assistance of the *caciques* (political chiefs).

But from about 1890 difficulties of an international and financial character, together with the trend of the crown toward dictatorship, caused the parties to degenerate into personal factions unable to form a stable government or to provide any of the necessary reforms. Republicanism gathered strength with the downfall of the monarchy in Brazil and the increasing radicalism of the urban masses. Unfortunately, the Republic, formed in 1910, was unable to provide any solution of the country's economic and political problems. The republican forces disintegrated into factions of which the Democratic Party could alone be termed a party; it was liberal and represented the middle and lower

classes. But it also inherited the secret Carbonari organization, which, frequently guilty of excesses, was deployed with effect against royalist and radical extremists.

The Constitution of 1911 was republican and democratic, with universal suffrage for males over 21; but the government was as liable to upheavals as the city of Lisbon to earthquakes. The Portuguese Chamber was in a chronic condition of suspension. Thus the republican regime was characterized by intrigues, uprisings and unrest. The state was afflicted with corrupt politicians and a revolutionary military force. Twice during the period, in 1915 and in 1918, rebellious members of the navy bombarded Lisbon. Premier after Premier and Ministry after Ministry were overthrown. In 1921 the Premier was murdered. Finally, in 1926, the republic gave way, as we have seen, to a military dictatorship, which brought the state to the verge of bankruptcy and a communistic revolution within two years.

THE RISE OF SALAZAR

Dr. Oliveira Salazar became Minister of Finance in 1928.

This Professor of Economics at the University of Coimbra got a first taste of politics in 1926. National finances were chaotic after twenty government changes in five years. He was invited to come to Lisbon to straighten them out. He took a look at the parliamentary confusion and, in deep disgust, demanded a free hand with the Treasury. When this was refused, he caught the next train back to the sedge-lined banks of the Mondego. At the end of two years, continued chaos resolved itself into a government shake-up, and mild, aristocratic General Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, became President. This besashed, epauletted figurehead made Salazar Minister of Finance, with extraordinary powers, which he used to make himself dictator.

Born at Santa Comba Dao (not far from Europe's second oldest University), in a typical pink-walled Portuguese village, he had made such good marks in grade school that his peasant mother, whom he worshipped, called him 'the little priest'. He entered a seminary, but later decided he had no aptitude for the priesthood and became an instructor of economics at Coimbra University. Peasant-born and bred, he has the appearance of an over-refined intellectual, but hates parades, pomp or cheers.

On his appointment as Prime Minister, Salazar began immediately to construct his *Estado Novo*. Frequently compared to the totalitarian systems of Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and Falangist Spain, it was emulated by President Getulio Vargas of Brazil; both men denounced the idea that English Parliamentarism and Western Liberalism could be applied to all nations. They believed that their respective countries needed 'a strong regime, based on justice and work.' Both tried to re-adjust political machinery to the economic necessities of the country. Guided by a common credo of 'family, fatherland, religion', Salazar and Vargas both stressed the predominantly Catholic background of their nations. They accepted the Church's anti-capitalist, anti-socialist ideal

of a corporative state, and aimed at social reconstruction in line with the principles set forth in Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* and Pope Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*.

According to the Constitution promulgated in 1933, Portugal is a 'unitary and corporative' state, meaning that it is an organic whole, organized through 'corporations' representing the different phases of its life. This organization lays much more emphasis on the duties of man than on the rights of man.

Each of the 'corporations', the occupational groups which are the component parts of the *Estado Novo*, is responsible for its own corporate life, like the medieval guilds. Each must protect all those engaged in the branch of activity with which it is concerned, ensure that all of them are adequately paid for their work, defend their rights, and provide for them in times of misfortune. According to constitutional fiction, there are no upper, middle, or lower classes, but merely persons engaged in the wine industry, the cork industry, the sardine industry, and so forth. There are associations of employers and of the employed, whose first duty is not to defend class interests but those of the community.

Obviously, the system is a dictatorship, but more authoritarian than totalitarian, for, like in Spain, the leader confines his interests mainly to the political and economic activities of the people. The government apparently allows opposition groups to run for office, but Salazar's candidates are, naturally, always victorious.

The political machinery that keeps Salazar in power is based on the Party of National Union which, in the Portuguese official ideology, is not a party, in the sense in which the West understands the word, but an organization intended to unite men of good will throughout Portugal who subscribe to a particular ideology which has been clearly defined for them.

The government-organized Party of National Union has the task of combating individualism, socialism and parliamentarianism. Through it the group around Dr. Salazar controls elections to the Presidency and the National Assembly and appointments to the Corporative Chamber, which represents local authorities and the various social and economic interests. The Corporative Chamber reports and advises on all bills submitted to the National Assembly. The regime is also supported by the green-shirted Portuguese Legion, a party militia. The elections are used as demonstrations of popular support for the existing regime rather than as a means of choosing governing bodies. Only 'educated heads of families' are eligible to vote.

The Church is symbolized in the person of the Cardinal Patriarch; the title of Patriarch in itself symbolizes the particular and traditional affection felt by the Holy See for Portugal. The State has not tried to usurp the functions of the Church; exercised in the orthodox Roman Catholic spirit and tradition.

A force which is seldom noted is 'Big Business', though not the 'big' in the American sense. The weaving interests and the sardine industry are sufficiently important and well-organized to merit some attention

as forces in the country. The peculiar business interest arising from the discovery of wolfram (or tungsten) has resulted in the creation of many peasant fortunes, with ludicrous effect, frequently satirized in Portuguese revues.

Today, Dr. Salazar is the sole arbiter of Portuguese affairs at home and on the African continent. The 74-year-old strong man lives austere, shuns the spotlight and appears to have little regard for expressions of the public will. 'I believe democracy is a fiction,' he has been quoted as saying. But on the issue of the African possessions, Salazar wants the world to know that his people are with him; on 27 August, 1963, a giant rally in Lisbon heard the Premier promise to fight 'to the limit of our resources' to keep the nation's rich African territories. The nation, he said, was united 'to defend our national integrity. . . . No outside forces must alter our position.' A Security Council resolution on 31 July, 1963, called for an arms embargo against Portugal; the US, Britain and France, Portugal's partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, abstained in the vote on the resolution. The Lisbon rally brought out an estimated 250,000 people to cheer the leader and parade banners of defiance to the UN; it was something of a change in tactics, since Dr. Salazar wants the world to know that his people are with him—on the issue of the African possessions. Otherwise, his reply to criticism of Portugal's domestic and territorial policies is based on his claim that the lack of political parties is due to the fact that they cannot fulfil their roles because Portuguese people are wont to co-operate with one another. (The Republic, from 1910 to 1926, saw 45 governments and nine Presidents.) The present 'no-party' system, he claims, allows for progress by co-operating among the volatile Portuguese but cannot become oppressive since it adheres to the nation's historic traditions which the vast majority of the Portuguese people want to maintain.²

In general, his regime has the support, with distinctly different degrees of enthusiasm, of a broad middle sector of the country's social structure. While the fringe of the monarchists and the Liberal-democratic opposition has been muttering, together with the Communists, Salazar has been, nevertheless, able to handle all opposition. Once in a while chronic restlessness bursts forth and is helped with gestures of opposition from a section of the armed forces and some leading figures of the academic world (in turn accused of being Communists). This was evidenced by the revolt of 10 April, 1947, when Admiral Cabecadas was dismissed and with him a number of other officers together with 21 Professors and lecturers. Then Henrique Galvao, a Liberal and former Portuguese Army Captain, who hijacked the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* in 1961 to dramatize his campaign for the overthrow of Dr. Salazar, testified, in December, 1963, before the General Assembly's Trusteeship Committee of the UN—but that Angola and Mozambique are not yet ready for independence (thus antagonizing foes of Portuguese colonial rule). On 14 March, 1964, about 500 Portuguese university students defied the

²Salazar, Antonio, 'Realities and Trends of Portuguese Policies', *International Affairs*, RIIA, Chatham House, April, 1963, pp. 169-183.

authorities by holding a demonstration despite an official ban. The students' show was, however, more a movement of passive resistance than of rebellion, since the slogans were limited to requests for the right to form associations and to hold meetings. (The reason given for forbidding the demonstration was concern lest the meetings might degenerate into a repetition of the violent demonstrations of 1962, which were followed by a month-long students' strike.) The trial of 86 Portuguese, accused of taking part in an insurrection at Beja on 1 January, 1962, was suspended on 30 January, 1964. The principal defendant, General Humberto Delgado, Opposition Presidential candidate in 1958, accused of having directed from abroad an armed attack on an infantry barracks at Beja, set up his headquarters in Algiers as part of a polyglot anti-Salazar Liberation Front.

There also remains the question of succession. A cautious, polite discussion opened in February, 1964, in the government-controlled Press on this delicate question: 'Who will succeed Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar?' He has held power for 31 years. On his last public appearance, at a mass in memory of President Kennedy, the Premier looked well and vigorous; nevertheless, he was 75 years old on 28 April, 1964.

In the middle of February, the (relatively) independent newspaper *O Diario da Lisboa* warned: 'Regimes based on the authority and prestige of a single man, however esteemed this authority and however justified this prestige, run the risk of a break in administrative continuity the day the man disappears from the political scene.' *O Diario da Manhã*, organ of Dr. Salazar's National Union, replied on 16 February, that Portugal had avoided the danger of a concentration of power in the hands of a single man, 'as in North America', preferring to separate the heads of government and the chief of state. The Portuguese Premier is named by the President of the Republic, elected every seven years; since 5 July, 1932, no President has seen fit to replace Premier Salazar.

ECONOMIC DIFFICULTIES

At the end of 1963, the Portuguese were warned that greater sacrifices were required in the future for the continued 'defence of national integrity'. The 1964 budget gave top priority to the military effort in Lisbon's African possessions, particularly Angola and Portuguese Guinea, where limited but persistent nationalist insurrections are cursing the administration.

'The prospect of new sacrifices for people whose average annual income is \$260 was grim.'³ Yet there were no demonstrations or demands for the surrender of the troublesome overseas 'provinces'. The dominant ideology of Portugal is the same: that Portugal cannot even conceive living without her colonies.

Defence expenditures for the first eight months of 1963 were 3,856,800,000 escudos (\$134,988,000) out of a total budgetary expenditure of 8,688,000,000 escudos for that period.

³Howe, Marvin, 'Portugal Strives to Hold Colonies', *New York Times*, 10 January, 1964.

The Law of Means authorizing the 1964 budgetary expenditures and revenue largely substantiated the popular conviction that the overseas territories were worth fighting for.

According to the official report, the Angolan economy had enjoyed a boom year, with a 39 per cent increase in exports for the first five months, compared with the same period of 1962. Coffee and diamond production rose with the upswing in the world market prices, and there was an expansion in the cotton and petroleum production. A healthy rise was reported in the transformation industries of petroleum byproducts, paper pulp, sugar, tobacco, and rubber. Mozambique saw a rise in the production of sugar cane, oil products and sisal, but suffered a loss in cotton production because of unfavourable weather. The smaller territories such as Portuguese Guinea, which have never contributed much to the escudo area, held their own.

Nevertheless, mainland Portugal, striving to build up and expand basic industries, is plagued by an increasing heavy trade imbalance. Imports (mainly from West Germany, Britain and the US) rose 8.5 per cent during the first ten months of 1963, while exports rose only 6.2 per cent. The trade deficit was 5,703,000,000 escudos—an 11 per cent increase over the same period in 1962.

Yet, despite defence spending and the unfavourable trade balance the Bank of Portugal's gold and foreign exchange holdings have remained high, rising to about \$779,700,000 by September of 1963 or \$28,400,000 over the 1962 level.

Portugal's gross national product was expected to rise by 6 to 7 per cent for 1963, compared with an average of 3.5 per cent rise in Western Europe for 1962.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

During World War II, Salazar, in spite of his anti-democratic tendencies, pursued a serpentine policy which, however, was enough in the Allies' direction to earn their tolerance, if not their approval. In 1943, Salazar permitted Britain and her allies to use the Azores for naval and air bases. But on Hitler's death, Portugal ordered two days of mourning for Hitler, and flags were flown at half-mast on all public buildings. The German Catholic Church in Lisbon was crowded and many wept when Monsignor Wurzer, the Chaplain, spoke of Hitler as a martyr to what he called 'the knightly fight against the advancing flood of bolshevism'. On the other hand, Salazar continued Portugal's alliance with Britain—Europe's oldest alliance, in fact, a mutual aid agreement dating from 1373. Thus Britain has stood as a barrier to attacks on both the homeland and colonial empire of Portugal; and in World War II, Salazar justified Portugal's neutrality as helping Britain by forestalling German seizure of Portuguese wolfram and other war materials.

Nevertheless, in recent years, a strategic airfield on a rocky island in the Atlantic remains Portugal's major pawn in its cooling relations with the United States. The United States Air Force operates giant Lajes, an airfield in the Azores Islands, as an important refuelling stop and

communications centre. Since 1944, when American forces first received Portuguese permission to utilize the Azores as 'stepping stones', radio, radar, electronics and aerial refuelling facilities have been installed there. No rental charges have ever been levied against the US for the Azores. Spending by US servicemen in the huge base runs about \$6 million a year. In separate pacts with Portugal, the US furnished her with about \$300,000,000 in military equipment since World War II and about \$90,000,000 in economic aid. The economic aid, however, ended in 1962.

The growing coolness of the Portuguese regime towards the US has been mounting steadily since the end of the Eisenhower Administration. The General was popular with the Salazar regime, partly because of his onetime role as Supreme Commander of NATO and partly because the Republican leader was considered sympathetic to Portugal's problems in her African provinces.

President Kennedy's support for emerging African nations proved a major stumbling block . . . in the view of Portuguese leaders. They have been complaining privately that Washington appears to be discounting the Atlantic Alliance for closer ties with the African and Asian nations. They list other grievances.

Portugal appreciated the US condemnation of India's aggression against Goa, Diu and Damao in the UN, but officials charge that the State Department's 'vague' instructions to the US Ambassador in New Delhi led India to think that Washington might turn a blind eye to any seizure of the enclaves. The Portuguese were distressed that Mrs. John F. Kennedy should have paid a widely publicized visit to Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru so soon after India had been condemned by the US and others for openly violating her repeated pledges of 'non-violence' in settling international disputes. The Portuguese Army is angry because it had 4,000 men in Indian custody in Goa and because it has an estimated total of 35,000 troops in the north of Angola, combating an armed native rebellion there; some rebel leaders have received semi-official American support, while the US has rejected Portuguese demands for more arms.

At any rate, US rights in the military base expired on 31 December, 1962, and Lisbon has been since sitting back with its arms folded waiting for an opening bid from Washington. Portugal is not seeking cash; it wants US support for its hold on its African territories, especially when Lisbon is under attack from the African-Asian bloc in the UN. What aggravates the Lisbon government is the fact that the US has repeatedly sided with the African-Asian bloc or abstained from voting on resolutions considered damaging to Portugal. Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, chief US delegate to the UN, is possibly the most unappreciated American statesman and official in Portuguese government circles.

Talk is heard in Lisbon today about the prospect of Portugal's extending diplomatic recognition to a neighbour—Communist China. France's recent recognition of the Peking regime triggered suggestions, apparently government-approved, that it might be a good idea for this country to have an embassy in Communist China. According to Portuguese law, all

its overseas territories are provinces and therefore an integral part of the nation. One of these provinces is Macao, a six-square-mile possession off Communist China's south-central Kwangtung province.

Macao thrives as a trade centre; it is financially dominated by Chinese, who make up 95 per cent of its estimated 200,000 inhabitants. Crossing the border gates into Communist China is considered only slightly more difficult than at neighbouring Hong Kong. Macao eats food grown on Mao Tse-tung's communes and drinks water pumped from the People's Republic of China, with which it enjoys comfortable trade relations. Alberto Pacheco Jorge, the Macao representative in the Portuguese National Assembly, has visited Peking as a guest of the government, which also invited and welcomed a Portuguese journalist.

It is generally conceded that a majority of the Macao Chinese are pro-Peking, and that these include the moneyed classes. Up to now the pro-Mao and pro-Chiang Kai-shek Chinese in Macao have lived in harmony.

French recognition of Communist China has been generally welcomed in Lisbon official circles. But establishment of relations between two states is a bilateral action. No one in Lisbon has voiced any idea that it may be against Peking's interests to recognize the government of Dr. Salazar, whose decision to hang on to Portugal's territories in Africa has earned him the enmity of the African-Asian bloc. But it is this bloc which Communist China is intent on influencing at present, notably through Premier Chou En-lai's tour of Africa at the turn of this year. And one of Premier Salazar's avowed foes, Angolan rebel leader Holden Roberto, enjoys the friendship of Peking and has announced he intends to obtain weapons from Communist China.⁴

University of Bridgeport, Connecticut

⁴See Roucek, Joseph S., 'Geopolitics of Portuguese Colonialism', *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, April, 1964, of which a limited number of copies, price 4s. 6d. each, is still available on postal application to the Manager at 36 Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

TREVOR ALLEN IN FLANDERS—Concluded from Page 475

where the tide of battle had ebbed and flowed before the French were driven off it in the last desperate German attack of April, 1918. Gazing over the flat, forlorn Flanders fields which had been a purgatory of blood and mud, one had to fight back tears.

The regrown woodland of oak, beech and hazel, the wide view from the terrace, were—for me—haunted. One could not forget the stone pyramid to 5,294 'unknowns', the summit column to all the French who fell on Belgian soil. The talk over *aperitifs* and at table was intermittent, subdued; one seemed to walk on tiptoe lest one awakened . . . ghosts, so immanent on that winter-grey hill. A tribute to the quarter-of-a-million men who died in the Salient by Ypres, Alderman Omer Robyn solemnized a social function as impressive as any I have ever attended.

Ypres is a spiritually probing experience. It was not depressing, for earnest comradeship underlies it. The whole journey, so memorable in retrospect, made me wonder why more people do not tour West Flanders instead of sticking to some crowded holiday *plage*, alternating between bathing hut, casino and hotel.

THE ARTS—

WHITE'S VIRGINIA*

SHELDON WILLIAMS

THE British Museum rang me to ask if I would pay a visit so that I could examine a book for review. It seemed a strange request. I suggested that it might be easier if they sent me a copy of the book. After some embarrassment, it transpired that this was no ordinary book. After ten years of research and experimentation with the production of the colour illustrations, the British Museum and the University of North Carolina Press had at last brought out *The Drawings of John White* in two immense volumes (for a combined price of 70 guineas) in a limited edition of 600—300 for the United States, and 300 for Britain and the rest of the world.

The reproduction of John White's drawings in book form is no new project. Time and again during the past 60 years well-meaning groups have come together with such a plan in mind (it nearly came to fruition just before the last War) only to be frustrated by the very heavy costs involved. One of the greatest snags has been the reproduction of the drawings themselves. Under the terms of the BM's trusteeship, the 'drawings' are not allowed to be removed from the Museum's premises. Since all the drawings are delicately handtinted by White in skilfully applied watercolour and, further, they all underwent serious damage in a dramatic sequence of incidents described below, the technical difficulties of obtaining anything like facsimile reproduction have proved immense.

The very real problems that existed in reproducing White's watercolours after nearly 400 years of wear and tear made normal colour printing methods insufficient. The way chosen for the current volumes has been application of the collotype printing process *plus* application by hand of the secondary colours through foil stencils (*pochoir*). So the final result is really a watercolour upon a printed base. The two methods employed have therefore been: for collotype, Imprimerie Duval; for pochoir, Atelier Beaufume of Paris. The two artists who worked on the final illustrations were Mrs. P. D. H. Page and Mrs. Jeanne Holgate. The paper chosen for the illustrations is a close approximation of that which White used so many years ago.

Who was John White?

Until this book's publication, few outside the esoteric study of early North American settlers had heard of him, let alone his drawings.

Although only the watercolour (the first of its kind) of the swallowtail butterfly is ascribable by signature to White, there is absolutely no doubt that the collection in the British Museum is from his hand. Most of the American drawings were left by White in a trunk with the original settlement of Virginia Colony, but when he returned some years later and found the settlers fled, their hutments a broken ruin, the case in which the drawings had rested was waterlogged and the drawings

**The American Drawings of John White*, 2 vols. The Trustees of the British Museum, and the University of North Carolina Press, limited edition of 600 copies, 300 for the USA, and 300 for the UK and World, price 70 guineas.

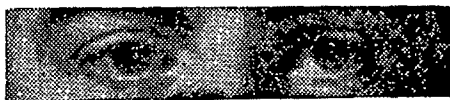
mildewed. White arduously recopied them and indeed they were subsequently to pass in re-copied form through many hands until they eventually are heard of once more in the 1788 catalogue of Thomas Payne the elder, the London bookseller, where they are listed (without provenance) as lot 284 'Pictures of sundry Things collected and counterfeited according to the Truth, in the Voyage made by Sir W. Raleigh, Knight, for the Discovery of La Virginea, in the 27th Year of the most happie Reigne of our Souveraigne Lady Queen Elizabeth, 75 drawings coloured, in the original binding.' James Caulfield, the first Earl of Charlemont, bought them through his literary adviser, the dramatic critic Edmund Malone, for part of his noble library, and thereafter they remained in Dublin until they were sent for sale by James Molyneux, the third Earl, to Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge's early in 1865.

It was at this point that a terrible fate befell the drawings. A fire broke out in the adjacent warehouse in Wellington Street. Part of Sotheby's was destroyed and White's drawings were caught in the fire area to the extent of the page edges of the book being charred. A splendid display by the local fire brigade which added excitement to the pyrotechnic meant that the volume was soaked from cover to cover and then remained under pressure for three weeks. It is in this fashion that the distinctive offset prints of the saturated drawings were obtained. This historic diversion accounts for the existence of a 'double' series of White's drawings.

White himself was an extraordinary man even for an Elizabethan. He seems to have been able to combine in one person the effective attributes of naturalist, anthropologist, watercolour artist (of considerable talent), pioneer discoverer, and administrator. He was a familiar of the great heroes of Elizabeth's West Country, and was a welcome member of the ship's company when Raleigh set forth to vindicate his theories about the Virginias. Later, when Raleigh lost heart and literally abandoned his newly founded colony on the Virginia mainland, White was not prepared to give up so easily. He was appointed first Governor of the new Colony, and only lack of funds and other support made it impossible for him to render a better account of his stewardship than his more illustrious erstwhile master. History too intervened; the imminence of the Spanish Armada reduced the Queen's enthusiasm for her territory in North America while the certainty of an encounter with the Spanish fleet obsessed the minds of the seadogs to the exclusion of all else. When White made a bid to return to Virginia with command of two pinnaces, the *Brave* and the *Roe*, in 1588, he got no further than the Azores before his orders were countermanded by the Court in Whitehall and he was forced to return. Two years later with the help of a Syndicate, he once more reached the Virginia Coast, but only to find that all was lost. The codewords CRO and CROATOAN were found carved on wooden posts (an agreed sign that the settlers were to have left if they felt that they had to move because life in the Colony had become intolerable through failures in supplies from Europe). It was at this time that White, picking his way through the ruins of the Colony, found first the remains of the

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capital equipment that had been transported from England, and later his broken and rotting baggage. White summed up his 1590 voyage in these words:

Thus may you plainly perceiue the successe of my fift voiage to Virginia, which was no less vnfortunately ended then frowardly begun, and as lucklesse to many, as sinister to my selfe. But I would to God it had bene as prosperous to all, as noysome to the planters: and as ioyfull to me, as discomfortable to them. Yet seeing it is not my first crossed voyage, I remaine contented. And wanting my wishes, I leaue off from prosecuting that whereunto I wish to God my wealth were answerable to my will. Thus committing the reliefe of my discomfortable company the planters in Virginia, to the merciful help of the Almighty, whom I most humbly beseech to help and comfort them, according to his most holy will & their good desire. (*Letter to Hakluyt.*)

It was the end of the line for White. The letter to Hakluyt (which enclosed the narrative of his 1590 voyage) was written from Ireland in 1593. It is the last paper of the sketchy dossier.

But White the artist has survived the administrator and the discoverer. The influences that one can see upon his work and the influence which he himself was to exercise upon those that followed him—these can be measured on an aesthetic yardstick. In his drawings of natural history, he is a fitting inheritor from da Vinci and Dürer (although, he obviously lacked the extraordinary breadth of the two masters), but nearer his own time he was aware of (and influenced by) the great artist-naturalists, Plantins and De Brys, and especially Conrad Gessner. There is an interesting sidelight to the Gessner connection. The old man died in 1565, but during the same year an Englishman, a Doctor Thomas Penny, was also

living in Zürich. When Gessner was cut down by the plague in his fifty-first year, Penny was in close touch with his friend Caspar Wolf who was working upon his *Insectorum . . . Theatrum*. It seems that in some way Penny eventually took over the completion of this work which was ultimately edited and produced by Penny's friend Thomas Moffet. White contributed to this important publication (1588).

Fish, fauna and flora were not White's only enthusiasms. He seems also to have held some rather unusual theories about anthropology, one of which was that basically all peoples are very similar in their origins. Having observed the Indians of North America and the Eskimos, he related these 'noble savages' in their warpaint to the Picts and Ancient Britons of our own Islands. The only distinction he was prepared to make was that whereas the Red Indians and Eskimos appear in his drawings painted or tattooed in an *orthodox* manner, the Ancients of the British Isles are seen to be decorated in a most sophisticated style so that the woad designs he shows us have hardly been paralleled until Leslie Hurry created his costumes for the ballet Hamlet a decade or so back. White was clearly prepared to let his imagination rip when he felt he had the excuse.

Similarly, he sought to relate the peoples of Europe to those of Asia, and for this purpose he let himself be seduced into copying the work of others who had travelled to the Orient. His Turkomen, therefore, lack the zest of the people of the New World and have nothing of the phantasy of the Ancient Britons. (The tight-lacing of the Ancient British Woman in a topless corset—!—would stagger Mary Quant's Ginger Group.)

Then there is White the cartographer. He has handed down to us his map of Virginia, no doubt based on Bavin's earlier work. It was White's version that De Brys was later to use. The second map covers a far greater area—Florida to Chesapeake Bay. It includes his own map of Virginia (reduced to a quarter of its original size) and Jaques Le Moyne's Florida. The linking stretch between the two is made up from Lucas Vazquez de Ayllon's voyage of 1521-26. This hotchpotch ended up as far from a pilot's ideal, but at least it sought to make clear the linking up of the New World coastline.

THE QUEST

I long for permanence in time and change,
Stability upon a shifting stream,
Rest in the whirling world where I must range,
And anchored truth about an ebbing dream.

I search for ripe corn in a desert place,
But run against a cactus till I bleed;
And when I pause for breath on slopes of space
Strong winds confirm my weakness with their speed.

Desire and search are not enough; I grow
Weary in seeking rest. Instead I find
Fulfilment not for grasping by the mind;
For we are known more surely than we know.

PHOEBE HESKETH

FOUR GALLERY GROUPS

ERNLE MONEY

SUMMER seems to be the season preferred by most London galleries for fielding the home team on their own ground. An impressive showing they make of it, too, this year. Whilst the prices paid for old and not-so-old masters soar regularly in the sale rooms, reflecting the general shortage of good pictures, and porcelain and *objets de vertu* tread a similar dizzy spiral, there is probably as good value to be had amongst contemporary home-produced painting as in any other section of the market.

The most important group show recently exhibited in London is undoubtedly the Marlborough Gallery's 'Aspects of Twentieth Century Art', on view at both sections of the gallery on each side of Bond Street. This is an exhibition prepared with great catholicity and sureness of taste and mounted with an intelligence and intuitive feeling for presentation that is typical of this direction. The centre-piece of the show is to be found at 39 Old Bond Street where Francis Bacon's 'Three Studies for a Portrait of Lucien Freud' is exhibited with the sort of reverential hush normally associated with a gothic altarpiece, to which it bears a not altogether superficial resemblance, and flanked by two of the master's other recent works, a group of study heads for the same picture and a portrait of Henrietta Moraes on a red background. Bacon is certainly among the most admired of contemporary English painters, and his work highlights many facets of present-day taste, with its startling, emotive and often sinister quality. At the risk of heresy, I must confess to finding it arid and more than a little repugnant. Once one has recovered from the initial shock of coming upon these highly intensified figures with their stark and unrelenting backgrounds, I find that subsequent reaction (Sir Kenneth Clark's 'Impact, scrutiny, recollection and renewal') produces little by way of further understanding of or feeling for them. However, whether Bacon is really one of the most significant artists of our generation or a kind of twentieth-century Fuseli, time alone will tell.

About the other two major Marlborough Gallery artists shown on this side of Bond Street, I have no reservations whatsoever. Henry Moore, also handsomely exhibited at the 1964 King's Lynn Festival, is represented by a series of works covering his development from 1931 to the present day and emphasizing once again the strength of his small-scale works, which can express as much in a quiet, almost conversational idiom as do his highly admired large scale compositions. One realizes how fortunate we are, in fact, in this country to possess one of the two, with Giacometti, great living sculptors. There is a large serene Graham Sutherland, painted earlier this year, 'La Fontaine', an almost classical mosaic of blues and greens, as well as an earlier picture (1952) of two standing forms in a garden. In the former work one feels the

effect, both in colouring and composition, that his work for tapestry has had on Sutherland's style. Another Marlborough Gallery giant Kokoschka, who now seems to be reaching the almost embarrassing position of canonization as an old master during his own lifetime, is represented only by an early (1914) and frankly rather boring 'Still life with Putto and Rabbit'. There is, however, a fine Sam Francis.

On the other side of the street at 17-18 Old Bond Street, the sculptors are again well represented. Fritz Wotruba is given almost as comprehensive a showing as Henry Moore and his strongly knit, chunky, powerful figures gain considerably from being seen in sequence. There are important works by Kenneth Armitage and Lynn Chadwick including the latter's vivid 'Watcher V' (1960-61). The sculpture collages of George Fullard, however, with their chic literary-advertisement associations, I do not find attractive. Of the painters, there are two fine Ben Nicholson's (but both dating from the 1930s), a large Sidney Nolan canvas from the Gallipoli series (when the Anzac theme came to dominate this amazingly gifted artist's imagination in the same way as Ned Kelly and other incidents from Australian history had on earlier occasions), a rather cold John Piper, a Jackson Pollock and Ceri Richards' 'Forked Arabesque' (1961), which, though painted in his deeply personalized and poetic style, does not move me in comparison with the Delacroix variations or the Cathédrale Engloutie series shown at this gallery last year.

The Redfern Gallery Summer Exhibition is a very different type of show. The atmosphere is not unlike the long gallery or saloon of an eighteenth-century country house with pictures covering every available piece of wall and even piled against them. In a number of cases the artists concerned overlap (there have, one imagines, been transfers to the Bond Street team in recent years), but whereas at the Marlborough the number of works on view is strictly limited, at the Redfern the sheer proliferation and variety of the exhibits are at first overwhelming. There is great pleasure to be found among the wealth of pictures shown here, but it is often hard to find the whereabouts of a particular item listed in the catalogue and this is especially annoying when there are no fewer than thirty-three pictures by Christopher Wood included, of which I was only able to run about a dozen to earth in the time at my disposal, and those were scattered over the various rooms and passages of the gallery. Fortunately I did find the splendid, colourful 'Hotel Ty Mad, Treboul'. When a complete survey of twentieth-century British Art comes to be written, Christopher Wood will rank with Eric Ravilious and John Minton as one of the great uncompleted potentialities, and I believe that his work will constantly appreciate in popularity and value.

Ceri Richards is again represented here, including a wonderful black and white nude study; there are a number of good Robert Colquhons, some fine examples of each of the Nash brothers, several attractive Graham Sutherlands, Rodrigo Moynihan in both his representational and abstract periods and a splendid Reclining Nude by Sir Matthew Smith. Above all there is a chance to see several works by one of the most delicate, magical and underrepresented English artists, David Jones.

The undoubted star of the Waddington Gallery's exhibition is Ivon Hitchens, though there is a strong supporting team including Patrick Heron, Terry Frost, Patrick Hale and the individual magic of that wonderful artist the late Jack Yeats. Hitchens is as English an artist in character as the Yeats brothers were Irish, and stands directly in the great national landscape tradition. Though there is a quality of simplicity that borders almost on abstraction about much of his work, he quarries a vein of pure poetry out of his Sussex countryside that is as English in its restraint, its abiding affection and its generosity of spirit as the best of Cotman or Constable, Elgar or Vaughan Williams.

Lastly, Rowland Browse and Delbanco have arranged an attractive anthology called 'Painters of the Gallery'. This is a well balanced exhibition and the painters themselves are an attractive lot. The most impressive is Joseph Herman, with his brooding Delacroix-like figures and in a splendid still life with flowers with a sudden burst of deep colouring reminiscent of Matthew Smith. There are elegant, colourful but strangely one-dimensional pictures by Philip Sutton, and exciting work by two other young artists, Eric Waugh and Anthony Whishaw. But the most interesting of the new blood is the gallery's recent discovery, the young Irish painter Peter Behan. Like Sidney Nolan, Behan is an artist whose imagination is dominated by a particular course of events. At his recent first show these were the mad, mad Mrs. Casey series, a sequence offered to propitiate the memory of an old crazy woman whom Behan and his friends persecuted as a child in Phoenix Park. One wonders then where he would develop from there. The new series is 'The blue-eyed family', each adult and child of which has the penetrating eyes of a Siamese cat. It is too early yet to say where Behan is going, but at least he has not allowed himself to be sidetracked. He is a painter to be watched.

FROST AND THAW

Held, perfect, glittering-white,
Frost is heaven, static:
Stalactite, stalagmite
Met in a bite beyond decay,
Growth, change, and fall.
No drip dares betray
The God-designed icicle—
Final solution
Of a frenzied world.

But hurled here,
Chewed in the jaws:
Black: white, wrong: right,
We cannot know
Whence we came, whither we go.
Spewed on a tidal flow
Our world thaws.

PHOEBE HESKETH

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

IN STEP WITH THE NEW MEN

Why Liberal? Harry Cowie. Penguin Special. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Cowie's Liberal primer demands to be read by the diehards of the two other parties, the millions of uncommitted voters and by Liberals themselves. It is much more than a restatement of Liberal aims, policies and ideas, but a cool, thoroughgoing analysis of twenty years of muddled management, a call for new thinking—in tune with the ideas of an emergent new force which has little sympathy for doctrinaire or sectional interest. In this sense, the method employed by Mr. Cowie, of examining problem by problem in depth and attempting to offer a Liberal solution neatly complements the spate of working party reports, programmes and policies, and the flood of new ideas from Liberal leaders which tend to be ridiculed one year and borrowed the next. *Why Liberal?* is a worthy 1964 successor to Mr. Roger Fulford's 1959 *Penguin Liberal*.

Both major parties pay lip service to the cause of modernising Britain, yet the idea only seems to have moved the Tories in the last few years of their long rule, while the Labour Party still fails to offer a radical alternative. Twelve years in opposition have not, for example, wrung any ideas out of them for reforming the machinery of government, Parliament or the House of Lords.

A higher rate of economic growth has not materialized because neither party has been prepared to pay the price of change. Conservatives claim to favour a more competitive attitude in industry, but continue to offer protection (for example from imported, cheaper oils); while Labour favours expanding trade with the developing countries of the Commonwealth, but promises to protect ailing industries (Dundee's jute from Pakistan's exports). Neither has really attacked restrictive practices or monopolies, an outdated tax system to encourage efficiency rather than tax avoidance, or regional planning. Housing development and slum clearance are only scraping the surface of the problem. The belated attempt to make the railways pay is essentially a piecemeal operation, likely to lead to still more congestion on the roads which is already costing more than the railways' deficit. Defence policies and our role in Europe and indeed in international affairs appear to have been based on misconceptions or no conception at all.

As Mr. Cowie concludes: 'Liberalism, needed at home to restore purpose and drive to the nation, is needed even more to give this country a new creative role in the world at large.'

WILFRED ALTMAN

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM

The Reform of Parliament. Bernard Crick. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

This book has as its subtitle, 'The Crisis of British Government in the 1960s'. It is by Dr. Bernard Crick, Lecturer in Government at the London School of Economics. I enjoyed it and only wish I were young again and could attend Dr. Crick's lectures at that admirable institution.

I found the book lively and well-written, with up-to-the-minute thoughts on the English Constitution, a sort of "with-it" Bagehot. It combines an acute, if somewhat cynical appraisal, with a good deal of shrewd comment. Its object is to show the true function of Parliament in relation to British Government, to prove that this function is being badly fulfilled, that public confidence will decline if remedies are not found and to suggest what these remedies should be.

Dr. Crick maintains that all modern governments rest upon consent whether voluntary or manufactured and that strong government to be free, efficient and effective needs strong opposition. He feels that of all governments, with free political institutions the British exhibits the greatest concentration of power and authority for there are no overriding legal restraints upon a British Government's actions, only a political one, namely the fear that it will lose the next General Election.

The author's view is that by reason of the Cabinet Committee system, the Cabinet has changed from a political decision-making body as it was in Gladstone's or even in Asquith's day to an instrument of administrative co-ordination. He feels that 'Collective Responsibility' only means that the Cabinet members must all say the same thing publicly and that they are in the same boat when it comes to success or failure at the General Election.

The author suggests that Britain so lacks effective scrutiny of the workings of the Executive that popular esteem for Parliament and Government declines and their effectiveness crumbles. That there is such a malaise in public opinion is a view widely held and has been expressed in a number of books recently.

The author maintains that British Governments have grown to feel that they are remote and all powerful trustees for the Electorate, only answerable at General Elections and that proceedings in Parliament are a waste of time. He feels that the declining effectiveness of the House of Commons has been paralleled by a rising efficiency of the Executive and that it seems highly doubtful whether the methods Parliament has at hand are adequate to fulfil its duties of scrutinizing, uncovering and criticizing. Of the House of Lords, which usually comes in for a good deal of buffeting in this kind of work, he is quite complimentary and gives full value to the performance of its duties, even under its present ridiculous handicaps.

The author describes the two-Party system as an historical product of the social and religious divisions present in our society at least since the Industrial Revolution. In my view it is a tiresome product entailing a Government in being and, instead of a real Opposition, a Government 'on ice'. Political doctrines, views and policies cannot be squeezed neatly into two paper bags, they spill out over the tops and cause endless confusion and frustration. One day the public will see through the Box and Cox game of the two major Parties and realize that Parliamentary Democracy cannot efficiently be conducted as if it were a prize fight, with two contestants in the ring.

Now what is the truth in all this? Having been a Back Bencher supporting the Government, a Minister in three Departments, a Front Bencher in Opposition and a member of both Houses, I feel that I have some slight knowledge

of the raw material of this book. I fear that there is much in what the author has to say.

What are the author's suggestions for reform? Alas, the Doctor is not as strong on cure as on diagnosis. His main suggestions include the setting up of Parliamentary Standing Committees on such specialized subjects as Foreign Affairs, the Health Service, the Commonwealth, Defence, Fuel and Power; the reform of Financial Procedures, such as sending to Committee 'upstairs' the Finance Bill instead of taking it in Committee of the whole House of Commons; the discouragement of part-time Members of Parliament thus avoiding what he says is the exploitation of the small core of hard-working ones by the 'gentlemen amateurs'; the transforming of the House of Lords into a small second chamber of 100 salaried members appointed for their political, legal or administrative experience and the cutting down of the summer recess from three months to one month with a better spread over the rest of the year.

I agree with these suggestions but feel that they do not go far enough. They alone would just mean tinkering with worn-out machinery; what is needed is a modern machine capable of undertaking the tasks imposed by the second half of the Twentieth Century. What is required is fundamental reform in the following directions:

- (a) Devolution of much of the work of the Central Government and Parliament to a number of Regional Authorities; for example one for Scotland, one for Wales and one for South-East England including London, and
- (b) A consequent reduction of the House of Commons to say 300 members with proper salary, expenses and working conditions.

Yet when all is said and written I still feel that the individual Member in either House can have more influence than the author and other academic authorities allow. In my experience devotion to a particular subject over many years will find him an audience in Parliament, among Ministers and in the Civil Service. If he asks for no reward, not even acknowledgement of his ideas, he will find that from time to time some of his suggestions are adopted. The seed he sows may take root and grow into a fine flower and be sported in a Minister's button-hole, even perhaps win a prize, yet he will never be given the credit. If he is content with this modest rôle the individual member may still have a slight influence on government. If, however, particularly when in opposition, he claims any credit he will forfeit any chance of influence for in the Party struggle every Party, be it in Government or in Opposition, never did anything wrong nor did its opponents ever do anything right.

OGMORE

SOCIAL CONFLICT AND RELIGION

Religion and Social Conflict. Edited by Robert Lee and Martin E. Marty. Oxford University Press. 35s.

This symposium is based on lectures given at the Institute of Ethics and Society of San Francisco Theological Seminary. The contributors are drawn from a number of different academic fields—sociology, education, philosophy and theology—each here concerned to probe various aspects of social conflict. These aspects range from the impact of technology on the making of ethical decisions, and the attitudes of the churches towards movements for racial justice, to religious group conflict and the influence of the pastor in a situation of social conflict.

It should be stated at once that the context of the lectures is the USA. The religious groups referred to are essentially those of America, as are some at

least of the social conflicts. Thus, a recurring feature of the analysis of the religious situation is the use of the tri-partite division into Protestant-Catholic-Jewish groups. But reference is also made to such essentially American sub-groups as the Black Muslim Movement, and the Church of God in Jesus Christ.

The social conflicts which are examined include the political conflict between the extreme left and right of the American Communist party and the admirers of General Edwin A. Walker and Senator Barry Goldwater respectively; the struggle for racial equality; the conflicts arising out of the American 'pluralistic' society.

Let it be said, then, that this is primarily a book for the American reader who is interested in the part played by religious groups in social and political life. But in so far as the American scene reflects some of the religious attitudes, and some of the social and political struggles, which are to be found in European societies also, it should be of interest to readers outside America as well.

What are its theme and its conclusions? The former is easier to define. It seeks to show what attitude religious groups have towards social and political rivalries and disagreements and to reveal how they minimize or exaggerate such conflicts. That they play a formidable part—take sides—in such conflict is abundantly clear. Whether this fact stems primarily from the fact that their religious groups are themselves the product of much more complicated social and political factors, is the larger question which many readers will find themselves asking—especially in the light of Director Charles Y. Glock's essay.

Indeed, it is open to question how far this kind of broadly based socio-religious analysis rests upon a reliable foundation. There is so much difference between the beliefs and attitudes of, say, an orthodox Roman Catholic, and an orthodox Jew, to say nothing of a fanatical member of the Black Muslim Movement, that to lump them all together as 'religions' for the purposes of sociological analysis seems likely to vitiate the whole process from the start.

Nevertheless, the book makes one thing abundantly clear—that men of different religious persuasions are deeply involved in social conflict. Whether this fact be construed as a sign that religions in America are in a healthy or a weak condition will probably depend upon our individual interpretation of the meaning and function of the various religions concerned.

F. H. HILLIARD

WAR POETS, 1914-1918

English Poetry of the First World War. John H. Johnston. Princeton University Press and Oxford University Press. 45s.

A half-century of commemoration of the titanic struggle comes round and we are reminded by the mass media of radio and TV of the terrible toll taken of British manhood in the First World War. Only those who lived through it can fully appreciate the long-drawn horror and endurance the conflict entailed. At the start the general mood was one of exaltation and iron resolution, expressed in terms of national idealism never previously equalled in Britain's history; and indeed the resolution never wavered for the four and a quarter years the war lasted. What perished were the flower and hope of a generation.

Professor Johnston, of Virginia University, has studied with devotion and insight the work of English poets during that terrible period. He selects ten for detailed consideration, Rupert Brooke, Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfred Owen, Isaac Rosenberg, Julian Grenfell, Robert Nichols, Charles Sorley, Edmund Blunden, Herbert Read, and David Jones. There were, of course, many other

sincere and notable poets who should rank in a fuller estimate; but the ten represent a fair choice of those poets whose reputations have increased with the years; they form a natural group by virtue of the fact that they were the first to deal with the kind of war peculiar to modern civilization; they were the first to attempt some assessment of the physical and spiritual effects of that kind of war. That is true, but in the past four decades there has developed a tendency among critics to dismiss as worthless the poetry written during 1910-1922 by the loosely-described 'Georgians' who, according to some people, were always peeping behind haystacks to find primroses. It is a habit of each new literary generation to kick the previous one downstairs, and so we find a frequency of abuse of the poetry of Rupert Brooke, for instance, that is as harmful to the general estimation of poetry as it is discreditable to those who launch it. The 'young Apollo, golden-haired' had himself written lines before the war which were intended to administer a shock to conventional readers, lines like 'Opposite me two Germans snore and sweat' and 'Retchings twist and tie me, / Old meat, good meals, brown gobbets, up I throw', but Professor Johnston—discussing the 1914 Sonnets—speaks of Brooke knowing 'that he had to abide by the established Georgian limits of the "poetic".' What the professor, and Brooke's more emphatic denigrators, fail to recognize and accept, is the sincere idealism of such lines as:

We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

These, and the famous fifth sonnet, 'If I should die, think only this of me . . .' are not only exalted in complete sincerity but are superb technical achievements. They should be welcomed in the record of English poetry among the finest utterances of the human spirit.

Unfortunately, critical opinion depends on so many factors. The 'white unbroken glory' of Brooke's exalted conception of death has to be compared with Sorléy's 'slate rubbed clean, / A merciful putting away of what has been' and Sassoon's:

O Jesus, send me a wound today,
And I'll believe in Your bread and wine,
And get my bloody old sins washed white!
And Edmund Blunden's commentary on a far-off barrage:
To this new concert, white we stood;
Cold certainty held our breath;
While men in the tunnels below Larch Wood
Were kicking men to death.

It says much for Professor Johnston's general critical fairness that, while tending to patronize 'the Georgians', he obviously derives his chief satisfaction from Blunden's ability, in the midst of the pity and horror and ugliness of war, to retain 'his intellectual and imaginative poise; his senses are alert for beauty as well as danger and horror'. The 41 pages devoted to this poet form one of the finest chapters in the book.

The long examination of the poetry of Wilfred Owen is also a notable chapter. It seems incredible now that W. B. Yeats, defending (in a letter to Lady Dorothy Wellesley, in December 1936) his deliberate omission of Owen's poems from *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, should have written: 'When I excluded Wilfred Owen, whom I consider unworthy of the poets' corner of a country newspaper, I did not know I was excluding a revered sandwich-board

man of the revolution and that somebody has put his worst and most famous poem in a glass-case in the British Museum—however, if I had known it I would have excluded him just the same. He is all blood, dirt and sucked sugar stick. . . . The tragic comment on such a colossal misjudgment lies in the fact that the young dead poet wrote what are probably the only lines that can be matched with the greatest lines of Yeats's last period. Owen wrote:

Courage was mine, and I had mystery,
 Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;
 To miss the march of this retreating world
 Into vain citadels that are not walled.
 and his poem, 'Strange Meeting', concludes with:
 I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
 I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned
 Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
 I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
 Let us sleep now. . . .

The chapter on Siegfried Sassoon is one of the best assessments I have read of this distinguished poet and author. He is one of the four survivors of the ten poets discussed by Professor Johnston, and although, during the war, his verse was the most explicitly realistic and shocking in its relentless detail, he now writes in what can best be described as a continuation of the 'Georgian' manner.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 35s.). In this new survey and assessment of 'negro slavery in the American South', Professor Kenneth M. Stamp, of the University of California, graphically describes the social and economic system in which slavery represented basically the means of exploiting and controlling cheap labour. He explains the daily life and treatment of the negroes. He points out that slavery 'as a practical labour system' did not fail. 'In that narrow sense it was a success, and it was still flourishing as late as 1860. In terms of its broad social consequences for the South as a whole, however, slavery must be adjudged a failure.' He concludes that 'eventually the omnipresent slave became the symbol of the South and the cornerstone of its culture. When that happened, disaster was close at hand—in fact, that in itself was a disaster. The institution itself defeated the Whites in spite of their desperate efforts to find moral justification, in vain. Pro-

fessor Stamp does not discuss the civil war. His book comes appropriately at a time when the negro is in sight at last of first-class citizenship. It is a long tragic story, and this volume of the slavery years is stark and distasteful in content, but still needs to be widely read.

LIVES OF THE LORDS CHANCELLORS 1885-1940 (Oxford University Press. 63s.). Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* concluded before the reign of Queen Victoria, and J. B. Atlay continued the sequence with his *The Victorian Chancellors*. Now in this massive volume, Mr. R. F. V. Heuston follows with short biographies of the twelve Chancellors from Halsbury to Caldecote who resigned in 1940. The others are of Herschell, Loreburn, Haldane, Buckmaster, Finlay, Birkenhead, Cave, Hailsham and Maugham. In some of his studies he has drawn upon full length biographies. In others, including those of Loreburn, Buckmaster and Hailsham, the author

has worked on new material. Perhaps for this reason they are the most valuable. The title of this book is somewhat and inevitably misleading. Although all were Lord Chancellors, they had behind them long careers, often more political than legal. Consequently a great deal of this volume has nothing to do with the law. Nonetheless, Mr. Heuston gives more detailed attention to the legal and politico-legal activities of his 'lives'. Of the Chancellors, Halsbury sat on the woolsack far the longest, over seventeen years in all. He became notorious for his political judicial appointments; but after a careful analysis Mr. Heuston concludes that such criticism has been mostly unfair. 'Four dubious appointments out of thirty . . . should not weigh too heavily in the scales when making a final judgement.' This work contains a great deal of material skilfully and conveniently brought together, with concision yet graphic interest. There is hardly a dull page. Some of his views on recent Chancellors are clearly controversial, as indeed on other judges, including Lord Hewart; but this is inevitable.

THE LEMMING YEAR (Chatto and Windus, 30s.) In his new book, Mr. Walter Marsden writes for the general reader, combining research and matters of general interest about this tiny Arctic rodent. This survey covers a wide field, including geographical distribution, history of the subject, legends, habits, appearance, breeding,

coat colouring, food, enemies and the Lemming cycle. The chapter on the Lemming Year throughout the Arctic and the years 1955 to 1961 makes an excellent introduction to the chapters on the lemming migrations, a subject of history, mystery and speculation on causes and effects. Mr. Marsden has written an extremely interesting work drawn from wide personal knowledge and the work of other workers in this field. The lemming raises a surprising number of queries and problems discussed by the author. The maps and excellent illustrations all add to the interest of the book, which also has a valuable bibliography.

CONCERNING FAMOUS WOMEN (Allen and Unwin, 32s.). This is an English translation, with an introduction and notes, by Guido A. Guarino of Giovanni Boccaccio's *De Claris Mulieribus*, written between 1355 and 1359. The work consists of 104 short stories, mainly taken from Latin authors, of women renowned in antiquity for some great exploit, quality or sin. Boccaccio wrote his book 'in praise of women, more for the pleasure of my friends than as a service to humanity'. Yet as Mr. Guarino points out in his valuable introduction, Boccaccio always draws the moral. Moreover, he concentrates upon the exploits of pagan women, whose merits 'have not been set forth by anyone'. Mr. Guarino discusses the links between *Decameron* and *De Claris Mulieribus* in confirmation that they are both by the same author. It is certainly a book of great interest.

SOME OF OUR AUTHORS

Trevor Allen . . . His books include *We Loved in Bohemia*, *Roads to Success*, *Jade Elephants*, *Ivar Kreuger*, *Underworld*, *London Lover*. A former Editor of *London Opinion*.

Enid Lakeman . . . Director and Secretary, Electoral Reform Society. Her books include *Voting in Democracies* (in collaboration with J. D. Lambert) and *When Labour Fails*.

Sheldon Williams . . . Art Correspondent of *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* since 1963. London Art Correspondent, *Paris Edition*, *New York Herald Tribune*, since 1963. Liberal candidate, Billericay, GE, 1959; now ppc. Exhibits as A. Oscar in the European capitals.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1964

LOSS AND GAIN:

George Soloveytchik
on The Third of November

LONDON LIGHTS:

Albion on Fairlie
. . . and Others . . .

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LONDON LIGHTS

COMMENT IS CHEAP . . .

In one of the silliest pieces, just when the political 'silly' season was past its zenith, Henry Fairlie, writing in the *Sunday Telegraph*, found the Liberals guilty of making 'selfish appeals' to 'discontented (and) sectional interests', and divined that these appeals weren't simply selfish 'but usually crankish' as well. But sectional appeals were apparently all right if aimed at the support of the 'organized working class'.

Then, with a nice matronly flourish, Fairlie concluded that Liberals were 'in an important sense opponents of what is common to all of us as members of the same community' and 'in a way enemies of the nation. . . . They despise it, and they despise its work.'

It was clearly despicable, by Fairlie's lights, that the citizens of Orpington, Montgomeryshire, Derbyshire West, Derby North, Worcestershire South, and indeed of numerous other constituencies which polled well for the Liberals in by-elections during the last Parliament, exercised their right to vote as free men. It was clearly wrong of Mr. Grimond and his group to jerk the government into some semblance of activity in the latter part of the last session, which caused *The Times* to comment that 'in many respects the Liberals have set the pace in politics during the lifetime of this Parliament', and to uphold Mr. Mark Bonham Carter's judgment in a recent broadcast. He 'could claim with some justification . . . that Liberals furnished Mr. Macmillan's Government with a European policy, Labour with a

nuclear policy, and started them both off about regionalism.'

And Mr. Fairlie? Doubtless under instructions from his Editor, his tone and style showed greater moderation the following week—by sticking to a factual report of Jo Grimond's excellent Assembly speech.

'ALL' THE ANSWERS

Promptly in good time for the General Election the Conservatives have published a little blue book entitled *All the Answers*. Candidates and party workers should be happy. They really have an answer for everything. For example: 'Why have we had "stop-go" policies?' Answer: "'Stop-go" measures have helped to prevent "stop-go" business activity.' Curious. Most businessmen consider that far from preventing this unsatisfactory course, these measures were directly responsible for it.

Britain's continued fall in world trade is ascribed to ' . . . in part . . . a desirable consequence of helping poorer nations to develop and find new markets for their goods, in part the result of the developments of manufacturing industry in Commonwealth countries, and in part due to the formation of the Common Market'.

Wrong again. The poorer, or developing, nations are buying less from us, more from countries like Germany and Japan, while our exports to EEC have in fact increased since the formation of the Common Market.

Despite frequent references to good financial management and

efficient spending of taxpayers money by the Government, one looked in vain for 'little local difficulties' like Blue Streak, or the kind of costing malaise raised by Mr. Arthur Seldon in *Rebirth of Britain*. When the Ministry of Health was asked recently for the cost of the National Health Service, or parts of it for men, women and children per head, he records, it replied that it simply had not worked out the figures. For a service spending nearly £1,000 million, such ignorance is hardly likely to strengthen confidence in its managers, nor, as Mr. Seldon might have added, in the financial administration of Ministers.

MIXED BAG

One of the reasons behind the considerable progress of the Institute of Economic Affairs in the last six years is that the economists and writers associated with it are not so much a 'motley crew' (which Mr. Fairlie would doubtless interpret as 'cranks') but a 'mixed bag'. They include intellectuals with a 'down to earth' radicalism from all three political parties; economists in the mid-thirties as well as men of the calibre of Prof. John Jewkes, Graham Hutton and Colin Clark, Director of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute at Oxford. Among the IEA's 160-odd subscriber-firms are Mr. Cecil King's International Publishing Corporation (which brings out the *Daily Mirror*) and representatives of modern growth industries like Buxted Chicken, whose Mr. Anthony Fisher is a trustee.

This sense of 'mixedness' was well demonstrated at a recent Institute function to mark the launch-

ing of one of its best publications to date—*Rebirth of Britain**, a kind of positive rejoinder to the gloomy *Encounter* issue devoted to the theme of 'Suicide of a Nation'. The *New Statesman's* Anthony Howard was there (Mr. Fairlie and others have something to learn from his impish gusto and urbanity). So were the *Daily Telegraph's* T. E. Uteley, a group of Tory MPs, Enoch Powell, Charles Curran and Sir John Eden, and at least one Labour member, Desmond Donnelly. Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Iain Macleod declined.

In the last five years, the Institute has published some 50 textbooks and reports, most of them vigorous, analytical studies outlining reforms of financial and economic institutions and practices which hinder maximum competition, free consumer choice and economic growth. Much of the credit behind the Institute's increasing influence and affluence (from a room in the City and a basement office in Victoria, it now occupies an ambassadorial suite in Belgravia) belongs to a couple of brisk, prolific economists, Ralph Harris and Arthur Seldon. Harris, as General Director, is a former economics lecturer and leader-writer; Seldon, whose mentors are Richard Cobden and Lionel Robbins, has been a trade paper editor and business economist. Like Keynes, whom they admire, they've brought a tycoon's touch to economics. They have filled a void and emerged as highly successful pamphleteers.

* Pan. 5s.

MIDDLE-AGED AFFLUENCE

Critics who attack the BBC's move to bolster up the appeal of

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THE CONTEMPORARY
REVIEW*

its second TV channel overlook one possibly decisive factor. There are now ten million middle-aged people in Britain, a sizeable and increasingly affluent section of the population, which may have had enough of the emphasis on the 'cult of youth' by the various media of entertainment, no less than by manufacturers.

They are, as a recent advertising agency study* points out, 'the single most important market segment outnumbering "young people" by almost a half and the "young marrieds" by two to one. They are well off, independent of children (now mostly old enough to be self-supporting) and through the advance of medical knowledge can look forward to another 25-30 years of active living.'

They may well be, as the BBC has probably realized, the kind of people who will welcome a return of the films, the stars and the songs of the 30s and 40s, in contrast to the overlong 'pop' vogue.

An interesting social development highlighted by the report is that, although two-fifths of young housewives have tended to take jobs in recent years, today women after the age of 40, whose children have left home, flock back to work in unprecedented numbers. Like the BBC, manufacturers who've been content to cater for the spend-happy teenage market (£1,000 million a year) may now be expected to please the whims of the middle-aged—in terms of clothing, convenience items for home, garden, wardrobe and larder.

* Garland-Compton Ltd.

KEEPING IT CLEAN

The recent controversy about 'sordidness' in our drama, which

prompted the appropriate suggestion from Mr. J. B. Priestley that modern dramatists still had something to learn about combining 'realism' with 'entertainment', is not, of course, confined to the stage. Television drama has long been accused of too much violence, too many 'kitchen-sink' plays.

One of the best dramatists working for the medium today, Mr. Allan Prior, who is also a novelist of distinction, believes that 'sex and violence' are simply a part of modern life 'and any writer holding up a mirror to the mid-sixties would be reflecting a rose-tinted picture if he did not show either.' Had writers gone overboard and thrown out other elements—love and kindness? 'I think we have,' says Mr. Prior. 'The short answer to the question, "why do so many playwrights lean on "sexy" situations and "violent punch-ups?" is simple. They do it because these scenes are "sure-fire". Or they used to be before everybody started writing them in nearly every play.'

He thought the great spate of television 'kitchen-sink' plays was virtually over, but this did not mean there would be no more sordid scenes on TV. 'Writers have been liberated and it will be very difficult to put them behind bars again. Subjects and situations that would have been impossible even ten years ago are faced and written about not just on television, but in books, magazines and newspapers where there is a broader, freer outlook.'

He had written many violent situations in his 30-odd scripts for the 'Z Cars' television series. 'I have written about prostitutes, pimps, blackmailers and criminals of every

description. I have tried to write about them truthfully, as best as I am able to do it. Nobody could pretend that these people lead anything but sordid and unpleasant lives. They are the unlucky, shiftless ones of our society. In their clash with the rest of us, these characters are rarely pretty or honest or Christian or truthful or nice. It would be virtually impossible to write a "Z Cars" story and not, at some point, touch on the sordid or the violent. It would be dishonest to try.'

LIBERAL GAINS?

Watch Derbyshire, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Merioneth, Westmorland, Wiltshire. Will star broadcaster Alun Talfan Davies, QC, KO Lady Megan at Carmarthen? Can John Pardoe oust the formidable Mrs. Thatcher from Finchley this time? I predict that Orpington will again return Lubbock. Watch Paisley. Watch the Scots Highland counties . . . the heather pollsters seldom tread.

ALBION

The Radical Tradition

R. H. TAWNEY

With a tribute by the late
HUGH GAITSKELL

'These 12 papers chosen and edited by Rita Hinden will put many admirers of that unusual scholar in her debt'—*The Times*.

The essays cover the main facets of Tawney's wide-ranging interests. The first section contains papers on three British Radicals — William Lovett, Robert Owen and John Ruskin. Four papers on education make up the second section and bring to life again Tawney's passion for extending secondary and further education to all comers.

The third section consists of four essays on politics where Tawney appears as the protagonist of the workers' rights and status in industry, and the spokesman and philosopher of democratic socialism.

30s.

ALLEN & UNWIN

The Editor records with deep regret the sudden death, at the age of 74, of Edward Albert Lessing, OBE, a Director of THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW since 1960. He was a Member of the Military Mission in Russia in World War I, a former Vice-Chairman of the Baltic Exchange, and MP (L) for Abingdon, Berkshire, 1923-24.

LOSS AND GAIN

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK

THE THIRD OF NOVEMBER

IN the centre of everything is the American election. The campaign is now entering its final stages. Though highly unusual in character and circumstance, it employs nevertheless the traditional mechanisms. In accordance with established practice 'on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November'—which this year is on 3 November—the American nation will be electing not only its President and Vice-President but also an entirely new House of Representatives (437 members), 35 out of 100 Senators, 26 out of 50 Governors, as well as a large number of other dignitaries, including some State legislatures, judges, mayors and so on, down to the proverbial municipal dog-catcher.

So, fundamentally, it is three elections in one, and they are by no means identical as far as political loyalties are concerned. The same person may vote for a Democrat in one of them and a Republican in another; indeed, the practice of 'ticket-splitting' this year may be particularly frequent. More than ever, millions of Americans will find that they do not agree with their traditional candidate on *all* his publicly professed views or associations. There are also other dilemmas. If the reactionary Southern Democrats abandon their own party and help Goldwater to win, they will lose their formidable entrenched position in Congress, and more specially in the Senate. Committee chairmanships and other posts of influence go to senior members, not newly elected ones. Thus, the Dixiecrats will have to make up their minds whether to support Goldwater because he promises to slow down civil rights, or stay with the Democrats to keep real power.

Since Goldwater and his men 'kidnapped the Republican party', to use a now familiar phrase, Johnson's position has undergone a complete change.

THE PRESIDENT'S MASTERY

The speed and efficiency with which he had taken over within an hour of Kennedy's assassination; the amazing dynamic qualities coupled with an absolute mastery of the difficult art of handling Congress; the wide range of results achieved, made an enormous impact not only on the Americans but on the whole world.

While praising the new President, the press and the political experts were fairly unanimous in saying that the bullet that killed Kennedy in Dallas had also killed Senator Goldwater's chances of securing the Republican presidential nomination (his chances of actually winning the Presidency were not even discussed then), since there was nobody left on whom he could concentrate the kind of hatred and abuse felt by Republican and Democratic reactionaries towards the person of Kennedy. Johnson is too moderate, too reasonable, too successful and too 'folksy' to generate similar hatred. The firm traditional moderation of the

Republicans and Governor Rockefeller's strong opposition to Goldwater from the start made it most unlikely that the extremist Senator from Arizona could be nominated. Experts believed that 'Barry' and 'Rocky' would finally cancel each other out, and that the nomination would go to either of the two liberal newcomers, Governor Scranton or Governor Romney, or conceivably to Cabot Lodge.

IKE IS NO LIBERAL

This assessment of the situation was so general that hardly anybody took Goldwater seriously, and the belief was quasi-universal that—with the Republican party utterly divided—Johnson would win by a landslide in any case. Both sides were so completely certain of this that they failed to notice how, behind the visible process of Republican dissensions, Goldwater's supporters—by an invisible process—were preparing his triumphant victory at the nominating convention. Nor did anybody have any reasonable cause to suspect that General Eisenhower, who had been dragged into politics in 1952 to prevent the nomination of the conservative Senator Robert Taft as Republican candidate, and who, during his two-term Presidency, was mistakenly believed to be a great liberal—would refuse to give his support to any of the liberal candidates and end up by siding with Goldwater. When the Goldwater menace suddenly became apparent, only 'Ike' could have stopped the whole business by behaving as an 'Eisenhower Republican' and endorsing Scranton. But he did nothing of the kind, and the result of his decision has brought about an unprecedented situation in American politics.

For the first time in many decades the Republican candidate is not a middle-of-the-road man like his Democratic rival, or, in Goldwater's own words 'not a me-too candidate but an alternative'. And what an alternative this is! Compared to him, the late Robert Taft was a liberal, if not a socialist.

GOLDWATER'S DEMAGOGUERY

There is no need here to recapitulate all the dangers and the uncertainties of the Goldwater demagoguery. Johnson and his followers have suddenly been forced into a defensive position. The President is handicapped by his responsibilities as head of the government, and has his hands full with difficulties abroad as well as at home. The Negro hooligans who are rioting and looting, though clearly representing an utterly insignificant proportion of America's long-suffering and impressively law-abiding Coloured citizens, are a nuisance to Johnson and a wonderful pretext for Goldwater's unscrupulous propaganda. Many people, otherwise favourable to Johnson, may be influenced by these riots when they exercise their vote; or by the fear of Negro competition for their jobs, or of Negro penetration of the residential areas which would immediately reduce the price of their houses, or by any other such fears. The polls are no reliable indication, since the political climate has changed overnight, and there may be a vast difference between what people say in reply to a question by an interviewer and what they will do in the privacy of a voting booth.

FIVE ISSUES

The obvious issues are civil rights, foreign policy, social welfare, economic policy, the struggle between federal and state authority. But underlying all this is the crucial issue of the complete difference in the Weltanschauung of the two presidential candidates and their teams, not only a strong conflict of personalities but also a profound and most disturbing clash within the nation which modern America has not experienced before.

Johnson's strength is great. He is not only the present incumbent, which is always an advantage. Prosperity, which has been constantly growing for nearly four years, but especially under his successful stewardship, is another. His handling of foreign affairs has shown a far greater sureness of touch than even his friends could expect. But, chief of all, he is the most accomplished master of politics the USA has known since F. D. Roosevelt. By selecting the admirable Hubert Humphrey as his running mate and potential successor, he has strengthened the Democratic appeal still further.

What are the dangers, apart from Johnson's own health? A bad setback in Vietnam would weaken the President's position. So would further military involvement in the Congo, or Cyprus, or anywhere else abroad. Repeated and growing Negro rioting would frighten and antagonize more people than has so far been the case—especially among the lower income middle classes. The unpredictable turns and twists of the present Republican campaign, whose backers will stop short of nothing, may create entirely new difficulties.

KEATING AND JAVITS

There are, of course, many liberal or middle-of-the-road Republicans who courageously refuse to side with Goldwater and who support Senator Kenneth Keating of New York. It is significant that three former Eisenhower stalwarts, Mr. Nixon, Mr. Dewey, and Mr. Brownell, have come forward to help Keating in his struggle for re-election as an independent Republican. These men are not alone, and another distinguished liberal Republican is Senator Javits, likewise of New York. Some influential Republicans have also announced that this time they will vote for the Democratic candidate. Finally, even people who are emotionally receptive to Goldwater's attacks and blandishments, will think twice before they risk changing anything in the good life they are enjoying now. And the labour leadership, irrespective of party allegiance, has endorsed Johnson unanimously.

The impact of a Goldwater victory on the economy and on the international situation simply cannot be ignored. Nor is there any justification for annoyance with the foreign press (as well as with America's own leading political commentators) because the spectre of this is being freely discussed or because it creates such world-wide apprehension. For one thing, the Americans themselves never hesitate to express their own critical and violent views on men and events abroad. And, for another thing, the power of the USA is so overwhelming that the personality,

character and politics of the man chosen to exercise for the next four years the functions not only of President and Commander in Chief in the USA but also those of leader of the whole free world are sufficiently important to command universal concern.

Unless the changes America is undergoing now are considerably deeper than seems to be the case, Johnson's victory, despite all threats, seems well assured. But no one can be certain of this, and least of all 'the pollsters'.

BOREDOM IN BRITAIN

While in the USA election dates are clearly established, in Great Britain they are a matter of the current Prime Minister's whim. Sir Alec must have had a very good reason—but not clearly discoverable by anybody else—for refusing to tell the nation until the very last moment when it was going to be called upon to vote.

What little campaigning had been done by Conservatives or Labour before mid-September was excessively boring, and had undoubtedly contributed to the general lack of interest by the people at large. Summer holidays, the collapse of a few travel agencies, strikes and the danger of some more yet to come, depressing economic news, a few scandals, and other greater or minor vicissitudes have briefly held the public's attention. But certainly not politics, domestic or foreign.

To be sure, there have been some dramatic events, like Sir Winston's final departure from the House of Commons, and the way Parliament chose to take leave of its greatest member. It was not without piquancy that the delegation which called on him at his residence included Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, once upon a time a man of the extreme left, and Sir Thomas Moore, once upon a time a man of the extreme right, both of whom in their own old age have developed a benign admiration or even affection for the former object of their execration. The fact that there is no precedent for such a gesture, is a poor excuse for Parliament's failure to make Sir Winston an honorary life-member and thus give him the freedom of the House. There was something terribly poignant about Lord Beaverbrook's last public appearance at the great dinner organized for him on his 85th birthday by Lord Thomson, and his quiet passing away almost immediately afterwards. With Nehru's death, which occurred earlier in the summer, the system of personal rule has come to an end in India, and a new chapter of uncertainty has opened. To many people, including this writer, the late Pandit was an enormously overrated character, a sanctimonious hypocrite, whose claim to tell other countries how to run their affairs was certainly not justified by his own record.

LUNS AND SUKARNO

Before returning to the British domestic scene, some aspects of the international one need considering. In at least two vital areas this summer has seen a complete reversal of former western policies, and there have also been some important if less spectacular changes elsewhere.

For many years in succession no European statesman was more implacably hostile to Dr. Sukarno of Indonesia than Dr. Joseph Luns, the

brilliant Foreign Minister of the Netherlands. He stuck to his guns even after it had become quite clear that the Dutch position in New Guinea (Irian now) could no longer be maintained. The 'anti-colonialist' Sukarno was claiming this territory as a colony of his own, and an indifferent world was willing to let him grab it. After some preliminary contacts between Jakarta and The Hague, including a visit to The Hague of the Indonesian Foreign Minister, Dr. Subandrio, Dr. Luns surprised everybody at home and abroad by visiting Indonesia in early August at the invitation of the Indonesian government. Suddenly he and Sukarno got on beautifully together. What is more, despite wholesale spoliation of Dutch property by Indonesia and her default on the substantial old Dutch East Indies loans, the Dutch government has now granted Indonesia an export guarantee of some ten million pounds . . .

TSHOMBE'S COMEBACK

Even more fantastic, is the West's—and primarily America's—change of attitude towards Mr. Tshombe. The violence with which this man was abused when he ruled over Katanga and was the only person in the Congo who managed to maintain relative order in his province, is too recent to be forgotten. The UN and most of the Western powers—prompted by America—were determined to drive him out of the Congo and proclaimed that so long as he and any Belgians remained there, no end of the war the UN had unleashed for that purpose, was possible. Belgium, as I pointed out in *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, was made into the whipping boy allegedly responsible for all the disasters that developed in the Congo and which the mad UN adventure only made worse.

Today, less than three years after all this, Tshombe has triumphantly returned to his country and been freely elected as Prime Minister of the whole former Belgian Congo. He has secured the co-operation of his former Lumumbist and other political enemies, but he now has to fight a civil war against a new group of Communist-backed rebels. So this time, farcical though it may appear, the USA is helping Tshombe and supplying him aircraft and other material aid. Mr. Averill Harriman has also visited Brussels to request some substantial Belgian help. Very wisely, and bearing in mind the treatment received by Belgium in 1960-62, P. H. Spaak, the Foreign Minister, has declined to be drawn into one more Congolese imbroglio. By agreement with ex-Premier Adula, Tshombe's predecessor, who had applied for technical help last year, Belgium already has in the Congo some 80 officers as army instructors, as well as 120 NCOs who help with radar and maintenance work. The duties of these 200 Belgians are strictly non-operational. There are also several hundred teachers, some business employees and other Belgians in the Congo now, who have resumed their vital activities there, despite the great uncertainty of their future.

As Tshombe has said, 'After me there will be nothing.' He could have added: 'And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.' Meanwhile, as if the farce, or the tragicomedy were not bad enough as it is, Verwoerd's South Africa, of all places, is flying in ammunition, foodstuffs

and medical supplies 'as an unsolicited gift from our government to the government of Mr. Tshombe', according to a South African spokesman.

President de Gaulle, whose speedy recovery from his serious operation seems complete, and whose miraculous good luck in the face of renewed assassination attempts is truly providential, is now preaching strength through unity and moderation to his compatriots. He wants France to stay out of foreign entanglements and to concentrate her efforts on building up her own defensive power. There are many people in Western Europe today who think that the nomination of Senator Goldwater as the Republican candidate proves the wisdom of de Gaulle's views on the danger of instability in America's foreign and defence policy, and consequently on the need for each great power to have a nuclear deterrent of its own. If Goldwater were to be elected, the number of such persons would rapidly grow.

THOMSON, K, LOANS AND DEBTS

According to Lord Thomson, who has recently visited the Soviet Union and has had some intimate conversations with Khrushchev, the Russian leader is in a very friendly mood just now. Mr. K. was willing to discuss many awkward questions and did not sound the least bit belligerent. In fact, there is much evidence to corroborate the impression that neither Cyprus nor Vietnam, not to speak of Cuba or the Congo, seemed to move him very deeply, and that the last thing he wants is to go to war because of any one of them. He has enough economic and other problems to keep him busy at home. Nor are his relations with the European satellites going too smoothly, while through the death of Maurice Thorez in France and Palmiro Togliatti in Italy he has lost two of his most faithful henchmen in Western Europe. And there is always the headache of his relations with Communist China, so that his hands are pretty full as it is.

Whether anybody in London had asked Lord Thomson to put a question to Mr. K. about the possibility of raising a loan in Britain, and how large his requirements in such a case would be—going as far as one thousand million pounds, perhaps—or whether the idea occurred to Lord Thomson quite spontaneously, Mr. K. rose eagerly to it. Both men are accustomed to deal in big figures. In any case, Mr. K. confirmed that one thousand million pounds would suit him very well. There are a lot of snags in the serious discussion of such a proposition, however, even quite apart from the Bolsheviks' default on Russia's old debts. Many claims and counter-claims would have to be settled before a new transaction can be contemplated, including the relatively minor matter of Baltic loans and Baltic gold on deposit in London.

While the amounts involved in this particular situation are not large, the political implications are of great importance, since handing this gold over to the Russians—the way Czechoslovakia's gold was handed over to the Germans soon after Munich, which was a shameful chapter in the history of this country and the others involved—would imply the *de jure* recognition of the Russian conquest. It would also mean a row

with the Americans who keep on promising eventual liberation to the captive nations of Europe and who, moreover, strongly object to long-term credit facilities being granted to countries behind the iron curtain. A substantial loan to Russia would be considered as a crowning outrage. More serious is the fact that, on the one hand, Soviet Russia is chronically short of sterling while, on the other hand, the present balance of payments position of this country is hardly conducive to lending large amounts of money to foreign countries. At this juncture, therefore, the possibilities of a financial settlement with Moscow and all the volatile hopes that are being based on it, should be treated with the utmost scepticism.

OUR EXPORT 'REPRESENTATIVES'

Despite the fact that everything seems to indicate a serious balance of payments crisis in the autumn, the Stock Exchange is booming and so is, at a superficial glance, the economy in general. Industry's order books are full, production has been rising, there is a shortage of labour, consumer spending is high, and it has been a lovely summer. Why, then, are exports so disappointing? Why is the trade gap widening? Why is Britain's precarious gold and foreign currency reserve diminishing? Why is there so much uneasiness among men who trouble to think and to look ahead?

As far as exports are concerned, there is no need to waste time enquiring into any alleged mysteries. The facts are well known. What matters is not enquiries and occasional orders but a sustained effort of prompt deliveries and efficient salesmanship. On both these scores Britain is notoriously weak. Customers constantly complain of their British purveyors being unable to give them firm delivery dates or keeping them. Far too frequently the men who go abroad to sell British goods develop a thirst for alcoholic refreshment and amorous adventure that grows with every mile they get farther away from home. This urge they discuss in strident tones at all times of day or night, and mostly in four-letter words. They are the plague of foreign hotel managers and concierges, who get all the complaints but can do nothing about them. British commercial counsellors abroad know only too well the familiar type, the lack of enterprise, the lack of knowledge of clients' requirements, the lack of good manners. In recent years Britain's export organizations, with the enthusiastic support of the Swedes and the Swiss, did put on admirable trade exhibitions in Stockholm and Zurich. Not many British firms have troubled to follow up the contacts and substantial orders that resulted from this important step in the right direction. But at least both events, for once, brought to the fore many leading businessmen from Britain and they behaved like gentlemen.

BROOKE, BEVINS, AMERY OVERSTAY THEIR WELCOME

Neither the government nor the Labour leaders have so far produced any constructive suggestions for improving the export position or modernizing and consolidating the whole economy. Man for man; some

of the Conservative ministers dealing with financial and economic problems are superior to their opposite numbers of the Labour Party. Mr. Heath, Sir Edward Boyle, Mr. Erroll, Sir Keith Joseph, and above all Mr. Maudling, are without any doubt very capable and dynamic people. It is to Mr. Maudling's credit that, unlike so many of his predecessors, he has not presented the nation with a deceptively optimistic pre-electoral budget—only to announce all the difficulties soon afterwards. But in his recent comments on the trade gap he sounded unnecessarily complacent.

However, irrespective of political sympathies, there are a few members of Sir Alec's government whose continued presence on the front bench is truly amazing. Mr. Henry Brooke has a long record of maladroitness and failure which is hard to beat. The three latest instances are the Challoner affair, the special favours lavished on de Courcy and the man's easy escape, finally the 'springing' of Wilson from prison. In the de Courcy affair the Home Secretary at least apologized to the House and admitted a serious error of judgment (without explaining by whom or why it was made), but nevertheless it was two underlings who were reprimanded. In the Wilson affair it has been stated that the police expected it and were ready for it, which makes the situation even more absurd. What additional precautionary measures they took in view of this knowledge have not been disclosed.

Instead of avoiding a postal strike, Mr. Bevins handled it in such a manner that for nearly one month this country's postal connections with the rest of the world virtually came to a standstill. At one point it looked as if telephonic and telegraphic communications would be likewise cut. Can an international trader and financier like Great Britain, quite apart from any other aspects of this deplorable episode, afford such a situation?

Finally, Mr. Amery's handling of BOAC affairs, and the VC10 imbroglio, and the Ferranti business, can hardly be said to have enhanced the prestige of British aviation. Yet all this is happening at a time when the severe crisis of the air transport industry, which lasted for nearly four years, is practically over. According to figures recently released by the International Air Transport Association, the second quarter of 1964 shows an increase of 40.5 per cent over the same period last year on the North Atlantic route alone. Even KLM, whose difficulties began later than those of most of its competitors, is showing a vast improvement. Though still in the red, it has been able to reduce its losses so much that by next year it hopes to wipe them out altogether.

Of course, if Labour wins, the unlucky and maladroit members of the present government will be out of office in any case. But if the Conservatives were to pull through, which is not at all unlikely at the moment of writing, Sir Alec will clearly have to put together a better team.

There must be millions of voters in this country who are bitterly disappointed with both the big parties, and who would gladly turn to the Liberals if they could see a practical solution resulting from this. But the nation is firmly wedded to a two-party system.

CYPRUS IMBROGLIO

THOMAS ANTHEM

IT must surely appear as one of the strangest turns in the tortuous course of recent political events in Cyprus that whereas hardly a year ago President Makarios was telling a probing special correspondent of *The Times* that he thought Enosis was now 'an unattainable dream,' but the Greek Cypriot people had a right to cherish it, that that dream is now definitely within sight of realization. And, ironically enough, it was the Turks themselves who, by their 'cowardly and barbarous bombing of the non-combatant population,' as the Archbishop described it, gave the final direction and impetus to the Greek objective. For, on 25 August, after a four-hour conference at the residence of the Greek Prime Minister 16 miles north of Athens, in which the Foreign and Defence Ministers took part, a communiqué was issued that a 'complete identity of views' had been reached between the Greek and Cypriot Governments, and that the issue would, if necessary, go forward to the United Nations Assembly. This outcome clearly put paid to any 'agreed solution' at Geneva on the basis of the so-called and ill-conceived Acheson Plan, consisting of five proposals which, seeming to be unanimous in conceding union with Greece, nevertheless could not conceal the desire of the Americans to be as generous as possible to their spoilt child, Turkey. On his arrival in the Greek capital, Makarios had told reporters: 'I understand that pressure has been exerted by self-styled mediators for a fraudulent solution of the Cyprus problem.' The 'Acheson Plan,' he added, was 'totally unacceptable.' Mr. Papandreou, in a message to the Greek people, filled in the blanks left in the communiqué, which had set some of the foreign correspondents in Athens wondering. 'At all times,' he said, 'we have stated that we are aiming at the right of self-determination of the Cypriot people, who will decide freely for their future. The decision for Enosis will depend on their own will.' The Greek Premier's pronouncement dovetailed with Makarios' earlier statement that the Greek Cypriot aim was 'unrestricted independence, on the basis of which the people of Cyprus will be able to determine their future. For nearly a decade, Ethnarch Makarios had for tactical reasons spoken of Enosis as 'an unattainable dream,' now he was making it apparent that union with the Mother Country was the logical and desired end. If Geneva failed to meet the Greek Cypriot demands on all points, then the matter would go before the United Nations in November, though it might not come up for discussion in the General Assembly before February next.

The Athens decisions came as the political anti-climax to the Turkish aerial aggression, and the attempt by Ankara to impose a solution by force. The Turkish Air Force Commander, General Tansel, had delivered himself of the arrogant threat that 'if the people who take the wrong policy in Cyprus do not change their policy, we shall solve this problem at one blow.' The similarity of this extravagant language to that used by the Nazi leaders in the last war is too obvious to call for comment. But there were more grave aspects of the wanton bombing, in which

33 Greek Cypriots were reported killed and 250 injured, some being seared and burned with napalm bombs—I have seen a number of photographs—than a modern demonstration of inherent Turkish ruthlessness. Greek-language newspapers in Cyprus, for instance, alleged that, before the attack, the US Ambassador in Cyprus, Mr. Taylor Belcher had given an 'ultimatum' to Archbishop Makarios that if the Greek Cypriot assault on the north-west was not halted, the Turkish Air Force would intervene. What truth was there in this report? At least it seems to find an echo in the satisfied smiles and manner of Mr. Inonu, the Turkish Premier, after his meetings with President Johnson in Washington, and with Sir Alec Douglas-Home in London. Was Inonu given the hint that the US and Britain would turn a blind eye if Ankara indulged in a little 'judicious bombing'—just to bring Makarios to his senses? Mr. Khrushchev went so far as to say that the Turks had received a 'blessing'. A shocking thought that the world's two major democracies, claiming to defend the Free World, should be guilty of such connivance, endangering the peace of the world; but high moral behaviour rarely finds itself in step with power-politics. Does any sane person believe that the Americans, with their powerful Sixth Fleet in the vicinity of the Aegean Sea, were totally unaware of Turkish intentions? Moreover, the raid was carried out with planes and war material supplied by the United States, and presumed to be solely for the defensive purposes of NATO. Not until Greece had given solemn warning at the United Nations that she would retaliate 'with all her forces' unless the raids were called off at a given hour were the American naval units stirred into action. No condemnation of the raid was forthcoming from either Washington or London, and there was no expression of sympathy for the men, women and children who had been killed, maimed or injured. The 'pressures' applied to Greek and Greek Cypriot leaders, even in the case of so distinguished and brilliant a statesman as Mr. Papandreou, have been too naïve and cynical to deceive any discerning person. When the Greek Premier met the Foreign Secretary, Mr. R. A. Butler, and the Commonwealth Secretary, Mr. Duncan Sandys, in London, the latter 'insisted' on an immediate understanding between Greece and Turkey; 'otherwise war is unavoidable'. To which Mr. Papandreou curtly replied: 'If war is unavoidable, it is not going to be a local one, but a general war. The view, therefore, that this information should cause anxiety in Greece alone is mistaken.' When Mr. Sandys asked if Mr. Papandreou considered the Zurich and London Agreements to be still valid—the British Government had just previously assured Inonu that Britain held the view that they *were* valid—the Greek Premier retorted that Greece had *never* denounced the agreements, which were, therefore *not* invalid. 'But,' he added, 'they are definitely dead, and what is required is their formal death certificate.' A touch of Greek wit and realism about this remark, which should be noted by British politicians, and also by some reactionary Tory newspapers, who hold the illusion that President Makarios rode roughshod over the agreements. The agreements, in fact, as I have pointed out

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before, are illegally based, since *Turkey renounced all rights in Cyprus under the Lausanne Treaty of 1923.*

If, latterly, the United States has shared responsibility with the British Government for inflaming the passions and ambitions of the Turks over their imagined 'rights' in Cyprus, and the 'Acheson Plan' was the latest expression of their solicitude for Ankara, the Turks have shown little gratitude. On the contrary, towards the end of August there were anti-American demonstrations in Ankara and at Istanbul, from which, incidentally, hundreds of poor and wealthy Greek residents have been expelled, with no compensation for the confiscation of their property. At Izmir, the American, Russian, and United Arab Republic pavilions at the International Trade Fair were wrecked by rioters. The 'revenge' expulsions of Greeks at Istanbul, which are still going on, have provoked no retaliatory measures by the Greek Government on the 100,000 Turks happily settled in Greek Thrace, where they enjoy equal civil and religious rights with the Greek inhabitants, nor on the Turkish community in Rhodes. The Greek Government have stressed that they do not intend to emulate the Turkish authorities in this reprehensible way, which shows only too clearly how far the Turks, as a nation, are lagging behind in western civilized standards, though they have long aspired to be considered as a western State. Whilst on the one hand it is said that the Ankara Government are really indifferent as to the fate or well-being of Turks outside their national boundaries, including those of Cyprus, it is almost certainly true that hitherto it has only been the fear of the wrath of the Western Christian world, with possible repercussions on the Turkish economy—Turkey being dependent on aid from the West—that has deterred that government from going too far in interfering with the status of the Ecumenical Patriarch, or in clearing out the 60,000 Greeks who have Turkish citizenship. Now, however, the precarious state of the Turkish economy, coupled with hate of the Greeks, has given rein to Ankara's greed, and the 12,500 Greek nationals, who are estimated to own property valued at 2,000 million Turkish liras, or about £80 millions, have become fair game for expulsion under various spurious pretexts.

As to the Acheson proposals, these did not even please the Turks, despite the fact that they included the cession to them of the Greek islet of Castellorizon, near the Anatolian coast; the creation of a Turkish military base in Cyprus; the formation of two 'cantons' under Turkish-Cypriot administration, and payment of compensation to Turks emigrating from the island. From the Greek point of view, as well as that of Makarios, the proposals were little short of grotesque. They constituted an affront to the Greek nation. The idea that Greece should cede even an inch of her own small territory to the Turks will strike anyone with only a superficial knowledge of Greco-Turkish relations and history as fantastic in the extreme, yet the 'plan' was traded about with gay abandon by the scribes of the British Press, including those of *The Times*. The *Guardian* (31 July) thought Mr. Acheson's ideas 'useful', though the suggestion of Turkish Cypriot cantons would be

impracticable. Alas, the editorial views of this stalwart of Liberal opinion have never been quite the same in the last few years. Mr. Papandreou put the matter of territorial concession epigrammatically: "Turkey gives nothing, so why should she get? Greece claims nothing, so why should she give?"

Students of history will know that Istanbul (Constantinople) was formerly Greek Byzantium, the centre of a Hellenic civilization for a thousand years, and but for the bungling and jealousy (Russia was covetous of it) of the Great Powers, might well have been restored to Greece after the First World War, with the Cathedral of Santa Sophia (now a Turkish museum). And why give even a small Greek island to the Turks today when a large stretch of the Anatolian littoral was Greek from the time of Alexander down to the ill-starred Greek campaign against the Turks in 1919-22? Kemal Ataturk's bloodthirsty army drove a million-and-a-half Greeks literally into the sea, for they crowded in terror, bereft of all their possessions, down to the beaches and into boats, thence to pour into Greece. 'Compensation for the Turks' in the light of all this, has a strange ring in the Cyprus context, to say nothing about the confiscation of Greek property in the Istanbul expulsions.

As to a Turkish military base on the island, this would be a festering sore, and would sow the seeds of future strife. Moreover, there is no justification for such a base, as Greece and Turkey are both members of NATO. In this context, the suggestion of Sir Claude Auchinleck, the one self-declared Liberal among Great Britain's Field-Mmarshals, in a letter to *The Times* (20 August 1964), that the UN Headquarters might be removed from New York to Cyprus should have serious consideration. 'For thousands of years,' he said, 'Cyprus has been a meeting place for East and West.'

The proposal for 'cantons' is no more practicable than partition or 'federalism', for the simple reason that the population is so intermingled, with Greek and Turkish villages often mutually dependent on one another economically. Efficient administration on an economic basis would become almost impossible with such a division.

There is a strong body of military opinion which rules out the value of Cyprus as a strategic base in the event of war, and there is one Greek island which is very much nearer the Turkish coast than Cyprus—Rhodes, which is demilitarized. It is only six miles away. Turkish fears, therefore, are largely moonshine. Cyprus was no 'threat' to Turkey in the First World War, when the island was in the hands of an enemy Great Power—Britain. The British then ruled the seas, but at no time did Britain's possession of the island influence the course of operations in the Near East. Cyprus was not even used as a military base for diversive landing operations on the flanks and rear of the German and Turkish forces in Syria and Mesopotamia. General Grivas has lately stated that one can easily understand why operations from Cyprus against the southern coasts of Asia Minor could not possibly succeed. The Taurus Range, he says, stretches for 500 kilometres, along the southern coasts of Turkey from the Bay of Iskenderun to the Bay of Antalya, and is traversed by

deep ravines and precipitous slopes, facing the sea. The mountains form an impregnable wall, guarding the interior of Turkey.

In surveying all the shifts and moves of the Cyprus negotiations, in dwelling upon the statements and speculations of journalistic 'experts' and the no less unreliable views of British ex-diplomats and politicians, one cannot help noting how Archbishop Makarios has outwitted and risen above all his detractors. Everything he has done so far makes sense, even his approaches and seeming 'flirtation' with Khrushchev and Nasser; mostly everything the American and British Governments have done up to these last days, has been nonsensical. The Archbishop stands master of the situation, despite a stupid and persistent report (latest version in a Sunday Tory newspaper) that a 'joint compromise solution' was being engineered by the Greek and Turkish Governments, 'over Makarios' head if need be.' The only certainty in a complicated issue is that there will be no peace and no agreement without the signature, in red ink, of Makarios, who now not only has the staunch backing of all the Greek Cypriot people, but of the Greek Government. I have mentioned 'red ink'; the Archbishop is the only one in the world who has this privilege, bestowed by the Emperor of Byzantium, Zeno, on the Archbishop of the first autocephalous Cypriot Orthodox Church. There is one Sunday newspaper report that I think might possibly be true. It is stated that a secret part of the agreement reached between President Makarios and Mr. Papandreou in Athens was to the effect that if the Turks were so foolhardy as to invade Cyprus, the Greek and Cyprus Governments would immediately declare Enosis, since Greece could then claim that she was defending Greek territory. A logical proposition, as well as being a poetic idea based on justice. I believe that it is also a fact that the Archbishop, as part of the bargain, agreed not to seek Russia's active intervention, though not refusing Soviet military supplies. There is also good reason to assume that no more was asked of Nasser than the means to defend the island.

The venom and the spite, the insults and the affronts, directed against Makarios by the scribes and cartoonists of the British Press, as though he were the instigator of all the trouble in Cyprus and the main obstacle to a peaceful settlement, provide an extraordinary contrast to the absolute lack of criticism of the British Government for their culpability in having, by their political ineptitude and failure to grant the overwhelming Greek majority a worthwhile constitution at the right time, produced the present imbroglio. British policy in Cyprus, as in Ireland, has been unbelievably inane, as Charles Foley, who started *The Times of Cyprus* during the Emergency of 1955 onwards, shows so effectively in his recently published book, *Legacy of Strife*.* On the Cyprus showing, Britain cannot honestly claim to be any more politically mature than the United States, at which country British politicians are so prone to sneer. At least, the late President John Kennedy welcomed Makarios to America as 'a great and courageous fighter for freedom, whose struggle we have all watched with admiration.'

* Penguin Special. 3s. 6d.

A PENANG LAWYER—II

LORD OGMORE

ONE of the most interesting cases I ever had was when I defended a Chinese at Sungei Patani Assizes before Mr. Justice Dinsmore and three Assessors. Unlike the system in Penang there was no trial by jury in Kedah. The Judge in all cases except those involving a capital charge sat alone. In cases where the death penalty might be imposed, he sat with three Assessors, one from the race of the person tried, one European and one Malay if a Malay was not the Accused; if he were the accused then there was one from another Asian race. If the Assessors were unanimous, the Judge in fact accepted their verdict although he could order a re-trial; if they were not unanimous he could accept the majority decision or even, so far as I remember, the minority one. Mr. L. B. Gibson, the State Public Prosecutor, appeared for the prosecution and told the Court that the scene of the alleged murder was an eating shop. The accused and the deceased were lodgers in the house and both occupied a room at the back of it. One side of the room was open to the well of the house and it was approached by a ladder. Early one morning when the householder was in the kitchen he heard cries of distress and the trampling of feet upstairs. On going to investigate he found the two lodgers in their room. One of them had a gash in the throat and just as the householder, Tan Ah Chuan, entered the room the man collapsed and died. The accused had a razor and a knife in his hands and when the accused saw Tan Ah Chuan the latter accused the former of murdering the deceased and ran down the stairs shouting. Another Chinese went up on hearing the noise and was told by the accused 'Don't come in, this is my affair.' The man ran down crying out 'murder' whereupon a detective who was nearby rushed in and arrested and handcuffed the accused. Evidence was given that the accused was a left-handed man and that the gash in the throat was of the type which would be inflicted by a left-handed man.

The opening by Mr. Gibson and the evidence he called bore out the statements given at the preliminary enquiry. I must say that I was pessimistic.

I turned my attention to the medical evidence and I made a dead set at the surgeon who was very sure of himself and had given in evidence as his opinion, first, that the wound was not self-inflicted as wounds generally, when self-inflicted, trailed away into a scratch, whilst the wound on the deceased was one inch deep right to the point where it ended; secondly, that the tendency in self-inflicted wounds was downwards and this was not the case with the wound in question, and lastly, that the severity of the injury was not consistent with self-infliction. Under my cross-examination the witness denied that he had made a statement at the inquest regarding the place where the wound commenced, a statement not coinciding with the one just made at the Assize trial; the doctor's two statements also differed in their account of the depth of the wound. The witness was unable to reply to my questions but submitted his original notes. The Judge warned the doctor to be

very careful. The doctor was rattled. I then quoted examples of suicide from Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* where the cases showed considerable severity and the doctor admitted that these cases were more severe than the case in question. This caused a further deterioration in the doctor's self-confidence. He then admitted in answer to me that in suicide there was generally one wound and usually the wound was over some exposed part like the throat or the chest. I questioned him on the effects of opium. The doctor admitted that the after-effects of opium (and both the accused and deceased, like so many Chinese in Malaya, were smokers) were to induce a state of depression. I then quoted from Taylor to the effect that opium, hemp and other drugs brought about hallucinations of a nature that made the man see visions of a spectre and even of the devil himself. I asked the doctor if he agreed, and the doctor, now thoroughly unnerved and apparently almost seeing spectres himself said 'Yes'. At that the Judge exploded, censured the doctor and told him to think what he was saying and not to answer questions at random. This caused the complete collapse of the doctor as a witness.

When the prosecution case closed, I called a doctor who refuted some of the expert opinion of the prosecution medical witness and finally the Judge declared testily that the expert evidence went for nothing. To have demolished the medical evidence went for a great deal and I concentrated in my speech on a number of illuminating ways in which the deceased could have come by his death. In his summing-up the Judge said, 'Now gentlemen, Mr. Rees-Williams for the defence has given you a number of interesting and ingenious *possibilities* as to how the deceased could have come by his death but the prosecution one is a *probability*. Now I will tell you the difference between a *probability* and a *possibility*. Supposing I were to leave for Japan by sea, the *probability* is that I should arrive safely at my destination but there is a *possibility*, a remote possibility in these days of safe ocean-travel, that the ship would catch fire on the way and I should not arrive at my destination. That, gentlemen,' said Mr. Justice Dinsmore triumphantly, 'is the difference between a *probability* and a *possibility*.'

In spite of this summing-up, the Assessors found the Accused not guilty. He was discharged.

A few weeks later, Mr. Justice Dinsmore embarked at Penang in a Japanese liner as he was leaving Malaya on leave before retirement. The ship sailed from Penang, but, two or three days later, when out at sea, she caught fire and had to return to Penang. I saw Mr. Justice Dinsmore at the Polo Club but did not think it tactful to refer to the difference between a *probability* and a *possibility*.

Sex, of course, was at the bottom of many of the crimes of violence. Seduction and enticement, too, often caused trouble especially among the estate workers, the Tamils from Madras. These quick, nervous people, Dravidians, of the ancient indigenous race of India, came to Malaya to work on contract on the rubber estates. As they intended to return to India at the end of their contract and there to rejoin their families,

they did not normally bring their womenfolk with them and so there was a preponderance of men. Women were valued, freer and more independent than they were at that time in Southern India. Brothels, of course, abounded and the venereal disease rate was high. It was most difficult to obtain evidence against professional brothel-keepers, and on one occasion, when I defended an Indian woman and her husband, charged with keeping a brothel, it was obvious that the police had organized the whole thing. The *agents provocateurs* had persuaded the couple to provide them with women and my clients had succeeded in talking the wives of two respectable men into spending the night with the police agents in a room in the accused couple's house. The *agents provocateurs* paid the two women in marked notes and these were later found in the house. I told the Court that the police ought to be in the dock with the other accused. I felt considerable sympathy for the women's husbands who were loud in their indignation. As an insight into what risks people ran in brothels, one of the Police Inspectors I knew very well told me that, in a recent raid on a brothel much frequented by Europeans, they had arrested the brothel-keeper who was so far gone in leprosy that he broke down and died in the ambulance on the way to the police station.

It was difficult to trust people where women were concerned. I remember defending a police corporal charged with raping a Chinese woman at the main police station in the centre of Penang in the presence of her husband and many other witnesses.

The background to the story was a sad one and, although in my efforts to save the corporal I dealt pretty vigorously with the poor woman in the witness box, I felt the pathos of it all; in fact this story had a good deal of influence on my political development. The young couple were Chinese peasants who, like many more in these bitter years in Malaya, were unable to find work. Hungry, homeless and without hope, far from China and their homes and families, they decided to end their lives so hand in hand they jumped from the ferryboat between the mainland and Penang. They were noticed, however, and soon were hauled aboard a boat and taken to the Central Police Station where they were lodged in the cells, charged with attempted suicide. At this time there was a large communal cell in the police station, open on one side but secured by barred railings, and, on the other side of the narrow passage, a small cell, also open to the passage and also barred. Into the larger cell, for the night, with other men was placed the husband and into the smaller cell went the wife. There were no women police or matrons, and that night the corporal on duty, assisted by a police constable, entered the woman's cell and, it was alleged, attempted to rape her; she struggling hard, tearing off the corporal's shirt and biting his arm. Her husband was disturbed by the commotion and running to the bars peered through and he and the other prisoners were able to see his wife being attacked.

The next morning, Inspector Lewis, a Welshman from Carmarthen and a smart police officer, on making his morning rounds noticed that the woman was despondent, and questioned her. Then the story came to

light.

I did my best for the accused. The charge was reduced to one of assault with intent to outrage the modesty of the woman. I remember mentioning the fact that there was an eclipse of the moon that night, an event of religious significance to Chinese and Malays, who would be about in considerable numbers. The corporal and the constable were convicted on the amended charge.

In those days, in Malaya as in China and elsewhere in the East, arranged marriages were the normal custom. In Chinese family life the Confucian ethic governed these matters. This ethic prescribes that the function of marriage is the provision of sons to sustain the funeral and ancestral rites and customs. The Chinese son therefore married in duty to his parents and was not expected to devote himself to his wife more than to his mother. In these circumstances romantic or erotic love, its vulgar sister, did not lead to marriage. As with the chivalry of the Middle Ages romantic love then often meant love outside marriage.

In my Penang law classes I had a Chinese student who was intelligent, studious, polite, hard-working, ambitious and employed by a first-class firm. I liked him well and he obtained distinction in his examinations. In lecturing on the common law, I explained the differences between a condition precedent and a warranty and told them that the non-fulfilment of a condition precedent could lead to the avoidance of a contract whilst the breach of a warranty merely led to damages.

One day my student came to see me and recalled this legal principle. He went on to tell me that his was a case in which it applied for he had recently married a Chinese girl. To the marriage broker, his mother and he had stipulated that the bride to be found by the broker must have the physical sign of virginity. They did not specify that she should be a virgin because they knew that the physical sign might be said to be absent because the girl had played hockey or lacrosse. They therefore played safe and stipulated that she must have the physical property. My student told me that it was to make this proof apparent that Chinese brides and bridegrooms were dressed in white and I suppose that possibly this is the remote origin of our own Western white bridal dress. A suitable girl was found by the broker and the marriage terms arranged. The marriage was celebrated and consummated but there were no physical results of the loss of the bride's maidenhood although she protested firmly that she was a virgin. The husband cast her off and would have nothing to do with her. Now the bride was claiming maintenance in the Courts.

'It is a breach of condition precedent,' said the husband to me, 'and therefore the contract can be annulled. You told us so in your lectures.'

'That was in cases of sales of goods and so on,' I replied, 'not in cases of marriage.'

'What is the difference?' he said. 'It was a bargain with a condition precedent which has not been fulfilled.'

I tried to reason him out of this view but to no avail. He was adamant. He said that his friends knew of the circumstances and he

could not take the girl back. He would lose too much face. The case came before the Courts and, of course, we had no defence. The Magistrate would not, and could not, recognize the condition precedent and so an order was made against my student.

Spells, incantations and love potions played their part in the Courts as in the private lives of the population. Tuberculosis was said to be rife partly because all windows and doors were sealed at night from fear of ghosts. I remember once prosecuting a Tamil for enticing away a married woman. She gave evidence that the accused brought a mango fruit to her; she ate it and felt giddy. The accused called to her and cried, 'Come here.' 'I followed him and my feelings were all for him,' she said. The girl insisted that the accused gave her the mango fruit to seduce her. Presumably she wished to infer that there must have been a magical quality imported into the mango fruit by black magic. But the durian, a fruit with the pungent odour of bad drains, was much esteemed by the Malays for its aphrodisiac qualities. 'When the durians come down the sarong's go up' was a well-known Malay saying.

Witchcraft entered in those days into the lives of Asians and Africans to an extent never realized by Europeans, and the money spent on charms, spells and antidotes must have been tremendous. No person, however intelligent or educated, seemed to be immune. There was a detective officer in Penang, a clever man, who began to associate with a woman other than his wife. The latter obtained something of his and had a spell cast over it so that he became impotent. The detective was much worried and began to decline in health until he took himself to a rival practitioner who in an expensive course of treatment gradually provided an antidote to the spell. It was well known that Europeans who lived with Asian girls, particularly Siamese, were liable, without their knowledge, to undergo a course of love potions made up from disgusting recipes, all of which were said to have an enervating effect on the Europeans and to retain the hold of the girls upon them.

I have once or twice known a witness collapse in the box saying that he had been bewitched. But this was not usual. What was common was for one party or the other in a civil action to issue a challenge in Court. If it was accepted, the Court took judicial notice of the challenge and entered it on the records. The challenger could challenge the other party to swear in the authorized manner to the truth of his statement. Usually it was the plaintiff who challenged the defendant but not necessarily so. Once the challenge had been accepted, the person challenged went to the mosque or the temple and in due form before a priest made solemn oath of the truth of his assertion. The oath was solemnized in the case of Chinese by cutting off a cock's head or by breaking a saucer, in the case of Hindus so far as I remember by doubting the light of a taper, in the case of Moslems by swearing on the Koran. After the oath had been taken and certified by the temple or mosque authorities, judgement was entered for the challenged but if he refused to take the oath after accepting the challenge then it was entered for the challenger. I sometimes remonstrated with a plaintiff who had a good case. 'Why,' I would

say, 'it is absurd. You have got a sound case. The defendant will just go up to the Temple or the Mosque, swear and be clear of his debt.' 'I do not mind,' the plaintiff would reply, 'I would rather have his life than his money. If he swears untruly he will be dead within a year.' This, of course, was the sanction, that death would follow the taking of a false oath in the circumstances I have mentioned. It was said to be almost certain in the case of Malays but I am not so sure with people of other races; it was not one hundred per cent safe with them, there were too many fearless rascals around. The Sikh priests in particular would not allow any of this swearing on their sacred book. They said that too many rogues had sworn false oaths and this would defile the Temple.

Another type of crime with which I was much concerned was fraud in all its oriental ingenuity. I had many cattle cases where the opportunities for fraud over the progeny and the Indian way of pledging the cattle were endless. The case, however, which gave me most satisfaction in this field was over a promissory note and is perhaps an example of a sudden inspiration, in cross-examination. I regard it as my greatest triumph, although it made no stir, and so far as I remember was not even reported in the newspapers.

One afternoon a Malay came to see me in my office and asked me to act for his mother-in-law who was being sued by a moneylender on a promissory note. The moneylender was not of the Chettiar or chetty caste of hereditary moneylenders who have a code of their own but had once been a clerk to a chetty firm and later set up on his own account.

'My mother-in-law never received a cent on the promissory note,' said the Malay. 'It is all a fraud, a put-up job between the moneylender and my mother-in-law's son who is a rascal and is being paid by the moneylender to swear that his mother had the money.'

'Who is said to have signed the promissory note?' I asked.

'My mother-in-law and her son. The son has already consented to judgement but of course he has got nothing and it is a joint and several promissory note.'

'Is the woman's signature said to be upon the note?'

'No, only her mark, a cross.'

'That is unfortunate. We shall not be able to prove handwriting. Nevertheless, I presume that she will give evidence that she never received any money or signed by her mark the note?'

'Yes, she will, Tuan,' replied the Malay, 'But. . . .' and he hesitated.

'My mother-in-law is blind.'

'Blind!' I cried.

'Blind,' he added dolefully.

'Look, my friend,' said I to him, 'take your money, the fee you offer me, and go to the end of Weld Quay and there cast your money into the sea. It will do as much good as I can for you. The case is hopeless, I can do nothing.'

'Oh Tuan,' pleaded the Malay, 'do take it on. I do not mind about the fee. I would far rather we lost this money than that these rascals should win without a fight.'

'Go away,' said I, 'the case is hopeless.' I had been having a run of losing cases and did not want another for the reason I have explained.

The Malay pleaded with me and eventually talked me into taking on the case. The woman said she had deposited some jewellery with the moneylender and, on the principle of 'in for a lamb, in for a sheep,' I entered a defence on the claim under the promissory note and counter-claimed for the return of the jewellery.

It was with a heavy heart that I stood up in the District Court and said that I acted for the defendant. If ever there was a loser this was it.

The Plaintiff's advocate called the blind woman's son to give evidence and other witnesses including the plaintiff remained out of Court. I asked the witness several questions but got nowhere. Then I asked to see the promissory note which had been already put to this witness. I had not seen it before and I examined it only to find that it was exactly as it had been described in the statement of claim. There appeared nothing to go upon. Suddenly I observed that it was written in ink and I felt that ink was not a common commodity in a Malay house on the outskirts of Penang. I continued my cross-examination.

'I notice that the cross on the promissory note is in ink.'

'Yes.'

'Where did your mother get the ink from?'

'From the cupboard in the corner of the living room in her house.'

'What was the ink in?'

'A small bottle.'

'Where did the bottle come from?'

'From a shop in the village.'

'Who bought it?'

'I did.'

'For the purpose of signing the promissory note?'

'Yes.'

'What pen was used?'

'An ordinary wooden pen with a steel nib.'

'What sort of nib?'

'A Waverley.'

'Where did it come from?'

'I bought it.'

'Where?'

'In the shop where I bought the ink.'

The plaintiff then gave evidence. He told the same story as the son had done and was word-perfect. When I cross examined him I played around a little to put him off the scent then I asked him in a casual tone:

'I notice that the cross on the promissory note is in ink.'

'Yes.'

'What pen did the woman defendant use to make the cross?'

'My fountain pen,' replied the moneylender, pulling one from his pocket. 'Here it is.'

'Are you quite sure of that?' I asked.

'Absolutely,' he replied. 'I remember it well.'

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FORUM FEATURE —

SOUTHERN RHODESIAN CONUNDRUM

L. MANFRED H. HODSON, CMG, OBE, QC

THE hope that a trouble spot will not emerge, this time in Southern Rhodesia, is worth pursuing, if only for the reason that the world already has too many.

There are many Southern Rhodesians to whom the thought of a unilateral declaration of independence seems as fantastic as it must appear to the outside world, whether viewed from an ethical, a legal or an economic standpoint; they cannot see that it could be made expedient or desirable by any set of circumstances short of prolonged and serious oppression, amounting to an invasion of basic human rights, by the British Government.

This last point is an application of a test evolved at a conference of Rhodesian church leaders held last April.

The surprise of the outside observer may be due to believing that here we have a handful of settlers imagining that they can hold back a continental movement towards fully representative democracy. That of the observer from within is due to his wonder that the declaration, talked about on all sides, could ever have been contemplated as a solution for very real problems to which it offers no solution at all.

Yet the fact remains that the governing party, the Rhodesian Front, has indicated that such a declaration might, in circumstances which it has not very clearly specified in public, become necessary.

The official opposition, under the name of the Rhodesian National Party, and under the leadership of Sir Edgar Whitehead, has said that the declaration would be disastrous, but has made a reservation amounting to a claim that, if the United Kingdom were to fail to observe the convention that there is to be no legislation on the internal affairs of Southern Rhodesia without a request from the Government of this country, the course in question might be justified.

The opposition has, however, recently changed its name to the Rhodesian Party, and has replaced Sir Edgar Whitehead with Sir Roy Welensky, formerly Prime Minister of the now defunct Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, as far as general leadership is concerned, though the former is still the leader in the Legislative Assembly, the latter being about to contest a by-election in Arundel in order to gain a seat.

These changes will presumably permit opposition to the declaration to be couched in more positive terms, without reference to hypothetical situations falling short of those given by the Church leaders. A clearer statement than theirs of the ethical test is unlikely to be found.

The United Kingdom Government has made it plain that independence will be granted when the usual conditions are satisfied, that is, that the majority of the people are adequately represented, or at least, as far as can be understood, that they are about to be adequately repre-

sented. It is not generally believed that a Labour Government in the United Kingdom would take a line materially different.

Looking at it from the outside, one may jump to the conclusion that the answer is obvious and simple. All that needs to be substituted for the suicidal unilateral declaration is a local reform whereby the majority are adequately represented.

The answer may be obvious, but it is not so simple.

The sudden introduction of 'one man, one vote' in many of the newly-independent African countries has worked out neither for the good of minorities, such as that now in control in Southern Rhodesia, nor for the freedom from oppression, fear, want, ignorance and disease of the majority of the indigenous inhabitants. In some cases it has established a bridgehead for Communism, chiefly of the militant Chinese variety. Pan-Africanism, which claims to be able to steer a passage of its own choosing, between Western and Communist ways of life, seems seldom to have the inherent strength to be able to do so, which is not surprising, for tribal institutions, though perhaps capable of growth into forms of government suitable for this century, have not in most of the countries concerned had time for such growth, and, in any case, the overwhelming financial and military strength of the great powers makes complete non-alliance almost impossible.

The exceptional cases (one likes to think that Nigeria, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are or are about to be among them) are outnumbered by the others.

Southern Rhodesia has always been committed to a policy of gradual enfranchisement of its people. At the time when the Federation was established (1952-53), the country had a reasonable franchise system under which there was one common roll and everyone who earned £20 a month and could fill in a form of application for enrolment could have a vote.

This arrangement was not without its opponents among those Europeans who thought it was too liberal. Between them and the others there was evolved the present system of voting, which must be one of the most complicated the world has ever seen. A judicial commission heard the views of all who had views to air, and produced a report. The recommendations of the report were modified in some important respects by Federal and Territorial Governments. In Southern Rhodesia a constitutional conference was held of all interested parties. The British Government and the Nationalist leader, Mr. Joshua Nkomo, were among those who took part and agreed to the system, but Mr. Nkomo's followers would have none of it.

There are different sets of income and educational qualifications for two common rolls. In most constituencies, an upper roll vote carries more weight than a lower roll vote. A few constituencies are dominated by the lower roll in the opposite way. To describe the system completely would take many pages.

It is believed that, if the Africans had availed themselves to the full of the opportunities given them, they would now be exercising a far

greater influence in the Legislature than they do, but there are great differences of opinion as to how long a time would have had to elapse before majority rule came. Some say five years, some say twenty or more.

Much talent and much sincerity went into working out this electoral scheme. Except for the African nationalists, few wish to re-open a chapter which exercised the minds of so many leading citizens for so long. Many liberal-minded persons had a hand in it. The present opposition was in power when it was evolved. It has, rightly or wrongly, caused many educated people to believe that we already have the essentials of democracy.

It is therefore difficult to criticise it without being labelled an obstinate lone wolf. Yet perhaps one may venture the criticism, even at this late date, that, as soon as voters are classified by other voters in this way, the vote ceases to give the answer to the fundamental question of what the majority of the people, in all their diversity, want. Those without votes form parties which cannot be ignored, or are forced to join them.

The major problem would seem to be how to return to the ordinary, simple, voters' roll the country had before Federation. It is possible that that could be made acceptable to all. But the knots are pulled very tight, and will be difficult to undo.

Then there are other considerations, which may not be clear to all outside observers. It may not be generally known, for instance, that one result of acquiring a Colony through the agency of Cecil Rhodes's British South Africa Company was that the settlers had eventually to buy their way into the Empire. They had, for instance, to pay the Company for the mineral rights. This gives them an added impatience with interference of any kind from overseas. Also they feel that it is not their fault if the modern world has adopted a new fashion—that of decrying colonialism. They have provided peace and fair rule. Every complexity, such as that of their franchise laws, has the hallmark of British approval or acquiescence. They established themselves here with British encouragement, and have built well. In particular, they have taken over from the pioneer missionaries a great deal of the financial and directive responsibility for African education. In endeavouring to preserve law and order, they have to guard Africans from the intimidation employed by other Africans.

In so far as they feel they have not failed in the trust reposed in them, there is much sympathy due to them. If this were to be acknowledged, it might help to remove the declaration of independence mania.

On the other hand, there is, locally, an over-emphasis on the extent to which bargains can be made between mother country and colony about the future of the majority, and insufficient appreciation of the fact that the education being imparted is bound, according to generally accepted views of education, to make the majority want a greater share in the direction of affairs. As previously indicated, the time has come for a review of the electoral system, so as to bring it more in line with general views of what the power to vote means. More time should be devoted to an appreciation of how far the aspirations of Africans for

themselves and for their country coincide with those of the Europeans. In a matter like urban housing, for example, there is need for study of urban housing schemes for people, as such, instead of for Africans, on the one hand, and others. Generally, many ideas which were sound enough in the nineteenth century, are now obsolescent, and it is necessary to establish closer relations with other African countries which are beginning to make a success of majority rule.

The necessity for these extensive changes in outlook is brought home by reference to the constants in the developing picture of democracy today. In order to be a defender of that system, one must ask whether, in fact, liberty, equality and fraternity are flourishing, and whether the government of the people is increasingly by the people.

Beatrice, Southern Rhodesia.

BROWNSTONE WALL

In some far distant century to come,
Will a child, will anyone
Cradle an old brick in his arms,
And see the past, its crumbling charms?
Will such a man-made object own
The glory, and the strength of this old stone?

This stone, but one of many in a wall
Built low, is lowly, but withal
Gives beauty, Nature's bounty to the eye,
Tired of flat concrete, and black chimneys envying the sky.

Each honey-brown, moss-cornered, lichened stone,
A minute garden, even minute world, all its own.
Maybe each stone is individually loved,
This one a home for ants, that one for beetles' feet, moss-
velvet gloved.

And here a cow has mused, and rubbed her chin;
And here the spiders sit, their dew-flecked webs to spin.
O what a sense of peace and strength, and quiet tranquillity,
This old stone wall conveys, bathed in a glow of pure serenity.

PHILIPPA SMITH

LITERATURE—

JAPAN—BUDDHISM, SHINTOISM AND
EARLY WESTERN TRAVELLERS

PAT BARR

FOLLOWING the momentous July in 1853 when Commodore Perry's 'black ships' steamed into Tokyo Bay, the impact of the West on feudal Japan was fierce, overwhelming and seemingly limitless. The reactionary and rigid structure of the Tokugawa shogunate crumbled like a mummy when its bandages are unwound, and surprised Westerners came but to pick up the pieces, and, on occasions, to mourn. Much has been written about the dying throes of ancient Japan, and the emergence of a dynamic, industrial modern nation in an incredibly short space of time. But comparatively little attention has been paid to the 'foreign barbarians'—the teachers, diplomats, missionaries, engineers, merchants, and even the tourists from Europe and America who crowded into the country after the ports were opened, and who were, to the Japanese, the very embodiments of Western culture, of all that was modern, efficient and progressive. These people had, we know, an immense and far-reaching effect on Japan; but what the effect of Japan on them? How did they react to this unpredictable, gracious and brutal country? Did they seize their opportunity to learn from its people, as well as to teach them how to lay railways, conjugate English verbs and pray to a different God?

I shall confine myself to a consideration of some of the views expressed by writers of the time about one important manifestation of Japanese culture: the religions. Sometimes, of course, an author, particularly if he was a diplomat, had had prior contact with Buddhism in India or China; if an oriental scholar, he was probably well-versed in all Eastern religions. But, on the whole, the writers I have encountered seem to have been surprisingly unprepared for the existence of a totally non-Christian country, while their reactions to it were conditioned, naturally enough, by the extent of their Christian convictions.

If we group the writers according to the intensity of their Christian faith, we find, predictably, that they fall into three general categories: the convinced adherents; the lukewarm believers; and the unbelievers, who shade from a shrugging agnosticism to a white-hot iconoclasm. And, again, those writers who express the most spirited and deeply felt opinion about Japanese religions are at either end of the scale of Christian belief. For these opposing groups yet have in common a general concern with spiritual matters, and a strong urge either to transmit the faith they have to the lost heathen, or to find among the lost heathen the faith they need.

A very vivid account of the impact of Japanese religious belief on a thoroughly convinced Christian is that given by a missionary, Miss Amy Wilson-Carmichael. Miss Wilson-Carmichael was, as Bishop Fox explains

in his preface to her *Letters from Sunrise Land*, published in 1894, a 'young maiden' inspired with 'Faith's fresh and eager voice of unwavering devotion', and a 'holy vivacity' of spirit. And, indeed, her whole thought is permeated with an absolute certainty of God's immanent presence as a kindly, if sometimes rather obtuse, Father. When the Japanese spirit remains inert to her prayers, ('I want to shake them, clap my hands, anything to make them come alive', she flashes), He provides unexpected compensations for her weary soul: a letter from home perhaps, or the words 'Faith is Victory' embroidered on a handkerchief for her, by a dear helper in Nagoya.

For such a pure and ardent mind, warm and responsive in spite of its officious Protestantism, the religions of Japan were a great shock. It was her first visit to a foreign land, and the presence of what was, to her, omnipresent heathenism, appalled her. Describing an early journey she took through the countryside, she records how she came suddenly upon 'strange, conical-shaped mounds. Each marks a heathen grave. As we take in the thought, so startlingly unexpected, it is as if the sky had overclouded, and the chill of the shadow of death had fallen upon the land!' Her distress is genuine and deep, and she seeks earnestly to convey it to her recipients, whom she sometimes chides for their inertia. 'Nothing can prepare one for the realities of heathendom,' she writes. 'The woe of it! The shame of it! Think of His Honour being given to another!'

So, for Miss Wilson-Carmichael, the devil lurked amid the bright flowers and the kind people; and his presence was so nearly tangible that, in the dark, weak moments, she cries for protection. 'The trail of the serpent winds ahead of me through the houses of the unconvertable,' she mourns. And, later, hearing of an assembly of pilgrims gathered at a Shinto shrine, she is sorry that she does not 'receive a message' to go there, for 'It was an opportunity that does not come every day, and only the Devil was buying it up'.

Travelling alone, or with a Japanese Christian helper, through the small villages, she often witnessed festivals which were riots of gaiety, energy and exotic music. It is quite moving to read how she vacillates between a naturally exultant, youthful response to so much colourful inventiveness and a stern conviction that it is but a 'chaos of sound and mirth all hollow',—another victory for Satan. It is, however, these strong and glowing manifestations of the Buddhist and Shinto faiths which goad her into emotional expression of almost medieval-mystic intensity. 'Sometimes,' she declares, 'it seems as if the fair love-mantle were encompassed by spirits of darkness, eager to touch with their grimy fingers its spotless purity'. But then, if the Devil comes too close, 'suddenly is flashed to me a sweet love-note from the Lord'.

She sees these alien religions as primitive, insular and riddled with idolatry; yet, in one of her most revealing letters, she describes how she tries to fight them with, as it were, their own weapons. The little stone statues of foxes which are present outside many Shinto shrines she sees as concrete evidence of the presence of the Prince of Darkness and of the powerful hold that the 'fox-spirit' had over the ignorant people.

So, when she is called to the aid of an old man stricken with an incurable fever, she tries, in the pure, naïvely absolute way of the medieval priest, to exorcise the evil fox-spirit from him. It is a touchingly anachronistic picture, even for the 1890s: the old man burbling and screaming in the small room, the lamp wavering in the hand of his trembling, doubting wife, and the fanatic stranger-missionary wrestling alone with the demons. 'For a while,' she wrote ecstatically, 'the fever abated and he was at peace.' Though Christian honesty forces her to add that he died soon afterwards; but as a soul redeemed, a lost sheep found.

Though the religions of Japan were certainly a deep and quickening stimulus to Miss Wilson-Carmichael's missionary fervour, she gained no intimate knowledge of them, for they were to her an abomination, an evil to be scourged, and her total rejection of them is highly emotional. Mr. Percy Lowell, on the other hand, an American scholar, and author of several books on the East, including *Occult Japan* and *The Land of the Morning Calm*, marshalls his dry, speculative arguments to refute the religious faiths he finds in Japan on purely intellectual grounds. In his best book on the country, *The Soul of the Far East*, published in 1888, he shows that, unlike Miss Wilson-Carmichael, he is well aware of the quiet spell of Buddhism. Skilfully he describes its temples and courtyards, with their soft, silken pressure towards a perfect annihilation:

In the solemn half-light of the sombre firs, there stands a large stone basin, cut from a single block, and filled to the brim with water. The trees, the basin, and a few stone lanterns—so called from their form, and not their function, for they have votive pebbles where we should look for wicks—are the sole occupants of the place. Sheltered from the wind, withdrawn from sound, and only piously approached by man, this antechamber of the gods seems the very abode of silence and rest. It might be Nirvana itself, human entrance to an immortality like the god's within, so peaceful, so pervasive in its calm; . . .

But the tempting silences must be rejected; for the kind of immortality that Buddhism offers demands the relinquishment of the 'sense of self' until the worshipper 'floats out into the vast, indistinguishable sameness of Nirvana's sea'. Such a doctrine, Lowell decides, leads only to ineffectual contemplation and a treacherous inertia which impede the growth of a developed individuality. The Oriental 'sits and ponders, abstractly, vaguely, upon everything in general—synonym, alas, to man's finite mind, for nothing in particular'.

From that lofty eminence which, Lafcadio Hearn complains about the American scholar in a letter to Basil Hall Chamberlain, 'is too high to allow of that intimacy which means soul sympathy', Mr. Lowell disdains the 'grosser soul-envelopes' of both the Western and Eastern faiths. He allows Buddhism, in particular, as much praise as Christianity for the magnificence of its 'manifold and imposing approaches'. After all, he remarks forbearingly, 'each boasts its full complement of saints whose congruent catalogues are equally wearisome in length. Each tells its circle of beads to help it keep count of similarly endless prayers. For, in both, in the popular estimation, quantity is more effective than quality'.

But in spite of lamentable superficial similarities, Mr. Lowell postulates that Buddhism fails where Christianity succeeds. For the Japanese Buddhist is an impersonal, uncentred individual. whose 'most roseate

desire is to be but an indistinguishable particle of the sunset clouds and vanish invisible as they into the starry stillness of all-embracing space'. The practical Christian, on the other hand, with his emphasis on self-development and self-salvation, is properly fitted to take his place in the modern, progressive, industrial world. And Mr. Lowell believes quite firmly in the ethos of that world—not for him the hearkening back to the feudal days of a mythical happy peasantry, not for him the contemporary soul-searching about the ultimate value of industrial progress. A man very much in his time; present-day intellectuals might envy him his certainties.

For both Miss Wilson-Carmichael and Mr. Lowell the religions of Japan were an emotional and an intellectual threat which had to be refuted in aggressive action or thoughtful analysis. But most of the writers who surveyed at first-hand the Japanese spiritual scene at the time were more concerned with the 'manifold and imposing approaches' to Buddhism and Shintoism, which were easier to comprehend and appreciate.

One of the most celebrated tourist sights in Tokyo was the cavernous old shrine at Asakusa, which was such a hodge-podge of the secular and the sacred, the superstitious and the heretical, the magnificent and the tawdry that all visitors reacted strongly to it—sometimes with horror, sometimes with amused interest. Mr. W. E. Griffis, author of the scholarly and comprehensive work, *The Mikado's Empire* (1886) comes into the latter category. The shrine was, he wrote, 'ancient, holy, dirty and grand, with pigeons and priests, bazaars and bookstalls'. And he describes how the faithful rolled little paper balls in their mouths and then threw them at the statues of the gods to make them hear their prayers. 'Hearing them,' he comments drily, but without malice, 'must depend on the softness of the mass or the salival ability and dexterity of the thrower'. The squalor, the merry-making, the buying and selling in the courtyards, the gambling and the vulgarity all intrigue and excite him. 'Perpetual Christmas reigns here!' he exclaims in wonderment, and he is provoked into a consideration of whether Christians are right to cloister their faith from the turmoil of everyday activities. Several other travellers also—excluding of course the undeviating missionaries—were attracted by the informality and the inclusiveness of the Japanese temples; the children playing freely in their courtyards and worshippers arriving at all times in their working clothes, carrying their shopping or their tools of trade. Could this, some wondered, be a happier integration of religion and life than the agonising rituals of a Victorian Sunday?

On the other hand, the trappings of both Buddhism and Shintoism seemed so thoroughly secular, and the behaviour of the worshippers casual to the point of irreverence, that many a conventional Christian soul was troubled. Sir Rutherford Alcock, for example, the first British Consul-General in Tokyo, appointed in 1858, after the conclusion of Lord Elgin's treaty with the Japanese, and an acute observer of many aspects of the political and social life of the nation, was yet sorely worried by its spiritual habits. In his work, *The Capital of the Tycoon*, published

in 1863 and thus one of the first of any quality written about Japan in English, he complains that he felt lost and 'shut up in this great heathen city'. Later, in a particularly black mood, he is even led to wonder why the Japanese did not suffer more for their idolatry. This, in turn, provokes a wild and dangerous surmise for one who seldom overstepped the circle of the acceptable and the known: 'They have no guiding vision, no spiritual principles. . . . Why, then,' he asks, aggrieved, 'don't they deteriorate into sheer brutishness?' It is rather too plain to him that the Japanese seem to manage very well without Christianity; better, no doubt, that they should. But Sir Rutherford is a dutiful diplomat in the Queen's service, and Wills, both royal and divine, are not to be questioned further:

That there is no vestige of 'brutishness' in a Japanese temple is strikingly apparent to the most casual tourist; but several were right in diagnosing signs of decay and apathy, especially in Shintoism. Mr. Osman Edwards, who wrote admirably on the Japanese theatre in his book, *Japanese Plays and Playfellows* (1901), thought that Shintoism was a decadent and primitive ritual, in whose temples 'a faded and shrunken priest's wife shakes her bunch of bells—a very sybil of aboriginal Japan'. And Sir Charles Elliot echoes this in his *Letters from the Far East* (1907) when he records the sense of utter antiquity, of prehistoric gloom he feels at the famous Shinto shrine at Ise. 'In such a place,' he suggests, 'might Brennus have worshipped the deities of the Druids; on such altars might a chieftain sacrifice his firstborn to save his country.' These two writers are representative of a group whose reactions to Shintoism, in particular, are not hostile or even very curious. Here, simply, are the vestiges of an aging, decadent faith; the chill of the dying is on it. And, as later developments have showed, they were not entirely wrong.

A woman writer, Miss A. M. Campbell-Davidson, who was in Japan around the turn of the century, tried harder than most short-term visitors to probe the meanings of these alien faiths. In *Present-Day Japan*, published in 1904, she characterizes very distinctly, I think, her impressions of the visits she made to Buddhist and Shinto temples. 'To me,' she wrote, 'the very material of the orthodox Shinto shrine conveys a certain suggestion of its own. A Shinto temple is a plain, white, wooden building; and somehow the Shinto faith is a plain, white, wooden religion—colourless, stiff, unornamental, immeasurably dull, yet, withal, scrupulously clean and devoid of all vulgarity no less than of all charm. There is nothing to disgust in its rites—there is also no mystery, no romance, nothing to rouse any emotion. Temple and faith alike of plain, white wood; a material little suited, it would seem, to endure in these days of steel—yet, somehow, as one comes later to perceive, strangely persistent.'

But finally, many temple-visits and service-attendances later, Miss Campbell-Davidson admits that the rewards of her research are purely aesthetic; she was excluded from all sense of participation, however hard she tried. 'This exclusion,' she complains, 'is not material only, as of gates and fences; but of a more impassable spiritual and moral kind, which stands forever between our curiosity, even our sympathy, and the

ideas which lie behind what we see.' She is typical of a kind, (the headmistress of a girls' private school would be a prototype) who is at first attracted to Japanese religions by the lack of a vulgarity she apparently expected to encounter, and by their gracious dignity. The type did not have time, nor, perhaps, energy to pursue the awakened interest very far, and therefore felt rebuffed when all doors were not opened, nor all mysteries revealed, after a few temple visits. Christianity is, at least, helpful enough to explain how one should behave; Buddhism and Shintoism are rather silent religions at best, almost totally so when one is investigating them in Japan, but does not understand Japanese.

This curiosity about the country's exotic beliefs was sometimes, however, taken a step further, to reveal in the writer a hitherto unsuspected spiritual affinity with the very concepts of self-annihilation and unmarred peace which Lowell so vehemently rejected on behalf of progressive Western man. For example, a large proportion of a book by Mr. A. H. Edwards, *Kakemono or Japanese Sketches*, published in 1900, is devoted to his encounters with the nation's religions and his subsequent questioning of conventional Christian values. The opening sentence of his work reflects his predominating enthusiasm: 'The Great God Buddha sits peaceful and still, a line of dark bronze against the blue sky, and the length of the garden is flooded with light.' He is fascinated by this famous Kamakura Diabutsu: its heavy-lidded simplicity, its calm, its stolid introspection. Buddhism fires his imagination, promises a new purity of spirit. A temple has 'a garden painted by an artist who worked in earth and flowers . . . which washed pure the heart'. And, in it, 'the sin-freed soul floated out unfettered and thought was not'. He also gives a powerful account of a fire-walking ritual that he witnessed, and which was undertaken first by the chief priest of a famous temple, then by the acolytes, then by nearly the whole congregation. The awed suspense of the watchers as the embers are fanned to a white-hot intensity of heat and faith, the confident grandeur of the priests as they step barefooted on the burning coals, and the fearful trust of the firewalking children are all conveyed vividly and with an awed excitement. Mr. Edwards' censure is reserved for a few other foreign spectators who apparently bellowed in scoffing disbelief at the scene before their eyes.

After such stimulating contact with the Japanese creeds, the author is in a receptive and alert state of mind for his ascent of Mt. Fuji. This ascent was traditionally regarded by the Japanese as a holy pilgrimage; there was a shrine with resident priests at the summit of the mountain, and its conquest was a spiritual as well as a physical feat. As Mr. Edwards ascended, the path was 'like climbing a black rope hung between two clouds', and the lakes below were 'like polished slabs of rock dropped into the green earth, as one might sink stepping stones into a lawn'. When the top of the mountain finally loomed through the mist—'a black lighthouse springing towards the sky'—it was for him, 'Nature's eternal force made visible'. And he asks himself thoughtfully, 'Isn't it a purer, grander faith to feel God visible in Fuji's curves, than to seat Him on an ugly altar between bunches of tawdry flowers?' The special signifi-

cance that Mt. Fuji has for the Japanese makes him envy their innocent sense of integration with Nature, and during his ascent of the mountain he considers new relationships between natural phenomena and spiritual meaning. The layers of ashes in the mountain's volcanic crater spoke to him of 'nothingness, a death before Life'; and by the time he descended the mountain, in the gathering dark, he felt that behind him 'a lofty presence leaned—the great God Fuji'.

I have found only one writer who goes beyond this kind of vague, spiritual yearning, acclamatory wonderment and little tentative pantheism completely to support the tenets of Buddhism. And that writer is the odd, prickly, whimsical, impassioned, unaccommodating Anglo-Irish exile: Lafcadio Hearn. Hearn's early contacts with the authoritarian muscular Christianity of his schooldays only served to turn him bitterly against all branches of the Christian Church. As he admits years later in one of his many letters to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, then of Tokyo University, 'I can't dissociate the thing called Christianity from all my life's experiences of hypocrisy and cruelty and villainy—from conventional wickedness and conventional dreariness and ugliness and dirty austerities and long faces and Jesuitry and the infamous distortion of children's brains'. And so, he affirms, in another letter, 'Japan has nothing to gain from Christianity', for Christians 'only seem to corrupt the Japanese morally'. But he, in contrast, has much to learn from Japanese religions.

Having regard to his previous studies in other parts of the world—mysticism, legends of the supernatural, the significance of the in-dwelling permanent behind the superficial and, for him, often unsatisfactory impermanent—and his oft-expressed attitude to Christianity, it is clear that, when he arrived in Japan, Hearn was ripe for Buddhism. And it is not therefore surprising to read in his first book about the country, *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, published in 1892, that he spent most of his first fortnight there hurrying from one temple to the next, pleading to see all the chief priests and the most revered scrolls, peering, myopically, at countless dusty statues, and generally testing and supplementing his already quite extensive knowledge of the religion.

The misty, withdrawn, melancholy temples with their frail, courteous priests, which were particularly common in the country districts, made him feel like some blundering monster from a cruder, uglier world. He relates with mortification how, when preparing to leave one of these neglected shrines, a priest came up and offered him a bowl, into which Hearn dropped some coins before noticing that the bowl was full of water, and was for him to drink. Such a gross mistake! He stands squirming; but the priest only smiles gently, takes away the bowl and returns a minute later bearing another into which he pours water for Hearn to see, then again motions him to drink. In his delicate, sensitive telling of this small incident Hearn shows the true writer's ability to pinpoint by one apparently insignificant event a general and lasting attitude.

Hearn's enthusiasm for Buddhism, and, indeed, for nearly all aspects

of Japanese life, was, in those early days, absolute and passionate. And, in consequence, the descriptions he gives of the holy places he visits are intense, joyous, lyrical to a degree far surpassing those of unbelieving, or merely disinterested observers. Among many, there is, for instance, a passage stabbed with the excitement he feels on seeing a wooden statue of sudden, fierce beauty, with 'nightmare eyes and a tiger frown' in an overgrown corner of a quiet, green courtyard; and another of awed wonder as priests raise a curtaining pulley before his eyes to reveal a huge goddess of mercy, with 'golden robe, golden feet, golden hands and a tiara of divinity'.

Everywhere he breathes the air he already loves with its 'mingling of Japanese odours—saké, smells of seaweed soup, smells of daikon, the strong native radish; and, dominating all, a sweet, thick, heavy scent of incense from the shrines of the gods'. The incense must, indeed, have been as heady wine for him, and his pursuit of the mysteries of the gods is indefatigable. In another temple—too many temples later, I imagine, for all but his most sturdy readers—he begs a priest to let him look at an ancient, sacred scroll; then, while he is doing so, he is suddenly aware of a crowd of Japanese watching him; 'and,' he says, 'although the pressure about me is very gentle, like a pressure of tepid water for gentleness, I feel a little embarrassed . . . ' He hands back the scroll and leaves, hearing, as he goes, the noise of one of Japan's new trains not far off . . . 'with its webs of steel and its ways of iron, and the old gods dying along its ash-strewn verge'.

In this last sketch from his first enthusiastic book about Japan, Hearn reflects the beginning of a melancholy which is to become a passionate regret and nostalgia the longer he stays in the country—nostalgia for the fine, pure spirit of old feudal Japan, which is, he fears, being destroyed by the rapid and indiscriminating encroachment of Western thought and Western patterns of industrialization. And it is partly due to his conviction that the Japanese should fight this encroachment that makes him plead with them to hold to their true, native faiths, to continue worshipping the 'old gods'. Even if these gods are Shinto, he decides, on balance, that they should be preserved, though his attitude to this insular, less sophisticated faith is one of some vacillation. In one letter to Chamberlain he says that Shinto, for all its superstition, has a 'native nobility'. Later, he feels he has overestimated Shinto's qualities; and yet, 'is there not a certain magic in the race-feeling that Shinto celebrates? And do you not think something of the magic by which that feeling can be stirred, is possessed by Shinto? If so, then it is mighty. If not, then Shinto is like a sacred awabi-shell, empty and full of holes. . . . '.

Of Buddhism, Hearn had fewer qualifications to make. 'Buddhism,' he writes to Chamberlain, 'is not only admirably suited to the gentle life of the Japanese, but is stronger than any alien faith, and ultimately will be safer anyhow.' His knowledge of Buddhist theory and legend is complete enough to have been entirely integrated into all his reflections and writings on the country. His books are permeated with this know-

ledge, as, he feels, the old patterns of Japanese life were permeated with the Buddhist faith. Often, in such books as *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, *Kokoro* and *Gleanings from Buddha Fields* he gives free translations of relevant excerpts from Buddhist texts with a reverence and a delicacy which conveys much of the charm and the wisdom of the original.

Here, for instance, in one of the most successful essays, *The Twilight of the Gods* from *Kokoro* (1895) he skilfully weaves his understanding of the significance of some of the Buddhist deities into his main theme—which is that the simple faith and moral security of the older generation in Japan is being eroded by Western advances, and that their religion is being exploited and degraded by foreign dealers. Hearn was invited by one of this jovially rapacious breed to visit his 'godown' (warehouse) where his 'josses' were kept. These 'josses' were statues bought from neglected shrines all over the country and 'mingled in a silent panic' throughout the large, dusty building. To Hearn, as to few foreign observers, the statues had life and meaning. 'Fudo I saw,' he writes sadly, 'shrouded and shrined in fire . . . a shimmering confusion of fusty gold half-lighted by cobwebbed air.' The dealer pointed out a figure resting upon a triple golden lotus: it was 'she who looketh down above the sound of prayer. . . . Storms and hate give way to her name. Fire is quenched by her name. Demons vanish at the sound of her name. By her name one may stand firm in the sky, like a sun. . . .' And he mourns that all these works of faith will finally, and at best, 'be immured somewhere in that vast necropolis of dead gods (the British Museum) under the gloom of a pea-soup fog, chambered with forgotten divinities of Egypt or Babylon, and trembling faintly at the roar of London. . . .'

For most of his time in Japan, however, even Hearn's commitment to Buddhism remained incomplete. He tells Chamberlain how he would watch wistfully while his Japanese wife and her family prayed to their gods; he admiring, but apart, never quite sure what he should do. And once, commenting, in a particularly grey letter to his friend, on his earlier delight in all aspects of Japanese life, he decides that his work is but 'the record of a disillusioned enthusiast'. Soon after this he gave up his teaching post in the provinces and took a journalistic job in Kobe. It was a time of melancholy and indecision for him. To another friend, Mr. W. B. Mason, he writes sadly, 'Buddhist temples have lost their individuality for me. They resemble each other like the faces of Japanese students'. It is a sorry admission after so much ecstatic and informed temple-trotting.

However, during his last years, when he was appointed Lecturer in English Literature at Tokyo's Imperial University, Hearn attained an understanding of Buddhist theory that passed beyond the merely intellectual. And in his gentlest and calmest book, *Gleanings from Buddha Fields*, published in 1898, he claims that Buddhism is a 'vaster faith' than Christianity, a 'light offered from the East. There we find ourselves in the presence of an older . . . faith—holding no gross anthropomorphic conceptions of the immeasurable Reality, and denying the existence of soul, but nevertheless inculcating a system of morals superior

to any other, and maintaining a hope which no possible future form of positive knowledge can destroy'. Ultimately, 'The only reality is One;—all that we have taken for Substance is only Shadow;—the physical is the unreal;—and the outer man is the ghost'. Here, perhaps, Hearn's lifelong absorption in the supernatural and the indwelling permanent is rewarded at last. He had attained, as few Westerners ever have.

These, then, are some of the ways in which various foreign writers responded to the religions of Japan. At the one pole, a young, zealous missionary whose contact with 'heathendom' fired her spirit, her energy and her writing; at the opposite pole, the romantic, rhetorical, sensitive writer and teacher, Hearn, straining for ultimate significance and peace in the wisdom of the old gods of his adopted country. Between them wondering travellers of varying literary abilities and varying depths of understanding moved among the lichened statues, gazed at the mouldering bells; here a student lulled by the promise of nameless, endless rest, there a businessman puzzled by the people throwing paper-balls at their own gods' images. For nearly all of them Buddhism, in particular, awakened exotic, sometimes treacherous, often haunting ideas; it challenged them, wooed them to no purpose, left them wondering. For only one did it prove to be an almost complete answer. For nearly all the spiritual powers of the East remained, ultimately, totally intractable.

PHILOSOPHY—

ARISTOTLE, ALEXANDER AND THE IDEA OF MANKIND

RUTH v. S. GAEVERNITZ

MANKIND all around this Globe, is One. For men of knowledge and wide experience this is a fundamental fact. But this fact is not experienced by vast majorities of parochially-minded people even today.

The Book Genesis of the Bible, like other sacred traditions, teaches that all men descend from a common original Father and Mother, Adam and Eve. The learned author in Book Genesis ch. 10, writing before 600 BC, makes all nations known to him descend from a common ancestor, Noah, and his sons, Shem, Ham and Japhet. The Prophet Isaiah, about 625 BC, rises to the vision that there is not simply the 'Chosen People of God' as against the many pagan nations, but that each nation is in the special care of the Lord and can call upon him.

Yet the doctrine of one mankind, consisting of many nations and homelands, on this spheric Globe, under the One God, we owe to the great Greek thinkers of the early Third Century BC, the Stoics. It is the idea of the *Oikoumene*, the inhabited world—from *oikoumene ge*, the inhabitable and inhabited geographical belt of land around the

Globe. The belt was interrupted according to the conjecture of the originators of this theory by the Atlantic Ocean at its western as well as at its unknown eastern limits.

Who were the originators of this spheric anthropo-geography? And what was the influence it had on the political, philosophical and religious idea of mankind, on western humanism? We shall come back to these questions.

The great Greeks of the time of Pericles and Anaxagoras, and even Plato himself had not yet a clear notion of the community of mankind. Fifth century Greeks tended to see the world divided between the civilized *Greeks* on the one hand and the many nations of the *Barbarians* on the other. Even the Zoroastrian Persians and their great Kings, Cyrus and Darius, were styled in Athens as 'Barbarians'. Even the rightly admired Egyptians fell into this category. It is true that the physician Hippocrates, about 440 BC, in his book on Air, Waters and Places, made an illuminating subdivision between more primitive, warlike tribal Barbarians who appreciated freedom, like the Thracians and Scythians of the North, and the highly cultured nations (Barbarians) of Asia and by the Nile who preferred monarchy to freedom.

Plato never uses the word Barbarians in the sense usual among the Athenians. In his later works he witnesses the influence Egyptian as well as Persian thoughts and ways had on his philosophical quest. Yet, amongst the essential ideas he carefully elaborated, he has not given us an idea of mankind. He still preferred the small Greek City Republic to any other form of State. He appreciates slavery as a natural situation for primitive tribesmen in Greek households—the best of them to be emancipated by their masters.

Yet Plato, with his spiritual, supernational set of values and range of ideas, and his lofty theology—in reach for any spiritually keen, independently thinking human being, Greek and non-Greek, prepared the way. So did his contemporary, the publicist Isocrates who wrote about 340 BC: 'One may well be a Greek not by birth, but by education'—in tune with the dawning Hellenistic age.

The new geography of the Earth as a Globe with its Equator and 'equatorial heat', its *Climata* under the rays of the sun with their different angles of incidence, its caps of snow and ice beyond a polar circle where the sun from dates to dates would not rise above the horizon—that grand new hypothesis and its theory were elaborated during the later lifetime of Plato by thinkers of the Pythagorean School, and pupils of these mathematicians, particularly by Archytas of Tarentum, the originator of the Globe doctrine, and the genius of Eudoxos, to whom we owe the spheric geography, ca 380-340 BC. The earth is a Globe, wonderfully and mysteriously vibrating round its axis which is the pole of the universe with its tension like the string of an instrument. (cf Plato *Timaeus* 40.B.¹).

The new geography studied by him soberly in detail, became basic for Aristotle 375-322 BC and his doctrine of the Universe. He gives the

¹ The Earth, our nurse, swinging around the Pole spanned through the Universe.

globe of the earth as the 'most heavy matter' its firm place in the centre of the cosmos. (It does *not* swing round itself nor could it—for those who followed him—be thought as may-be moving as a planet around a more august centre).

For Aristotle mankind is likely to live in the northern hemisphere around the globe as wide-flung as the northern cold and southern equatorial heat will permit, and limited by the Atlantic Ocean in the West and the East. It might perhaps, argued Aristotle in the *Meteorologia*, 'not be so very far, if someone would sail out from Spain to India'. Could life extend through the heat of the tropical zone down to the southern temperate zone? Aristotle uses the word *Oikoumene* for the inhabited zone as most probably did already Eudoxos.²

Aristotle, some time after the death of his teacher Plato, when he was about 43, engaged himself—it must have been a difficult decision—to become the tutor of young Alexander, son of the victorious King Philip of Macedonia, then about 14. He must have thought of Plato's aim that 'rulers should be initiated into Philosophy'. He taught Alexander with some of his companions for about four years. He taught his eager royal pupil Platonic philosophy. He taught him the nature and essence of the Greek city which enabled his pupil later successfully to found Greek cities even in distant Bactria (Afghanistan). He also taught him the whole doctrine of the Globe as expounded above. This the author of this essay has shown in her thesis on astronomical-geographical elements in the historians of Alexander.³ This doctrine was ever present in Alexander's mind, as our sources show. This was particularly the case when, as a thoughtful discoverer, he found himself faced with geographical quandaries: Are the sources of the Nile deep in the South or maybe far in the East? How far to the North stretch the many Scythian tribes he had met north of the Danube and met again north of the Jaxartes in Turkestan—their inhospitable 'climate' permitting? Was the Ganges in the distant East of India he got reports of but never saw, falling through its 'delta' into the very Eastern Atlantic Ocean envisaged by Aristotle? He was sure that the nature of an eclipse of the moon experienced before the battle of Gangamela was caused by the shadow of the Globe of the Earth moving over the surface of the full moon, as Aristotle taught. Only the educated minds around him shared with him or followed this explanation: they had to explain the same fact to the rank and file of the army who were scared, adding that the phenomenon was of unlucky significance to the Persians.

Aristotle regarded the conquest of Asia by Alexander as a Hellenic crusade, bringing the benefits of Greek culture, of Greek rule—and of new cities with Greek institutions—to the East. His youthful pupil went far beyond this. Carried on by his own grasp, his deeper and deeper experience of nations and individuals in the East, Persians in particular, but also Jews, Egyptians and others, he found that he differed from his admired teacher.

² Aristotle's pupil was Dicaearchus, geographer of the globe, known through Strabo.

³ *Astronomisch-geographische Nachrichten der Alexanderhistoriker*. Heidelberg, 1929.

Fortunately, the traces of a remarkable exchange of thought in writing between the two are preserved by Eratosthenes of Alexandria (about 250 BC) in Strabo, Book I,9 and Plutarch *On the Fortune or Virtue of Alexander*, I,6. Aristotle, in an epistle on Kingship written on the demand of the young King⁴, seems to have suggested to Alexander to be a political leader (*Hegemon*) to the Greeks and to treat and use them as friends, but to be an enlightened despot (*Despotes*) to the 'Barbarians' and to treat them as human beings by nature only, not by education, non-adults, creatures of nature, 'similar to the animals and plants' (whatever that meant in its context).

Alexander seems to have answered that in choosing men and calling them to collaborate, 'he did not mind whether one of them came to him with a Greek cloak and a spear or a Persian buttoned coat and a scimitar'. He tried to distinguish them only 'by their virtue or lack of virtue—thus, grasping', he trusted, 'the real intention of Aristotle's teaching in the letter.'

Alexander had taken this attitude, as all our best sources agree, throughout his career. He met distinguished men of many nations, called upon them to collaborate, invested them with powers—and trusted them. If they proved the right choice, he would add responsibilities and powers into their hands. If they 'betrayed the trust', he would punish severely. Most of these eastern key-personalities were experienced members of the Persian ruling nobility, others, Indian princes in their own lands. There are signs that, in the non-political field, some Babylonians and Egyptians were encouraged to special tasks, as were Phoenicians, besides the Greeks, in naval matters.

Besides his high esteem for the fine qualities of the Persian nobility he had come to appreciate the virile moral character of the Jews to whom he confirmed, following his Persian predecessors, their ancient Law, whom he encourages to volunteer in his army and also to settle, as citizens, besides Greeks and Macedonians, in newly founded Alexandria.

Alexander, not bound by tradition, believed keenly in mixed marriages between the nations. He married himself an Eastern Persian noblewoman whom he loved. He encouraged and endowed mixed marriages of his soldiers and assured and organized the education of the children. He actually organized the marriages of his great Macedonian friends and collaborators with Persian princesses and noblewomen (The Wedding of Susa). The descendants of Seleucus prided themselves on their Persian ancestress.

Alexander, on whose coins we find Zeus, Athene, Heracles, must have felt: 'There is One God who is King and Father. The potentially ruling, guiding element in each human being is of Him. All men are His children, but He makes the best for His own special intention', so his conversation with the Egyptian priest Psammon, mentioned by Plutarch, *Life of Alexander* 27 . . . One God, many deities, many names . . . His religious policy most clearly shows this attitude in every single case.

⁴ Still in the hands of Cicero, (*Letters to Atticus* 12 and 13), when he thought of writing a Letter of Exhortation to Caesar.

'Like in a cup of friendship he mixed the nations.' This was the conclusion which the great thinker Eratosthenes of Alexandria about two generations after him, ca 275 BC, drew from his lifework.

After Alexander's death, at only 33 years of age, in 323 BC, his political work: the foundation of a Greco-Oriental Empire, with autonomous nations and self-governing cities, collapsed—the self-governing cities alone surviving.

The Empire was torn asunder in convulsions and wars. Afterwards there were three Macedonian Kingdoms, Egypt, ruled by Alexander's companion Ptolemy, 'Asia', held by another companion, Seleucus, and Macedonia, occupied by his adversary, Cassander. Additionally, numerous principalities from Asia Minor to Afghanistan and the Punjab, some founded by Greek, some by Persian initiative. Chandragupta built the Indian Mauriya Empire after the lesson from Alexander's invasion. Athens still preserved a precarious independence. The Empire foundered. But Alexander's idea survived. In the parts of the world that he had touched there were henceforth no more 'Greeks' and 'Barbarians'. There were individuals; citizens of cities; families; national groups; nations, (the Persians, the Jews), more or less deeply or superficially influenced by the Greek impact in their styles of life and their ways of governing.

A common Greek language, the *Koine*, became their medium of international communication. One of the greatest literary works of the period between Alexander and Rome is the translation of the whole Jewish Bible into living Greek, accomplished in Alexandria. This work was begun under the auspices of Ptolemy II Philadelphus, with the collaboration of Hebrew scholars of Jerusalem under the Highpriest Eleazar. The work of the Seventy, the *Septuagint*⁵, available in the Library of the Museum of Alexandria (where Ancient Egyptian and Zoroastrian Persian traditions were equally treasured)—was of incalculable significance. It allowed the Hellenized Jews in Alexandria and elsewhere to use the Greek Bible in their Synagogues. Through this work Isaiah's ideas of World Peace may have reached Virgil for us to read in his Xth Eclogue. It enabled the Apostles of Christ to make resound the messianic prophecies of an Isaiah or a Micah to the ears of their gentile followers. It allowed the earliest Christian congregations to sing the Psalms in Greek, and thus to hand down the psalms to the Church and to us. Pliny the younger, Governor of Asia Minor under Trajan, found Christians 'singing together' (cf his letter to Trajan). What they sang must have been Psalms in Greek.

The harvest of the evolution of thoughts and ideas from Plato to Aristotle and further to Alexander was summed up and developed into a religious-philosophical system and world-image by the founder of the Stoics, Zeno from Cyprus, 335-264 BC. His friend and successor Cleanthes left us his beautiful hymn on Zeus, while the widely famed Politeia of Zeno is known only through Cicero and others. H. v. Arnim has reconstructed his thought in his *Stoicorum Veterorum Fragmenta*.

The Stoics hold: There is One God, Creator of the Universe, King,

⁵ A copy of the Septuagint is contained in the Codex Sinaiticus.

Father. He is served by many Deities, Angels, Planets and Stars, who are able to *know* him and who perfectly follow his Law or Tune. Man too is one of these high creatures endowed with soul and with potential knowledge. He is free. He can, *if* he is one who 'listens', understand God's law, tune and intention. God is compared by Cleanthes who closely follows Plato, with the Conductor of a Chorus. We humans may 'tune our souls in' and thus walk in tune and sing in tune with Him.

'Man is born free by nature.' There ought not to be any slaves. A great task for the future. Women are essentially equal to men. The way of philosophy is open to them. There are no 'Greeks' and 'Barbarians'. There are '*homesteads*', *hestiai*, around which nations have gathered, near and far. Carthaginians, Egyptians, Jews, Persians, Indians are in the minds of the authors. These thoughts are mirrored in Strabo's Book I. They have inspired a Cicero and a Plutarch.

To the early Stoics the Earth is a globe in the centre of the lawfully-moving spheres of the vast astronomical Universe. This Globe is distinguished by the Inhabited Belt around it, the *Oikumene*. God is called the Father and the King of Mankind in particular. Men of all nations are brothers and sisters. They are, equally, co-citizens. The best citizen is the one who is at heart a world-citizen, a *Cosmo-Polites*. The best statesman is he who has the whole world in his vision. The whole world ought to be the scope of the Stoic statesman. The early Stoics thought the best statesman will be the one who will endeavour to unite as many nations of the world as humanly possible and feasible in one lawful world-republic and world-empire. To link together the many nations of the 'Inhabited World' is the task of the statesman.

It was under the Stoic guidance that the valiant experiment of Alexander was before the eyes of those great men who truly built and pacified the Roman Empire, a Scipio, a Caesar, an Augustus. The rule and thought of Marcus Aurelius shows a Stoic philosopher at the helm of Rome.

It is beyond our task to mention the emulators of these great Romans at the threshold and at the height of early Christianity, Constantine and Charlemagne, and the immeasurable influence the teaching of these early Stoics on modern Europe, to mention for instance the policy of Toleration of King William III.

This essay has tried to elucidate and develop the fact that we owe to Plato, to Aristotle, to Alexander, and, after them, to the inspired and systematic teaching of the early Stoics, our clear concept of the unity of mankind on this very globe—this fundamental idea, which proved to be in consonance with the message of coming Christianity and Islam. And yet it is only vaguely or not at all grasped by millions of merely 'national' people throughout the world. Superficial 'space age' talk clouds for some people today the blessed and ascertained gift and trust of this inhabited globe!

This idea of the Unity of Mankind—of the *Oikumene*—is setting its task to us today perhaps more than ever.

PROSE POEM—

MONDAY NIGHT VOICES

PHOEBE HESKETH

AFTER driving all day we drove, literally, to the end of the road—right on to the grass bank of the river Teifi in Pembrokeshire. It was like arriving at the world's end—to get out of the car, away from the strain of a noisy road, and to rest our eyes on the wide, dark river as it flowed towards Cardigan Bay. One or two boats, prow-to-sea, pulled against their anchors like haltered fillies; a pair of swans floated near the opposite bank, and, biggest surprise of all, two coracles paddled upstream. It was like stepping back into another century. While observing all this we had also noticed the salmon-nets hanging loose, flapping in a light evening wind, for this was the Netpool at St. Dogmeal's where fishing means a livelihood as well as a sport.

Behind us on the river bank was the small grey stone inn where we'd come to spend a few days. Never was pot-luck so happily rewarded, for we'd been longing for a respite from main roads and resorts. Our kindly hostess showed us up to tiny attic bedrooms whose dormer windows looked over back gardens and fields towards the boats riding at the mouth of the river. The floors shone with much polishing; and the furniture consisted of a double-bed, one chair, and a wardrobe—which left us just enough room to stand up.

After returning from an evening walk beside the river we retired upstairs, intending to read in the friendly sitting-room until bedtime. But we couldn't concentrate on books because of the chatter and laughter from the bar below, which reminded us that it was Saturday night. Perhaps we shouldn't have come to an inn after all, I was thinking, when, almost immediately, the singing began, hesitantly, softly, at first, gradually swelling to a crescendo as, one after another, the Welsh voices joined the chorus—like different kinds of birds come to wake the morning. Soon they were united in hearty, vociferous singing, a little too free-and-easy, perhaps, for a truly musical performance, because by this time plenty of good brown beer had been washed down those throats. But it was a delight to hear folk-songs, Welsh songs, sung in parts—the most fitting accompaniment to an evening on the Teifi.

Had we been music critics or not on holiday, we might have agreed with our hostess's comments at breakfast the following morning. After we had remarked on the singing she replied: 'Ach, they were not good last night. It was unrestrained singing. They can do much better than that! Indeed, I was very disappointed with them.' So she took them under her motherly wing! We reminded her that on Saturday night in a pub she couldn't expect to be foster-mother to the arts—especially with the prospect of a 'dry' Sunday to follow.

My remark made her thoughtful. 'Perhaps you're right,' she answered, and sighed heavily. 'Saturday never was a good night.' She was dressed

in black because, as we learned, she had recently lost her husband, and also because she was ready for chapel. With the strong Welsh sense of tragedy and drama, there was something monumental about her grief. I felt that 'her singers', as we from now on called them, had the power both to alleviate and to intensify her sorrow.

That same Sunday evening we opened the door to Community Hymn Singing from her kitchen wireless set, because tonight the bar was empty and her work done. She nodded gravely to us as we went upstairs; and soon the deep, Sabbath silence closed round the inn. Before going to bed we stood on the grass outside for a few moments watching the two moons—one above us, bright and still, the other, almost equally still, floating in the dark water. We agreed that a Welsh Sunday is a day to be respected.

The following evening conversation in the bar was more subdued—it was as though the first working day of the week had put a bridle on talk. We were able to read uninterrupted. But not for long. One voice and then another tentatively launched into *Silent Night*. They were answered by others, and finally confirmed by the wonderful tenor of a certain fisherman whose name our hostess would not divulge. We might have been listening to a trained Glee Society; all the warmth and resonance of an autumn evening was in this singing. Consoling and poignant by turns, it carried the Welsh magic that evokes 'the heartbreak in the heart of things'.

One soprano joined the men's voices like a single blackbird adding rare notes to September: 'Still warbles the blackbird. . . . But what are the beauties of nature to me?' We were led on, enchanted, through green valleys and into the green grave of *The Ash Grove*.

After a meaningful pause came, as though from a distance, *All Through the Night*. Like a stone set in motion the song gathered momentum: 'Earthly dust from off thee shaken. . . .' They sang on through the most unwelcome ringing of the 'time-bell', and truly brought us 'Home through the night'. Perhaps it was the setting: the moon and the river outside, the swinging salmon-nets, and Welsh voices saying 'good-night' under our window, but we felt we belonged here and were part of the music and the darkness.

'Well, and how did you find them last night?' enquired the mother of us all as she set down our dish of bacon and eggs the next morning. Our enthusiasm pleased her. 'Yes, I am proud of them; they were very good. That tenor, he could have been a concert artist had he used his talent.'

We assured her that his talent had by no means been buried. At any rate, he had helped to give us an evening which we would take home and remember. 'Never before have we heard such singing,' I told her. 'We don't hear it like that over the wireless or in a concert hall—this was different; it was alive and real.'

Monday night must have done something for these singers because they sang as though they believed that tomorrow we live. And now when we speak of them we call them the 'Monday Night Voices'.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

GEOGRAPHERS AND THE TROPICS

Geographers and the Tropics: Liverpool Essays. Edited by Robert W. Steel and R. Mansell Prothero. Longmans. 47s. 6d.

This valuable collection of fourteen essays by geographers either serving on the teaching staff of the Department of Geography, University of Liverpool, or otherwise closely associated with it, has real importance not to geographers alone but to all who have, or may have, direct interests in the tropical lands discussed, civil engineers, administrators, sociologists, the medical profession, and to commercial interests whose activities may require expert knowledge of the regions and areas treated.

The authors of these essays, academically qualified in every particular to write as they do, are men and women who have worked 'in the field', each in the area of his choice, with their feet on the ground and their eyes wide open. The tropics, from Cancer to Capricorn, extend for about three thousand miles and embrace swamp, forest of various kinds, savanna, and areas which if not entirely desert are mostly deserted. In selecting them, Professor Steel, John Rankin, Professor of Geography, University of Liverpool, and Dr. R. M. Prothero, Lecturer in Geography of that University, have chosen wisely since they cover widely separated areas.

Because the vast continent of Africa holds so much tropical diversity seven essays are given to it and rightly so. There are discussions on the lake-level changes of Lake Victoria (P. H. Temple), two on rainfall and drainage (S. Gregory and Joan M. Kenworthy), mobility of population (R. M. Prothero), African employment in Southern Rhodesia (L. F. Masser), Ushi settlement in Northern Rhodesia (G. Kay), and an altogether charming one on Chinese interest over the centuries in East Africa (Paul Wheatley); but included in the volume are one on the Northern Territory of Australia (E. M. Driscoll), land use in part of Trinidad (Alice Dyson), Chinese settlement in the Kulai Sub-District, Johore (F. Lees), aspects of regional planning in India (L. S. Bhat), and on a project in applied regional geography, Mysore State, India (A. T. A. Learmouth). Professor Steel writes an admirable introduction in which *inter alia* he asks whether there should be specialization to the point of making the tropical countries a separate geographical study. He answers for himself in the negative. How wise! A trained geographer, disciplined in his subject, ought to be able to apply his erudite ability, and physical energy, to an examination of any region or other geographical phenomenon, and draw appropriate conclusions for the benefit of mankind generally, as these splendidly equipped authors have done.

The collection ends with an essay 'Liverpool and the Tropics' (R. Lawton) which historians would do well to read. This is an apt ending; for although Bristol, Glasgow, London, and Plymouth may as ports have had earlier dealings with tropical lands, it was the old sea-dogs sailing late in the eighteenth century from the 'pool' that brought most knowledge of them to their homeland, including many maps and charts.

One minor criticism: some of the maps, mostly drawn by A. G. Hodgkiss and serving their purpose admirably, should have been reproduced on larger scales to do his work justice.

GORDON GODFREY

SON OF POLAND

Conrad's Polish Background: Letters to and from Polish Friends. Edited by Zdzislaw Najder. Translated by Halina Carroll. Oxford University Press. 45s.

Although it is forty years this August since Joseph Conrad died, the outflow of books on him, both critical and biographical, continues at a high level, and there are probably, with the possible exception of Bernard Shaw, more studies of his work and life than of all those writers combined who were his British contemporaries. This remarkable fact can only be due to a widened appreciation of his extraordinary powers as a creative novelist and to a growing interest in his strange and adventurous career.

His Polish origins have particularly attracted attention ever since the enthusiastic celebrations in Warsaw to mark the centenary of his birth in 1957, and in this respect a recent well-edited volume, *Conrad's Polish Background*, should prove extremely satisfactory. For apart from containing a large body of letters from and to Conrad, besides other material, it sums up, in a masterly Introduction, the story of Conrad's Polish ties and affinities.

Conrad's parents died when he was very young, his mother when he was seven, his father when he was 11, and his mother's brother, Thaddeus Bobrowski, became his guardian and brought him up. He was a generous, upright man, for whom Conrad retained deep gratitude and affection, but unlike Conrad's father, who was a fiery revolutionary patriot, he was staid and precise, though also a patriot. He took his duties seriously, and from the time that Conrad left Poland at the age of 19 for Marseilles and the sea, he wrote him many immensely long letters which, though full of sound advice and sensible reflections, are decidedly tedious. And yet they are of unique value as showing us Conrad through the eyes of his guardian, practically our only source of information for that long period, but it does seem a pity that so much space had to be taken up by such dull prolixity.

On the other hand, it is tragic that all Conrad's part of the correspondence was destroyed during the War. We know little enough, from any inner interpretation, of Conrad's formative years, and of the countless thoughts and ideas which, however carefully worded, must surely have crowded into his replies. The developing mind, the racing blood—how much has been lost for ever!

Some of Bobrowski's letters have appeared before. And so have many, though not all, of the 104 letters—all of Conrad's Polish letters that survive or can be traced—dating from 1861, when he was four, to 1924, the year of his death. They were addressed to a variety of persons and touch on numerous subjects: his work, his health, his wife and children, current English authors, the Boer War and the Great War, political trends, his devotion to Poland and so on. Affectionate, revealing, vibrant with the touch of Conrad.

These references to Poland, together with the title and substance of this book, suggest a final paragraph. Conrad always cherished an ingrained love of his native country; but he also had a love and admiration of his adopted country, and the idea, mooted vaguely, that he intended eventually to settle in Poland is without valid foundation: only the day before he died he motored me over to see the house, his tenancy of Oswalds being about to end, he proposed to take on lease.

RICHARD CURLE

ENGLAND AND FREDERICK THE GREAT

England und das friderizianische Preussen, 1740-1763. Manfred Schlenke. Karl Alber, Freiburg and Munich.

Dr. Manfred Schlenke's study of England and Prussia under Frederick the Great is a welcome contribution to history. Students of the eighteenth century know the main outlines of the story of our relations with the Kingdom of Prussia as it was acquiring the status of a Great Power. What they did not know and what is now provided for us in rich measure is what Englishmen, official and unofficial, thought of the most famous ruler in Europe at different periods of his reign. Dr. Schlenke has devoted years of investigation to the various forms of expression of public opinion, including the Press of provincial cities and innumerable brochures, satires and tributes. He provides, too, a rich selection of illustrations, portraits, drawings, porcelain and pottery as well as of contemporary English poems. There is also an ample bibliography. The volume covers only the first half of Frederick's reign but that is quite enough to fill a substantial work of over 400 pages. There would be enough material for a similar volume on the later years of Anglo-Prussian relations. It is above all a book for serious students who will find a mass of useful information in the footnotes no less than in the text.

The story opens with a survey of England's attitude to King Frederick William I, father of Frederick the Great, the so-called soldier-king, the passion of whose life was the creation of an army. He was particularly attached to tall *Grenadiers* to form his bodyguard. At no time was he *persona grata* in England for his reputation as a severe father made him disliked in wide circles. His notorious failings increased British sympathies for his heir and assured the latter of a warm welcome on his accession to the throne in 1740. English interest in the young ruler of 28 was increased by what was known of his intellectual and artistic tastes.

English admiration quickly changed into sharp disapproval when the news arrived that he had invaded Silesia within a few months of his accession. His little kingdom contained no more than two million people; he was not the only European ruler who desired to enlarge his dominions. But this aggression struck Europe as a peculiarly infamous crime. He never pretended that he had any justification and his only comment was the famous phrase: 'If I see my opportunity shall I not take it?' His political creed resembled the *Prince* of Machiavelli who proclaimed that ethics have nothing to do with politics. At a later stage he wrote a little tract entitled *Anti-Machiavell* in French, but deeds spoke louder than words. The Austrian Emperor had died and his young daughter Maria Theresa attracted the sympathy of most onlookers in many lands including England. Dickens, English Ambassador in Berlin, expressed the general mood in his report: 'One could almost think it was impossible for a Prince, who had the least Regard to Honour, Truth and Justice, to act the Part he is going to do; but it is plain his only view was to deceive Us, and to conceal, for a while, his ambitious and mischievous designs.' King George II, his uncle, shared the general indignation and expressed himself in forcible terms. The British Parliament never dreamt of supplying military support to the young Empress but it voted £300,000 as a token of sympathy. Till the end of her days forty years later she spoke of the King of Prussia as the 'wicked man'.

With the passing of years the feeling of hostility waned and reports by English visitors to Prussia, among them Boswell, described the unvarying efforts of the ruler to improve the condition of his subjects. He described

himself as the first servant of the State and there was no exaggeration in that claim. They also reported that he could build as well as he could fight. They were loud in their praise of the new buildings which transformed Berlin into a model capital. Moreover, all Europe knew of the close intimacy between Voltaire, the most famous writer in Europe, and Frederick, the most celebrated of its rulers.

No one had ever thought of Frederick as a possible danger to England. Sixteen years after the seizure of Silesia we found ourselves allies in the Seven-Years War, whose object, from the British point of view, was to limit the power of our old enemy France.

The two closing chapters are among the most interesting of the book. The first—entitled *The Arts and Sciences*, illustrates with a wealth of little-known material the cultural contacts between England and Prussia. Hogarth dedicated to Frederick a picture of which George II had refused to accept the dedication; Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son: 'I consider you now at the Court of Augustus. You will see there, full as well, I dare say, as Horace did at Rome, how states are defended by arms, adorned by manners and improved by laws.'

The last chapter, entitled *Conclusions*, summarizes the story which the author has told in so much instructive detail. Looking at the whole reign in broad perspective, we must say that the more we saw of Frederick's activities the more we admired him. The author reminds us of what is rarely mentioned, namely that Protestant England felt increased confidence in their Prussian ally, a mainly Protestant state, ruled by a man of genius who, though himself an unbeliever, preached and practised toleration, proclaiming in a celebrated phrase: 'Everyone should find his own way to Heaven'. He had no objection to Catholics or Jews. He built the Hedwigs Church in Berlin for his Catholic citizens and Moses Mendelssohn was among his friends.

The reader will close these pages with a feeling of gratitude to a scholar whose patient researches have thrown light into dark places and brought to our notice a mass of documents which reflect English public opinion.

G. P. GOOCH

DOLLINGER AND ACTON

Ignaz von Döllinger. Briefwechsel mit Lord Acton. Edited by Victor Conzemius. Band 1: 1850-1869. C. H. Beck, Munich. DM40.

Thanks to the patient researches of the editor, Dr. Conzemius and to the support of the Bavarian Academy, the long awaited publication of the correspondence between the first Lord Acton and the distinguished German theologian and church historian Döllinger has now begun. The first volume, mainly in German, stops just short of the year 1870 with the dogma of papal infallibility which was to affect vitally the position of these two leading Roman Catholics who were so much involved in the theological controversies forming the central theme of the Vatican Council. In spite of the persistence of the editor, many of the letters Döllinger wrote to Acton have not been found and the first volume is therefore of greater importance for the views of Lord Acton than of the German professor.

Anything Acton wrote is of interest, for he was perhaps the last important truly international figure on the European stage. From his father he inherited a Shropshire baronetcy going back to the seventeenth century. His paternal grandfather was Prime Minister of Naples. His mother belonged to the ancient German noble family of Dalberg which had allied itself to the French during

the Napoleonic period and produced one of the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine. Dalberg's maternal grandfather was one of the French representatives at the Congress of Vienna. His mother married Lord Granville, the Victorian Foreign Secretary, after the death of Acton's father. Thus Acton had excellent contacts in Britain, France, Germany and Italy. His religion tended to reinforce this universality even where it impeded him. Thus his failure to get into Cambridge as an undergraduate, which was probably due to the religious prejudice of the selectors, drove him abroad for his studies and led to his close friendship with Döllinger, who held a chair at the university of Munich.

Just before the young Acton had met him, Döllinger had served as a member of the Frankfurt Parliament. Later, like several other members of that parliament, he was to come into conflict with the Papacy. Döllinger became increasingly opposed to 'ultramontane' tendencies in the church and more sympathetic to 'liberal' catholicism. His powerful intellect and wide learning helped to mould the young Acton whose immaturity is patent in some of the sweeping negative judgments he makes about his elders, for instance on Ranke. Gradually the younger man began to stand more on his own feet, as he became a member of parliament at Westminster and plunged into the controversies of religious journalism. The shadow of conflict with church authority already hung over both men. It is not easy to understand how Acton could—as he did—to his own satisfaction combine loyalty to the Catholic Church with irreverence and lack of respect to the dignitaries of his church, up to the highest, Pope Pius IX. To the outsider, many of these comments will appear as intellectual arrogance, as the shortcomings of one of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century. What is much more impressive is his critical attitude to the history of his church, to the inquisition, to the Index, and to the origins of the Patrimony of St. Peter. His constant groping for the truth, however uncomfortable the eventual findings might be, marked him out as a great independent thinker. Perhaps the fearless historian comes out best and strongest.

Besides there is a rich quarry for the political historian. Prince Albert's death 'is a great misfortune for queen and country. He was . . . not very Christian . . .' (p. 239). In December 1863 there is a shrewd comment that a sordid story which was being told about Palmerston rather raised his popularity whereas this sort of thing would be the ruin of Gladstone (p. 329). Acton's touch is not so sure when he believed—wrongly—the accusations made against Gladstone's moral character (p. 415-16); this is all the more surprising as he knew Gladstone so well. The volume is invaluable for our knowledge both of Acton and of his times.

FRANK EYCK

LORD OGMORE—*Continued from Page 529*

Collapse of the case with judgement for my client on the claim, together with her costs and an order for the return of the jewellery, the moneylender having denied receiving it. I had hit on the one detail the plaintiff and the son had not thought of. Everything else they had rehearsed until they were word-perfect. It is not often that a sudden inspiration leads to such a result but when it does, what satisfaction it gives!

To be concluded

THE VATICAN COUNCIL SECOND SESSION

Thaw at the Vatican: The Second Session of the Vatican Council. Bernard Wall and Barbara Wall. Victor Gollancz. 28s.

This book provides a very detailed and extremely useful record of the debates of the Second Vatican Council. *Quot homines tot sententiae*. This has proved as true of the great gathering of over 2,400 Catholic priests as of all other large gatherings. For centuries Rome has presented a facade of unity, but when we penetrate behind the curtain we find many disagreements. A few of the older members saw no real need for important changes and a very few actually disliked the idea of any compromise with the twentieth century. The vast majority had open minds and were genuinely eager to increase the influence of the Church in various ways.

One of the most important topics of debates was the necessity of providing bishops and priests with more aid in the discharge of their duties. Rome, like other Churches, appears unable to secure as many priests as it needs. We hear of one priest in South America who is responsible for 20,000 to 30,000 souls. How is this vacuum to be filled? One widely supported suggestion was that deacons should ease the burden of the priests but there was disagreement as to whether they should be allowed to marry. Some members felt that even further assistance was required and favoured a new order of acolytes to discharge some of the lesser duties.

Now that the Church extends its sway over many parts of the world, including the peoples of Asia and Africa, there was a good deal of approval for the proposal of more autonomy for the bishops who necessarily know far more about the requirements of their dioceses in distant lands than the Curia can possibly possess. A related development would be the enlargement of the Curia itself to include more non-Italian members. The problem of family limitation, which is expected to be discussed during the next session of the Council, is not treated in this record of the Second Session.

The authors express the opinion that the Church was never stronger than it is today and few readers, I believe, will challenge this opinion. The readiness to consider and adopt changes of administration and to enter into closer relations with other Christian communities is a sign of strength, not of weakness. The debt of the world to Pope John is very great and one of the greatest of his services was his invitation to the daughter and son-in-law of Khrushchev to visit him in the Vatican. Communists are also members of the great human family. The good old Pope used to quote St. Augustine's saying, 'The separated brothers were our brothers', a truth which too many pontiffs and other Church leaders throughout the ages have too often forgotten.

A further sign of the warmer atmosphere which began to blow under the beneficent influence of Pope John is the cordial welcome to observers from many non-Catholic churches and communities. Any idea of ultimate unification of all Christians under the rule of Rome is out of the question, but a welcome rapprochement has begun and is gathering force from year to year. The Vatican Council has not met in vain and we may look forward to its final session to issue official decrees which will register and facilitate the closer integration of the world which is the most urgent task of the twentieth century.

Mr. Bernard Wall has already rendered a service to our understanding of our mysterious world and its inhabitants by translating the classical volume of Père Teilhard de Chardin, *The Phenomenon of Man*, and now we are even more deeply in debt to him and his wife, Barbara, for their record of the trends of opinions in the greatest gathering of Catholic priests the world has ever seen.

G. P. GOUGH

THE ART OF JEAN RACINE

The Art of Jean Racine. Bernard Weinberg. University of Chicago Press. 56s.

Madame de Sevigné's slighting estimate of Jean Racine (1639-99), '*Il passera comme le café*', has often been quoted but never supported by reference to her Letters. Both were of the period of Louis XIV, Madame de Maintenon, Corneille, La Fontaine, Boileau and Molière, a period of wit and formal elegance which was reflected in the arts. I looked in vain in Professor Weinberg's book for the great letter-writer's charming misjudgment; but that is only to say that the Professor has not seen fit to include a biographical account of the most famous of French neo-classical dramatists. In this respect he differs from most modern assessors of great literary reputations, who try to relate a writer's works to his life, and may well argue that 'lives' of the dramatist are available for all interested readers. Had Dr. Weinberg supplied biographical information the reader would have learned that Racine, the son of a legal and tax official, lost both his parents in infancy; that he was reared by relatives with Jansenist connections and had presumably been inculcated with the Christian doctrine of predestination. This latter detail could be taken as explaining Racine's dramatic use of the Greek conception of fatality, though a sketch of his life-story would have revealed that in his education at Port-Royal he gained a thorough knowledge of Greek and of Greek drama. Other facts in Racine's life are also significant in a critical estimate of the plays: his friendship with Boileau, La Fontaine and Molière and hostility to Corneille—from whom, nevertheless, he learned some of his early dramatic expedients which were not always successful. There was also Madame de Maintenon's patronage, and I like to imagine Racine visiting her suite at Versailles and reading his play *Esther*, written for performance by her school-girls at Saint-Cyr.

Dr. Weinberg must forgive this cavil at the absence of the biographical element in his book. His intention is clear, to discuss *The Art of Jean Racine*, and this he does in eleven full chapters—one for each of the tragedies in their chronological order—in an endeavour to answer the question: 'How did Racine's art of the serious drama evolve and develop from the earliest through the last of his tragedies?' He describes the question as 'very simple' but proceeds with conjectures demonstrating the subtle difficulties the artist encounters with each successive creative effort:

'... in a dramatic work, where the audience is present and in a sense remote, where it is present for only a short time, it is imperative that each contribution to the total effect be made surely and at the right time. The audience can neither backtrack nor refer ahead. It must be given each piece of information, it must be made aware of each change in the state of affairs or in the action, at exactly the right moment. And all this must be done through the speeches and the actions of the persons participating in the drama.'

The author adduces the example of Sophocles' handling of *Oedipus Rex*, the story of a man who, 'having determined to discover and punish the criminal responsible for his country's plight, pursues the inquiry (over all objections) until he discovers that he himself is the criminal and punishes himself.' The very fact that this, like any other story, could be told in a multitude of ways, emphasises how complex are the processes that go to the creation of a work of art.

Dr. Weinberg analyses Racine's tragedies, starting with his first (produced by Molière's company), *La Thébaïde* (1664) and goes on to consider the ten that followed, including *Alexandre le Grand*, *Andromaque*, *Bérénice*, *Iphigénie*, *Esther*, and Racine's masterpiece *Phèdre*. He demonstrates clearly the poet's failure in his first play to create a clear and unambiguous central

action in the structure. Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides had all used the mighty Theban theme, and it was indicative of the young poet's courage that he invited a foredoomed comparison. Nevertheless, he profited with the experience gained in the writing of each succeeding play, though always hampered dramatically by the neo-classical devices inherited from Corneille which derived from Renaissance prejudice against representation of violence on the stage.

In all the plays preceding *Phèdre* there had been structural weaknesses due to Racine's adherence to these limitations of presentation. Professor Weinberg defines the poet's difficulties as mainly two: 'the construction of a central action that would organize successfully all the materials of the play, and the creation of a protagonist who would at once be a true focal point of that action and the dominant source of the spectator's emotion.' Gradually he had solved one or the other problem, but only in *Phèdre* did he 'combine the lessons learned about both action and protagonist into a brilliantly successful synthesis.' This, of course, is the play with which English theatre audiences instantly connect the name of Racine, and all who have seen it staged or read the text will echo the Professor's enthusiasm: 'Whereas, in many earlier plays, he had created fully achieved and convincing characters, now in *Phèdre* he manages to strike a proportion among such characters that prevents any other personage from challenging the primacy of the protagonist.'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

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NOVEMBER 1964

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LONDON LIGHTS

THE OTHER ELECTION

Even with Jo Grimond's helicopter hops, distances covered by the party leaders in recent weeks seemed prodigious, but nowhere near as prodigious as those which President Johnson and Senator Goldwater and their 'running mates' had to travel before America polled on 3 November.

In his first major swing through the country in 1960, the late President Kennedy covered 17,000 miles in ten days. By the end of the campaign he had totalled 44,000. Presidential candidates don't confine themselves to addressing public rallies, open-air meetings, Press conferences and television audiences of 65/70 million viewers. They may find themselves speaking to specialised groups—of trade unionists, farmers, businessmen, women, religious groups, foreign affairs groups and ex-Servicemen's groups. They are likely to speak at breakfast meetings, picnic outings, and charity fund dinners.

Some 110 million Americans are eligible to vote. Qualifications differ from state to state. In Georgia and Kentucky, voting starts at the age of 18, in Alaska at 19, in Hawaii at 20, and all other states at 21.

On election day, polling stations are open at 6 a.m. in several states.

Time differences across the country mean that voting returns are already flooding in from Eastern states before the polls have closed in the Far West. But being America, computers are usually busy forecasting the result while California still votes.

The new University of Essex is clearly out to cut a bit of a dash. Its gowns have been designed by Hardy Amies. Its vice-chancellor, Dr. Albert Sloman, is 43 and aims to keep rules to a minimum. When there are students in residence in a year's time, there will be no set times when they must be in. 'The front doors will never be locked.' Eventually, Essex will have 10,000 students.

HARVARD IN BRITAIN

It was a pleasure meeting Professor Edward C. Bursk, of the Harvard Business School, in London during the month. The Professor was here on a short visit to lecture at a marketing course at New College, Oxford, and to announce plans for the establishment of a

European equivalent of the International Marketing Institute course held at Harvard every year.

He agreed that increased academic interest in business education in Britain could lead to a serious shortage of teachers with the ability and background to commend them both to the academic and to the business world. One solution, he felt, might be to enable suitably qualified business executives to take 'sabbatical' leave, or to combine teaching with consultancy, which is fairly normal practice in the States.

Professor Bursk turned from teaching at Dartmouth College to managing a wholesale distribution business, and finally rejoined the faculty of the Harvard Business School. But among many other activities outside teaching and writing, he has acted as marketing consultant to numerous concerns, he is moderator of a weekly television and radio programme about marketing, a member of the National Export Expansion Council, and Editor of the *Harvard Business Review*. Under his direction, circulation has grown from 2,000 to 65,000 copies per issue.

The world of charity, which has sometimes suffered from a kind of Lady Bountiful-Society Ball image, is clearly finding that it pays to advertise—to widen its appeal, stimulate growth and maintain a low expense-income ratio. Oxfam, probably the first British charity to use large-scale advertising, has experienced a sixfold increase in its income (from £370,419 to £2,232,468) in the last six years.

From every 1/- collected, 10½d goes on overseas aid, ½d in administration and 1½d to raise another 1/-.

A RISING 'SUN'?

Randolph Churchill called it a 'brash resuscitation' of the *Daily Herald*; others saw the first issues of the 'Sun' as two *Heralds* in one; as a good example of the skilful use of editorial matter to fill odd gaps left by advertisement, and (*The Economist*) as a paper which seems written for the advertisers who have so far supported its launching, rather than for the bright new readers whom it must eventually attract if it is to survive.

After the first few weeks' birth pangs, the *Sun* is becoming a livelier, more intelligent, more broadly-based and marginally more innovating newspaper than its immediate rivals. But I still find it a poor justification of the very considerable market research which preceded the launch and the £300,000+ worth of ballyhoo being spent to push up sales.

If the *Sun* really wanted to attract the 'bright new readers' (whoever they are), one would have thought the very first essential was a bright new editor (it still has the—highly respected—*Herald* incumbent), a brighter new typeface, and the kind of bright new editorial treatment offering a dimension of freshness, significance and deeper analysis of current affairs which simply eludes the mass-circulation dailies.

WILSON'S VIRTUE-PROMOTING . . .

Where did Mr. Wilson get the idea that a large proportion of the more expensive eating out is done

on expense accounts? From *The Economist's* report of M. Giscard d'Estaing's new measure to limit tax-free expenditure on entertainment in France? Did he read on and weigh-up some of the consequences, for instance the possible decline of French cuisine? And the 'tax fiddles' which such a control, like any other, lead to, such as making out for each customer a number of smaller bills instead of one large one, or—which amounts to the same thing—doubling the number of 'places' for which the bill is made out?

With very few exceptions, a good 'business lunch' in Paris costs considerably more than the tax-free Frs. 35, and any expedition to a night club exceeds the Frs. 50 limit. If businesses are to avoid company taxation on such expenditure, they will in future have to renounce this agreeable means of 'treating' customers and suppliers.

That, we are told, would bring about a considerable decrease in the number of 'business dinners' at the more expensive restaurants and might threaten the existence of establishments whose main business comes from industrialists entertaining their business friends. Costly or rare dishes would disappear from menus which aim at a set charge of Frs. 35.

Expense account entertaining in France and Britain obviously

leads to *some* abuse. Why harm a home industry that has taken long enough to get on its feet, and threaten the practice of playing the good host to clients—especially from abroad? One hopes the more expensive restaurants here will remain as unperturbed and reply as grandly as Le Lido and Maxims: 'Our customers have the money, and so have their firms. Even if the authorities tax their expenses, they will continue to spend. Business comes before taxes ...'

LADY VIOLET

Albion's award for the outstanding oratorical triumph of the Election campaign goes unhesitatingly to Lady Violet Bonham Carter, for her broadcast in the BBC Home Service on 2 October. It was an unrivalled performance, towering above the monotonous platitudes, the smart-alicky repartee and the imitation tub-thumping which began to bore electors weeks before polling day. Was there a Tory or Labour leader, too, with the courage and foresight to say 'within the next ten years there will be only four (massive units) that count: the USA, the Soviet Union, United Europe and China', that 'it is (only) as part of a United Europe that Britain can count most'?

ALBION

FORUM FEATURE—

THE MECHANICS OF POLITICS

DAVID GOLDBLATT

IN this age specialization has run amok. The story of man has been divided into particles almost as numerous as grains of sand, so that, while knowledge grows, understanding withers and politics, simply life in community, has been reduced to formulae which tell us rather less than nothing. With a precision beloved of science, forms of government are labelled, exactly laid out in their parts, co-related in genealogy and time, only to lead to puzzlement, confusion and near-nonsense. Republics practise tyranny which would have shamed the most infamous monarchies. Democracies thrive where universal suffrage is contained, if not nullified. Freedom takes on strange guises and liberty reverts to the meaning of bygone centuries—the privilege of the very few. All of which could have been excused in a world of little, if any, schooling. But today we are bursting with data and yet we fall into error, live on the edge of disaster, and resent, above all, the observer who exposes the blunder of yesterday and warns of tomorrow. There is a strange but tragic dichotomy between man and mankind in bulk. In personal decisions most of us are cautious, weighing up every facet, restrained by the knowledge that the first move governs all, leading maybe to sacrifice, if not disaster. We calculate the cost and try to make assurance doubly sure. Above all we fall back upon reference and experience. Yet as members of a community we are transformed into creatures of emotion, swayed by rhetoric, subject to the subtle machinations of the hidden persuaders. We are the victims of the mechanics of politics.

The maintenance of law and order is the primary function of government. The continuance and form of government result from political action designed to ensure support or no opposition of consequence. Apathy is often a more potent ally than enthusiasm. The history of politics is the story of man's half-witless, half-aimless blunderings in search of a way of life which might ease the miseries and sorrows of our common inhumanity seldom intended, often perpetrated, never properly understood and never, as yet, controlled. It concerns itself with human personality in a restless interplay of individual emotion, desire, character, aspiration, a tangle of act and response, of device, of every human expression mental and physical, and the result is a current of power never static, fleeting, but mighty wherever it, for the moment, resides. The problem of politics is the containment of power, to limit its exercise to excess and to turn it to common benefit. Like most elements, power is a poor master but an uncommon servant. It courses through a community like the blood in the human body, activating, energising. Should the flow slacken this life force clogs personal endeavour, corrupting, enervating and spreading a general malaise from which recovery is

long and costly in persons and progress. To learn from Bacon, political power, like muck, is best when spread. Strewn evenly it serves, but clotted, it masters man and debilitates human development.

But if power is the dynamo, systems provide the machinery of politics, the instruments used to make living in community possible and viable. And as in industry the tool is, more often than not, subject to the wrong criteria. Efficiency is a word prone to mislead. Productivity is reduced to simple arithmetic where quality yields to quantity and duration is grit in the pursuit of self-enrichment, while progress is assessed in statistics, with no weighting of consequence for the intangible assets. Bluntly put, the non-material is immaterial; common sense ousts finer senses.

Intricate machinery to regulate the relations of individual and authority, which in aggregate is power, is embodied in single words whose import is lost. Variety is submerged in uniformity. Power systems are reduced to a handful and each name deceives, be it democracy or dictatorship or in its economic interpretation, capitalist or socialist—with the perjorative emphasis of communist where indignation clouds judgment. On examination differences multiply until one is forced to search for new standards of assessment and designation, for in the previous nomenclature there is regard to little but outward form, effect and tendency carrying no weight. Indeed, these generalizations are lethal guides in a world whose vast population and resources defy uniformity and where personality finally defeats every attempt to contain mankind in the strait-jacket of over-rigid organization.

Power is exerted through conventions, accepted forms of acquiescence which resolve into government, first local, gradually spreading into national dimensions. Each step evolves as an alternative to the waste and horror of combat which earlier ensued before the stronger, physical, mental, or in varying combinations, emerged. The formula of success is uncertain and elusive but the issue is constant, the struggle unending; only the *personae dramatis* change. This uncomfortable process has been described acidly as 'the survival of the fittest' and presented as the awful warning of the Bad Old Days—as calculated a piece of dialectical cheating as was ever perpetrated. The proper care of the 'needy and unfitted' demands every test which can be devised to ensure that the 'fit' survive, prosper and continually lift the standard of living for all, 'fit' or 'unfit'. And yet the ultimate good of this unending struggle rests not in material advance but in the curb to oversuccess. The fruits of victory are short-lived and transient is the seat of power where the test of fitness never ceases.

In our era group-fitness has taken over. The development of mass communication is displacing personality. The single constituency has assumed proportions so unwieldy as to bring elections into near disrepute. Success is seldom to the worthy; even the selection of candidates is approaching the farcical. Organization becomes increasingly mechanized, ever more costly. The voter, one of some 70,000, shrinks in value and significance, surrenders his judgment, or lapses into non-

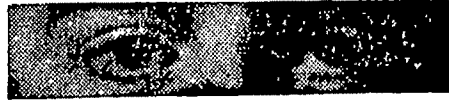
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participation. The party machines suck him dry of power, now theirs to wield in the battle for control and government.

The sequence runs well beyond the voter. The elected too are ensnared in the toils of the system. They are suborned by the Whip whose pressures may be impossible to withstand except at peril to position and preferment. In the past it was not impossible to meet and explain one's position to, at the most, a few thousand supporters. Today with the voting strength increased tenfold, to reach the ear is impossible, to reach the eye is ruinous. In Parliament the Whip's office is supreme. At constituency level the selection committee is but slightly less despotic where the seat is regarded as 'safe'. The chosen candidate is the creature of the tight band of selectors. His political life is in their hands. He is their puppet who risks dismissal if wayward or difficult.

Safe seats equate to the old rotten boroughs system with interests as substitutes for the eighteenth-century nominating aristocrats. Finance, industry, trade unions, co-operative societies, professional unions now have the virtual gift of seats in their hands. The mandarins are chosen for obedience. Personality, independence, even quality may disqualify.

In day-to-day politics self-interest is always represented as enlightened and the likely conflict with general well-being has to be played down—hence the birth and rapid growth of the public relations officer who besets us with bewildering persistence. Virtues are enlarged; minuses are obscured. The half-truth is frilled with false suggestion to create a

picture utterly distorted, a subtle lie defying challenge. The machinery of unfair promotion has seeped into politics and is embodied in its mechanics. The questioning of some six thousand persons—an infinitesimal percentage—has been dressed up with tables and figures that conjure up an aura of research and scholarship. Each month this gimmick is commissioned; national dailies with an axe to grind are seldom mean; headlines and copy explain according to the political taste of the lordly owner. It is a shameless affair exploited in the certainty that all is forgotten by tomorrow, but in the strong hope that its continuance will even further deny detached opinion and personal judgment. It is, perhaps the meanest trick yet brought to play in this, the ultimate field of universal decision. It is mechanics at its dirtiest.

The transformation of Parliament from amateur to professional status is closely affecting the outlook and the work of its members. The electorate who pay the piper expect their hardships and grievances to be aired and rectified. As the pay rises the aggrieved will increase their exigence and the elected attune regard and effort towards casework. They are being translated into welfare officers at high level to transmit complaints to the truly mighty who serve us in aloof and, maybe overcold, isolation in the rooms of power. Parliament, busier than ever, has little time to concern itself with matters which reach beyond the immediate and the particular. Politics has descended from the art of creating the climate of the future into the science of the present possible.

Whatever else may have changed power is still the mainspring. If personality is submerged by grouping, if interests are bolstered by institutions, party loyalty has new bases. Universal franchise has, of necessity, forged new methods of influence and control designed, above all, to channel the electorate into as few parties as possible, first at the polls and, eventually, in the legislature where, finally, an issue demands support, dissent or abstention. The area of independence is restricted, and, as it contracts, the process of politics lapses into the common form of our life, becoming successively more mechanical. Uniformity and obedience are the backbone of mass interest and mass action. They are the keynote of our day where research and a prompt result are the co-efficient of mechanics no less in politics than in industry or professional life.

The new machine is not, as yet, fully assembled, but the design is there to see and study; how it will function is open to speculation. The place of the common man is a matter for concern. The fortunate and some of the ambitious will gain position and power. Some efficient and fairly able will find and maintain a lifetime's place. The imponderable rests in the well-being of the ordinary citizen when he reaches outside his particular hobby, be it gadget, garden or game. It is a nagging worm, eating into the hearts and minds of many more than the writer, as they find themselves shrinking as against the growing force of government in every detail of their lives. Not the least of these impending threats is the mechanics of politics.

THE ARTS—

THE JACOBINS CLIMB DOWN TO THE FRONT BENCH

The Return of Surréalisme

SHELDON WILLIAMS

ALL through Summer 1964, the Galerie Charpentier in Paris has been holding an important exhibition: LE SURREALISME—Sources—Histoire—Affinités. Pressed into service (the Surréalistes have always been great poachers) to make the Movement's point authoritatively are the *Correspondances Anciennes*: Archimboldo (or perhaps Zucchi), Bosch, Breughel de Velours, Delacroix!, Desiderio, Füssli, Victor Hugo, Gustave Moreau, Redon—and for later consumption, Picasso. But these are in the main phantasists rather than conveyors of the authentic Surréalist image. In the same way, there was an important section of *Objets Sauvages*: carvings, masks, and the like from the Spice Islands and the way-out Pacific.

By far the main source of exhibits was drawn from the Surréalistes themselves, past and present, a galaxy of devoted introspectors bent upon the delivery of the subconscious in visual form.

Once more, the Freudian giants of the thirties and their Marxist allies have been projected from the shadows on to the Front Bench. Surréalisme which has languished as a démodé relic has suddenly become chic again. For those whose memories are still sharp after three decades, the familiar faces are back in place. Man Ray, painting so badly, but photographing like Gabriel behind the camera. Tanguy, nine years dead, but reminding us in canvases like *Plus nous sommes* (1926) of a wasteland of cerebral bones more cunning than the surface wit and subcutaneous philosophy of T. S. Eliot. Meret Oppenheim, the girlfriend of Giacometti and Ernst, whose fur cup-and-saucer shocked the New Yorkers, still up to tactile tricks. Miró, pressed into a supporting role, from the days when he flirted with the Movement. René Magritte, untouched by *pop* or *tachisme*, offering a *Picasso de derrière les fagots* (1949) in which a pointilliste cubist painting twines round a genuine bottle of *vin ordinaire*. The names are numerous, stretching from Arp to Zürn. Strolling through the fantastic establishment-red salles of Charpentier, it was as if nothing had changed. Hitler's war had never started and we were back with the Oxford vote not-to-fight-for-King-and-Country. The rebels released by popular psychiatry and a dash of Jacobin fervour, even though death has claimed some of their number, are back in favour with an 'old look' for the sixties.

And they have been joined by some new recruits. Many of these are

listed as *Artistes de Tendance Surréaliste*, but there is no question that they fit into the surrealist frame.

In this category, the strange 'Balthus' (Balthazar Klossowski de Rola)—so rarely seen in Britain—has a special place. *Passage de Commerce* is a painting of apparent realism, but it has that haunting quality that sets it fairly and squarely in the surrealist dreamworld. Clovis Trouille (unknown to me, although he is over 70) produces an offbeat Profumo-style *Jour de Fête* that would shake the fundamentals of Private Eye. Peverelli, one of the new men, gives mankind the Matta treatment in a kind of *rayonniste* manner with his *L'homme dans la ville* (1958). Marie-Laure (the Vicomtesse de Noailles), a legendary figure has *Le pentothale* (painted in 1964). Another septuagenarian, Alberto Savinio is represented in a hot version of *Suzanne et les vieillards* (c. 1928). Iceland's Ferro, one of the youngest artists in the catalogue, takes time off from his 'Human Library' to exhibit a portrait of Robert Lebel (who frightened the Vauxhall Bridge Road with his 'happening' earlier this year). Dali, of course, was a must—but the great *La Mariée mise à nu par ses celibitaires, même* (Le Grand Verre) looms over all. This incredible construction by Marcel Duchamp is the chef-d'oeuvre of Surrealism for all time. The version at Charpentier was a certified copy, signed and passed by Duchamp at Stockholm in 1961.

How has the surrealist come-back come about?

Probably with the further incursions that have been made upon puritan inhibitions, particularly in the field of sex.

Looking over the Charpentier show, it is the sexual impact that is the most contemporary. The polemics of André Breton, the ghostly terraces of the early Chirco, even the inky fears of Victor Hugo—these do not register the same shock of immediacy as Bellmer's *Tour menthe poivrée à la louange des petites filles goulues*, a work of calculated teenage depravity, carried out with all the finesse of an Altdorfer and all the virile panache of Urs Graf. The Belgian René Magritte speaks most urgently today in the tears of *L'abandon*, glycerine drops against a veneered panelling with undisguised carnal undertones. Ernst's doll in the bronze sculpture, *Table mise*, is basic fetichism. And the funnel in Miró's *Sourire de ma blonde* is a lighthearted comment of a carefree relationship.

The chips are down for surrealism.

It is clear that the Movement lives on into the second half of the Twentieth Century as a physical outlet for the victims of civilized artificiality. Looking into the mirror of Meret Oppenheim's *Miss Gardenia* we can see the reflection of our subliminal requirements. The vegetal-floral exuberance of the frame poised comfortably on its easy legs encloses a mirror whose single centre ridge makes the 'depth interviewing' of the *Hidden Persuaders* in Vance Packard's book look puerile by comparison. And what price the butterfly kisses of Roland Penrose's *Portrait de Valentine*!

Even Picabia's 1920 version of *La dame aux allumettes*, with its collage

of actual matchsticks sends a message that is beyond the purely combustible. Oscar Dominguez's *Conversion de la force* (1945), a construction of head-on eroticism, of all the works in the Charpentier exhibition comes nearest to the work of the very youngest experimenters (not included in this exhibition). Although they would probably shudder to be given so archaic a title, there is no doubt about the aesthetic ancestry of some of the (now-disbanded) group of Leicester Artists who held a kind of post-humous display at the Grabowski Gallery this summer. Surréalism continues in Michael Sandle's frightening *Crocus*, a composite work whose phallus-cum-gasmask image underlines the aggressive complex of war. Terry Setch's *Playwith Heart*, another construction, has all the same mischief of Zev's *Secret Games* (seen recently at the Portal Gallery). And the raw nerves of our physical condition were aptly exposed by another of these Leicester artists, Cristina Bertoni. So the Surréalist attack is re-manifesting itself in modern with-it form.

Like the nuclear discovery, once the subconscious threshold had been crossed there was really no going back. It could only have been a matter of time before Surréalism as an aesthetic force became once again potent. Nowhere is this revolution by peaceful penetration more obvious than in the post-pop performances of the printmakers. Allan Jones, for instance, in the series that Editions Alecto have produced (viewing at the Print Centre, Holland Road, and later in the States—Richard Feigen Gallery, New York: October and November 1964, and the Feigen-Palmer Gallery in Los Angeles: March 1965) has produced variations on the theme 'Concerning Marriages' that endorse the upside-down-ness of Chagall (one of his more valid surréalist motifs) and the disembodied hat of René Magritte that bring the Movement right back into the centre of the picture. The melange of hermaphroditic couples has the same flavour as Duchamp's Bride traversed by her bachelors in 1964 parlance. We are truly back at square one! To underline the return of Surréalism to Britain, Brook Street Gallery is currently staging a retrospective of our own Surréaliste-par-excellence Eileen Agar.

Miss Agar headed the list (in strict alphabetical order) of the catalogue of the great Surréalist Exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries in June and July 1936, for which as with the Charpentier show of this year, Max Ernst provided a special cover design. Happy days! One of the advertisements in the 1936 catalogue quotes early publication of Paul Eluard's 'Thorns of Thunder' and offers *one* special copy with an extra signed drawing by Picasso; the cost, 20 guineas!

Apart from prices, and the addition of the names of the new men, the International front of Surréalism has not changed much.

Miss Agar, in most ways, remains the original talent she was in those distant pre-war days.

Certainly, the first painting catalogued for the New Burlington show, her oil painting *Quadriga*, is now in the Museum of Modern Art, New York but this was an historic purchase that was sure to have taken place eventually. For the rest, the status quo has been preserved. The Ernst-like

mechanics of some of the early works are intact. Ernst, too, in works like *Little Monster* and even the *Subterranean God* of 1962, leaves his indelible anthropomorphic imprint; and we would not have it otherwise. Eileen Agar probably *paints* better than her mentor, and she has found a certain variety of laundry blue that infuses many of her works and is peculiarly her own.

She is also a keen exponent of the multiple image. In *Quadrige* this was particularly evident in the four horses' heads, each built up from a miscellany of desiderata to form a composite whole. The same technique is now being employed by Niki de Saint-Phalle in collages and constructions in full flood at the Hanover Gallery. Mlle. de Saint-Phalle, who used to stand a few metres from her original conglomerations (for topflight garbage quality, they had Rauschenberg licked) and fire at them with a rifle, has turned full circle, abandoning her target practice for the monster-world of Eileen Agar. The disparity in their ages—Mlle. de Saint-Phalle was born only in 1930—in no way invalidates the comparison.

The multiple-image technique persists in the Agar exhibition, turning up in new guise in works like *Monument to Memory* (painted this year). And she can reach back to the world of Paule Vézelay in paintings like the abstract 'Blue Variations' of 1961.

Perhaps now—at last—Britain will wake up to the importance of having such a pioneer in our midst. Of her, Sir Herbert Read wrote in 1962:

'In a rare type of artist integrity implies a self-effacing modesty. In Eileen Agar I have been aware of such an artist for more than twenty-five years. . . . A poetic painter; but not a literary painter, for her work is neither illustrative nor anecdotic. . . .'

Indeed, she has always been held in high regard by the critics. She was singled out for inclusion from this country in the Museum of Modern Art's 'Fantastic Art, Dada and Surréalism' exhibition, and was again chosen as a British exhibitor in the Museum's 'Art of Assemblage' show in 1961. A year or so back she was offered an exhibition at the White-chapel Gallery—one of the top status symbols available to British artists. With typical modesty (enfurating her friends) she turned the offer down. This instance maybe explains in part why the respect due to her has been on such a limited scale. Her retiring nature is ill-matched for the brassy age in which she lives.

Brook Street Gallery will have nothing of this. They are determined—quite rightly—to treat her exhibition as a major occasion for the Gallery. In doing so, they echo a trend. Surréalism is up for re-examination. There can be few better ways of testing one's reactions to this important art movement than by paying a visit to Eileen Agar's retrospective exhibition at the Brook Street Gallery.

WORLD VISTAS—

LATIN AMERICA: THE CHINESE DRIVE

DANIEL TRETIK

AT a time when the Chinese Communist drive for influence in Latin America has suffered a temporary setback as a result of the jailing of nine Chinese in Brazil, it is well to examine what recent Chinese moves toward Latin America have been. Most impressive to date has been the Chinese push to increase trade relations with various Latin American countries, although activities on the Communist front have also been quite vigorous as part of the Chinese attempt to line up supporters in the Sino-Soviet dispute.

While trade with Latin America has been going on for over ten years, Chinese purchases of Latin American products were rarely worth mentioning. However, during the past few months, there has been a dramatic upswing in the amount of Latin American products sold to China. During a Chinese Commercial Exhibition held in Mexico City from December, 1963 to January, 1964, the Chinese announced that they would purchase US \$28 million worth of Mexican cotton, thus helping the Mexican cotton industry to strengthen its entire export position. Shortly afterwards Mexico also sold China 450,000 tons of wheat, worth US \$30 million. A Mexican trade delegation which has just returned to Hong Kong from a trip to China reported selling a small quantity of cotton; it also further explored trade possibilities. Sino-Brazilian trade prospects have been greatly limited by the results of the recent *coup d'état*.

Following on the heels of the Mexican exhibition, the Chinese announced that large quantities of Argentine grain (primarily wheat) would be purchased. Already 750,000 tons of Argentine wheat worth about US \$50 million have been sold to China at slightly above the current world price. It is also possible that the Chinese will purchase Argentine meat in the coming months, although obtaining sufficient refrigerated shipping poses a great problem.

The Chinese are continuing to try to put commercial relations on a more established basis—regardless of the setback suffered in Brazil, where Chinese trade representatives were jailed in April. Negotiations are now underway for the establishment of Chinese commercial offices—like the one already extant in Chile—in Mexico City and Argentina. The Mexican government reportedly has not yet raised any strong objection to the desire of the Chinese to set up the office, although visas have not yet been granted. There are also good possibilities for the establishment of the office in Argentina, although this area could quite easily be served by the office in Santiago.

In Santiago, Chile, a Chinese Commercial and Economic Exhibition,

similar to that held in Mexico City, opened in May 1963. Chang Kuang-tou, who headed the Chinese delegation in Mexico, was in the Chilean capital for several months making arrangements for the exhibit, which was opened just after the Chinese completed their third recent purchase of small amount of the leading Chilean exports, copper and nitrates. They have also expressed interest in buying 1 million tons of Chilean nitrates; since the Chileans do not have such a large quantity for sale at present, they suggested that the Chinese build nitrate plants in Chile to which proposition the Chinese have not yet replied.

Such trade as China does carry on now with Latin American countries is promoted in a variety of ways. In Mexico, the Chinese utilized the forum granted in Mexico City—the Exhibition there—to negotiate with Mexican officials directly. The Exhibition was under the sponsorship of the Chinese Council for the Promotion of Foreign Trade (CCPFT), the usual organization charged with promoting trade abroad and setting up exhibitions in foreign countries. (The CCPFT has recently set up exhibits of Chinese Communist goods in such diverse places as Japan and Mali.)

Besides utilizing the CCPFT, the Chinese are also able to carry on trade operations through their Commercial representative in Santiago, Chile, Mr. Li Yen-nien. Li has been resident in Santiago since April, 1962, and no doubt was influential in arranging Chinese purchases of Chilean copper and nitrates. China's commercial delegation in Chile has also played a political role. In all likelihood Li's task is to develop Chinese relations with elements in the Socialist-Communist alliance, the *Frente para Accion Popular* (FRAP).

While Li Yen-nien has probably also participated in the Argentine wheat negotiations, these have also probably been handled in part in Hong Kong through the Argentine Consulate-General and various Chinese corporations which have their offices there. It is known that the Argentine Ambassador in Taiwan, Señor Ichaque, frequently visits Hong Kong. It would therefore not be difficult for him to take part in negotiations over wheat sales in much the same way as Australians and Canadians do here.

For the present, China's trade relations with Latin American countries are on a good but limited base. The Chinese are paying cash for what they purchase. Prices paid are, at minimum, in conformance with world prices—and the Chinese gain few markets for their own goods in Latin American countries, thus giving the latter a highly-favourable trade balance. (In any event, it is unlikely that such Latin American countries as Mexico would permit the Chinese to dump cheap Chinese goods.) There is a certain element of consistency also appearing; for while the Mexican cotton purchase was a 'first-time' deal, and the Chinese have only infrequently purchased Chilean copper, they have bought varying quantities of Argentine wheat for the past three years. As long as the Chinese economy requires wheat purchases from abroad, the Chinese will probably continue to purchase wheat in Argentina as well as any-

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where else—especially if that country should ever go ahead with plans to recognize the CPR and the other principal wheat sellers—Australia, Canada and South Africa—do not. Such a possible political advantage to the Argentinians has not gone unnoticed at a time when anti-Americanism is an increasingly important theme in that country's political life; *e.g.*, the continuing threat to expropriate US oil investments in Argentina and the recently stated demand by five Argentine senators that US Ambassador McClintock be declared *persona non grata*.

The Chinese have political goals as well. They have been most anxious to unite with those groups who are not only rabidly anti-American, but also willing, if necessary, to fight militarily to remove American influence from a particular area. This does not mean that the Chinese thoroughly eschew winning power by non-violent means. But for the time being, the Chinese feel the violent way is the most certain method of assuring that a Latin American anti-American movement would be successful. For precisely this reason, they manifested a strong degree of fascination with Cuban developments, although not ignoring the rest of Latin America by any means.

The Cuban Revolution, a going concern after over five years, continues to stand out as the most glowing Communist bloc success in Latin America. The Chinese particularly feel that this result was obtained because the Cubans dared to challenge the US on military terms—and won. The Chinese, like the Cubans, have continually felt that the Cuban example should be developed and nurtured in—and exported to—other Latin American countries. While the Russians vacillated in their support for Latin American revolutionary movements not only at present but also during the past 40 years of the international communist movement, the Chinese claim to be faithful allies of such Latin American Communists as Fidel Castro. Basic distrust of both the Americans and the Russians, belief in the violent way as the surest way to revolutionary success, and a strong feeling that their revolutionary experiences are very applicable in Latin America today have drawn the Chinese and Cubans together. As a result, even though the Russians pay the bill in Cuba the Chinese-Cuban relationship is still quite good. This situation is demonstrated by Castro's continued unwillingness to sign the tripartite Moscow nuclear test-ban treaty, Cuba's maintenance of ambassadorial-level relations with Albania, and full State-Party relations with China—even after two Castro visits to the Soviet Union.

Besides Cuba, the Chinese have aimed their Party activities especially at Brazil and Chile. They have also had some success in Colombia and Argentina, where splinter pro-Chinese Communist groups exist, but these are peripheral areas. In Venezuela, pro-Chinese elements within leftist and Communist circles are reported to have suffered a defeat when their violence tactics failed to prevent the election of President Leoni last December. In Guatemala, Marco Antonio Yong Sosa, a product of a Chinese-Guatemalan marriage, is leading the anti-government rebel forces. There is some indication that the Chinese are finding his work attractive, although no evidence yet that there have been direct ties.

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One success among regular Latin American Communist Parties took place in Peru. There, pro-Chinese elements led by Saturnino Paredes overthrew the pro-Russian leadership in January, 1964. The pro-Russians, led by Raul Acofa, have continued to proclaim that they still maintain control over the Party mechanism. The result has been a division among leftist forces, with the pro-Chinese element particularly attempting to stimulate illegal seizures of private lands by the peasants. However, the Peruvian CP is still a small localized organization.

In Brazil, the Chinese 'hard' revolutionary line was applied with ironic success. For some time, the Chinese have been participating in a dialogue involving themselves and the Russians directly, and local Brazilian Communists less so. Before the April military *coup*, the Chinese had been consistently warning that a much wider popular base had to be built by leftist forces before any successful anti-American policies could be effected. Moreover, it was naïve according to the Chinese, to expect that the Brazilian army could be kept neutralized if faced with possible leftist success, or that success could be gained without having to resort to military means to overcome the rightist forces. The results of the Brazilian *coup* bear out this view exactly. The Brazilian Communist Party Secretary-General, Luiz Carlos Prestes, according to *Peking Review*, was 'a consistent advocate of the people winning political power through parliamentary means'; i.e., a Moscow supporter. He was opposed by a splinter group—the Communist Party of Brazil—which was first organized in the late 1950s, led by Mauricio Grabois and was pro-Chinese. Differences between the leaders of the two groups were about as deep as those between the CPSU and CCP, although it is possible that certain elements in the Prestes-led organization were Chinese sympathizers.

Just as Brazilian leftists attempted to take advantage of the vacillating leadership of President Goulart, so did the Chinese. Over two years ago, *Hsinhua* office was set up in Rio; while the staff was no doubt doing a reporting job, it is quite possible that it also had contact with a wide variety of leftists receptive to Chinese ideas about how the Brazilian situation should be handled.

In addition to taking part in the political life of Brazil (see below), the Chinese were also attempting to push trade relations as well. Representatives of the Chinese National Textiles Export Import Corporation were probably in Brazil to negotiate the purchase of Brazilian cotton. Moreover, other trade personnel had been in Brazil for nearly a year, trying to persuade the Brazilian government to permit the Chinese Communists to set up a commercial exhibition in Rio de Janeiro like that held in Mexico and planned in Chile. The request had been turned down once in November, but presumably the Chinese were still hopeful that permission would be granted, especially if the Brazilian political situation veered left. With the success of the military *coup*, the trade officials were jailed; despite the protests of various leftist political and commercial organizations (and some non-leftist commercial people in

Hong Kong and elsewhere), the Chinese trade and news representatives remain in jail. Whether or not the charges of subversion and sedition are ever proved correct, it is quite certain that at least Sino-Brazilian trade possibilities are even less strong now than they were under the Goulart regime.

Chinese influence within leftist and Communist circles may not have suffered such a stinging setback as may first appear to be the case. There has not been a wholesale physical liquidation of Communist leaders; barring this, if the Party goes underground, the Chinese line will have a fresher ring of truth in it in the future than may have hitherto been the case. Pro-Russian Brazilian Communists will have to listen to Peking with greater attention than in the past. By the same token, they will probably be less attentive to the CPSU precisely because the Russians under-estimated the degree of anti-Goulart feeling present among the military, rightist and even centrist political elements.

The Brazilian experience will certainly influence what will happen in Chile during the coming months. For in that country, the Chinese have for some time been arguing that FRAP action has been too limited and that the leftists were too trusting of the Establishment to permit FRAP Candidate Salvador Allende take office should he have won the Presidency this September.

These pronouncements have found a ready hearing in both major parties of the FRAP—the Socialists and the Communists. This January, a group of Communist dissidents met in Santiago to formalize their opposition to the pro-Russian Chilean Communist Party; they attacked that organization of being unwary of rightist threats to FRAP success and praised the Chinese line for revolutionary struggle in the under-developed areas. Socialists under Clodomiro Almeyda (who visited China in 1960) have similarly concurred with the Chinese 'hard-line' and have attacked Socialist Secretary-General, Raúl Ampuero, for his 'soft-line' approach, as well as by implication, Allende himself. In return, the Secretary-General of the Chilean C.P., Luis Corvalan, has charged Li Yen-nien with meddling in CP affairs.

Thus, the Chinese have especially attempted to spread their influence in Chile as well as in Brazil. In the latter area, they have been thwarted as a result of the *coup*. In Chile, however, they have relatively free movement, although three students from the CPP were expelled in late April for spreading Chinese anti-Soviet material at Santiago University. More importantly, the Chinese-encouraged factionalism, however 'correct' it may be from a Marxist-Leninist point of view, could weaken the FRAP's already fragile unity. If it does that, then the non-Communist forces may have a better chance to win elections than they appear to have at present. But since the Chinese have long albeit tenuous interest in Chile dating back to Yanan Days they will attempt to continue to advise leftists in Chile on how to deal with current political problems in that country. (Note: A former Chilean Communist of the late 1930s has alleged that he met with Mao Tse-tung in Moscow in

1936-7; while Mao was not in Moscow at that time, probably one of his brothers was. This Chinese, in any event, gave advice to the Chileans on how Communists should participate in the United Front in order to gain power.)

In order to promote and publicise Chinese political and social life, the CPR issues a variety of Spanish language publications and broadcasts daily to Latin America. The most important magazine distributed to Latin America is the Spanish-language edition of *Peking Review*. Published originally in English, a Spanish edition began appearing on a fortnightly basis in March 1963; late last year, the Spanish-edition became a weekly. While recently the magazine has been a repository of Chinese anti-Russian attacks, the magazine also reports about developments on the mainland and prints anti-Western attacks. *China Reconstructs*, a pictorial, also appears in a Spanish-language edition. Reflecting China's essential preoccupation with the southern part of Latin America, Peking Radio broadcasts six hours per day to Chile, Argentina and Paraguay; Cuba, Panama and Mexico also receive a total of four hours of programmes, making a daily total of ten hours of Peking Radio transmissions to Spanish-speaking Latin American areas. Brazil receives several hours of Brazilian Portuguese programmes daily, as well.

On the basis of their present performance, the Chinese have made few real gains in the Latin American political field. Their relations with Latin American Communist organizations have netted only partial victories, with no full regular Communist Party joining the Chinese side. Nevertheless, in their main areas of interest, the Chinese can be expected to continue to spread their propaganda and work to develop relations with locals friendly to their cause. The Chinese emphasis on violent methods may also lead to an increase of local violence in Brazil, Peru and Chile.

Hong Kong.

CRIME AND BANDITRY, DISTRESS AND PERPLEXITY

will increase UNTIL THE BISHOPS OPEN

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S BOX OF SEALED WRITINGS

What the Bible says about the Box and the Bishops "And the temple of God was opened . . . and there was seen . . . the Ark (Chest or Box) of his Testament (or Will). And round about the Throne were four-and-twenty . . . Elders (Bishops) sitting . . . (and they) fall down . . . and cast their crowns (their wisdom) before the Throne." Rev. xl. 19 : iv. 4, 10.

THE PANACEA SOCIETY, Bedford, England.

A PENANG LAWYER—III

LORD OGMORE

THERE was quite a trade in Penang in collecting from ash bins or house servants, empty bottles or tins with proprietary labels affixed to them. They were sold to counterfeiters who would fill up the receptacles with very inferior solids or liquids and so counterfeit the seals that it was most difficult to tell them from the real thing. I prosecuted and obtained a conviction in a case for the Nestlé Milk Company which lost thousands of dollars a year by rascals pouring ordinary milk into used 'Milkmaid' tins, counterfeiting the labels, soldering the tins and selling them as genuine. The milk was returned as bad to the dealers who in turn returned it to Nestlé and Nestlé made good the loss. In another case I prosecuted and obtained a conviction against a Chinese for counterfeiting the trade marks of the 'John Exshaw No. 1' brandy. In this case the seals were so well counterfeited that I made a private mark on the bottles otherwise I could never have told them apart when putting them to the witnesses for the purpose of proof.

There were very few taxes in Penang but there was a tax on brandy, beloved of the Chinese; there was also a prohibition on the sale of toddy, beloved of the Tamils, except in licensed shops and it was necessary to obtain a licence to smoke opium. The pernicious drug called bhang, datura or hashish could neither be sold nor consumed legally. I remember once defending a Chinese charged with illegally distilling samsu or Chinese brandy. The still was near his smallholding up in the hills near Ayer Itam. I climbed up there on the usual sweltering day, and arrived at a homestead which might have been lifted straight from China. Tea was brewing on the stove, children, pigs and chickens swarmed around and the accused's wife shyly presented me with some eggs. This man, unlike most Chinese in Penang, came not from Southern China but from the North and spoke only 'Mandarin'. This language was not then commonly spoken in Penang and so a bevy of stout interpreters puffed along behind me as I climbed the hills. First there was an interpreter who translated my English into Straits Chinese and then one who translated Straits Chinese into 'Mandarin'. It was said that my unintelligible client was operating in quite a big way, distilling samsu on his farm, transporting it to the foot of the hills and there decanting it into the inner tubes of motor lorry tyres and these he took to a garage owned by him in Penang, or under an arrangement operating with him. From this garage the samsu was distributed by various channels until it came to the lips of thirsty Chinese. My client was acquitted, but, as he was not a British subject, immediately deported. This growing practice of deportation in cases where the Crown failed to secure a conviction was unjust and also bid fair to reduce criminal advocacy as accused people would rather plead guilty and serve a sentence than be acquitted and then, through the pique of the authorities, be deported and cast ashore at Amoy or somewhere else on the Chinese Coast among strangers and sometimes enemies. It was said that in cases where political

causes for the deportation were alleged it might mean the execution of the deportee in China and in any case would cause great hardship and even starvation.

I acted once or twice for persons charged with being members of secret societies. This was a serious crime in Malaya as the secret societies, although not usually political, were of criminal intent and operated on a large scale. It was said that there were few Chinese business men or shopkeepers in Malaya who did not pay 'protection' money to some secret society or strong arm gang and many paid 'protection' money or 'squeeze' to the police as well. In one case I defended persons who were said to be members of the Sin Ghee Hin Secret Society having its headquarters in Acheen Street. Detective Inspector Gordon and his subordinates raided the place at midnight and captured the Chinese. Among other exhibits was the little Chinese model temple used in secret societies, the prettiest, daintiest little temple ever seen; it seemed odd yet in keeping with the Chinese character that the brutal business of the young thugs who were arrested and, so far as I remember, convicted, was centred on this fragile toy. For the purpose of the case I read up all the literature I could find on secret societies and among other things I found that they were sometimes called Triad societies because of their way of describing things in threes, the three virtues of a woman, the three excellencies of a magistrate and so on. This was exactly the same as the Welsh system in ancient times where the bards were fond of extolling the three best dancers, the three most famous inns and other excellences, always in threes. Chinese secret societies were originally political and came into existence when the Manchus overthrew the native Chinese dynasty and remained the hated rulers of China for 400 years until they, too, were overthrown by Sun Yat Sen and foreign commercial powers. This political impulse was the reason for the Temple, the rites, the flags and the oaths, all having no modern significance, for the political urge had long since ceased to exist but the trappings were retained as a sort of ritual.

In those days, strange as it may sound, Communism was not regarded as a threat in Malaya, the real enemy being Chinese nationalism with its claim to recognize Malaya as a Province of China.

Pervading all these cases was the callousness to human suffering. It may be that this reaction is inevitable in lands where medicine, surgery and dentistry were primitive or non-existent and where pain and sickness were put down not to physical causes but to the malevolence of the spirit world. I remember one day playing hockey on the Padang when a forward let drive a terrific shot at goal, the ball missed the goal and hit with tremendous force a little girl of three or four years of age who was sitting near by. We, the players, were most concerned, but the crowd including the child's parents roared with laughter rocking from side to side. This absence of feeling for the pain of others may account for the cruelty of the Chinese robbers who had been known to tie up their victim to a post in a house they knew to be empty over the week-end and leave him there for days without food

or water, unable to move, in the stifling heat, a prey to insects or vermin, or the butcher who flayed his victim alive, 'dressing' him finally as butchers do a carcase for sale. One gang was led by a bandit called 'The Panther' who sometimes operated in the Kulim area and slipped across the National or State boundaries of Selangor, Perak, Kedah, Province Wellesley and Siam, when things got too hot for him. He and his gang would hold up a small town in Western movie style. He was a ruthless, cruel blackguard if ever there was one.

A man who was charged in Singapore with murdering another by driving a 6" nail through his head pleaded that this was the traditional method in China of dealing with adulterers. Strangely enough a nail and adultery are also mentioned by Chaucer, but there, according to the poem, it was the husband who was served in this manner:

'Of latter date, of wyves hath he red
That somme hav slayn hir housbondes in hir bed,
And lete hir lechour dighte hir al the night
Whyl that the corps lay in the floor up-tight,
And somme hav drive nayles in hir brayn
Whyl that they slepte, and thus they hav them slayn.'

I have described criminal cases illustrating life in the East in those days but, of course, I had many civil cases as well.

The doyen of the Bar was then Mr. Roland Braddell, whose father and grandfather had been distinguished figures in the Singapore legal world. I once appeared in a case with him, the celebrated Ah Quee litigation. Ah Quee in the middle of the nineteenth century was said to have been engaged in commerce on the China Coast. There were those, no doubt of a malicious turn of mind and speech and what great man is without his detractors, who said that Ah Quee had been a pirate and had come to Malaya when the China seas had become too hot for him. However that may have been Ah Quee arrived in Malaya and engaged in the tin mining business. This industry was then organized on cruder lines than those of today. The Chinese ran the mines, living without the law under the control of a Capitan China or 'Cheena' as the Malays pronounced it. Powerful adventurous characters like Ah Quee paid a royalty or tribute to the local Sultan and organized the mining of the tin and the removal of it to the coast for smelting in Penang with all the attendant risks and bloodshed. Invariably as was so common then in Moslem countries with their plural marriages it was by no means certain who was the rightful Sultan, and so a Chinese business man wanting to obtain possession of a tin mine would find some pretender under whose flag and with whose licence he could wage war upon the Sultan in power and the Chinese 'Capitan' in possession, enlisting a scratch force of ruffians in Penang for the purpose. It was as a result of this continual civil warfare over the tin mines that the British eventually went into Northern Malaya and gave the States their protection under individual treaties. Ah Quee was lucky enough to back the reigning Sultan and to take a scratch force to his assistance just about the time that the stabilizing force of the British came into

effect. Consequently he died a rich and honoured man, with all the sanctity of extreme age, an easy conscience and a good digestion. He was a man by no means averse to the softer delights and apart from wives, of whom he had four, he had a number of 't'sips', greenskirts or concubines, some in Malaya, some in China. His will had been made by Balfour Ross and the interpretation of it with the complexity of the interaction of Straits Settlements, Malay State, Hong Kong and Chinese law kept several firms of lawyers happily and busily employed for many years. Indeed I was told that the best part of a million dollars had been paid by the Estate in legal costs, first and last. The Straits Settlements recognized for family purposes the law of the testator's own country so that all the greenskirts and their progeny were entitled to a share. I represented some of the parties on one occasion when Hume was away and was proud to have even this small connection with such a famous advocate, such a famous case, and such a successful business man's estate.

Another case in which I appeared, but with much more responsibility than in the Ah Quee litigation, was that of a dispute over the wealth of a Chinese Temple. A middle aged Chinese brought in his father to see me. This latter was a little old gentleman dressed in Chinese clothes, who had a beard so thin that it looked as if it were a single hair and so long that it reached down to his chest. He was a saintly-looking old man and all the time his son spoke he had on his face a beatific smile as if listening to words of celestial grace accompanied by music of heavenly harmony in some Taoist Paradise of his own. The son was downright and earthy. A hundred years ago the first travellers of his family had come from a village in China and, according to Chinese custom, had over the years brought members of their family from the village to work and settle in Malaya. The family had prospered, had built a family Temple in Penang and endowed it from time to time so that now it was a rich trust. One of their objects was to bring to Malaya people from the clan in China and maintain them there until they got on their own feet. With the passage of years, there was little or no contact with the original village and thus large sums had accumulated. The son said that his father, now the most aged member of the clan, was concerned about the way in which the trustees were administering the trust. His father wished me to start an action against the trustees alleging breach of trust and conversion of trust moneys. I looked for confirmation to the little old man who with hands folded over his plump little stomach smiled his agreement. After obtaining facts and figures I started an action against the Trustees. Their reaction was prompt. They counterclaimed against my saintly client for many thousands of dollars, alleging that in 1901 my client, who was then a trustee, had been entrusted with tens of thousands of dollars to build a Temple in the original Chinese village from which the family came, but, so said the counterclaim, he had never been farther than Singapore, where on the racecourse and in the arms of pretty ladies, he had dissipated the whole of the amount entrusted to him. I was indignant

at such a charge against such a saintly old man but when I mentioned it to him he admitted it without turning the hair in his beard. The only thing to do was to settle the action, especially as the opposition party did not really want to proceed harshly against the trustees but merely wished to become trustees themselves.

An action in which Hume and I were involved raised issues of great legal and constitutional importance. It was an action in tort, that is to say a civil wrong not arising out of a contract. Our action was taken against the Government of the Crown Colony of the Straits Settlements and our clients were the Straits Steamship Company Limited. Hume and I appeared for the Company and Mr. J. V. G. Mills, Acting Attorney General, and Mr. J. H. Bassett, now a County Court Judge in England, appeared for the Crown. The facts were extraordinary in that the Government of the Straits Settlements had agreed with the Government of India in 1927 to exempt Burmese junks plying between the Burmese ports and Penang from the obligation to carry certificated officers contrary to the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Ordinance. By this concession the large-powered junks were able to compete unfairly with the Straits Steamship's vessels as these were not exempted from the provisions of the Ordinance. Our clients suffered substantial damage as a result of this action and our claim was for \$154,392.50. Our real object, however, was to test the legality of the Government's action and to force their action into the cold, clear light of the Courts.

We knew perfectly well that in our claim for damages we were on weak ground. In those days in the Straits Settlements the Government could be sued in tort, although such an action could not then be brought in Great Britain, but there was a legal maxim against us. The case of *Gorris v Scott* had decided that a person to claim damages must be injured by the particular sort of mischief the Act or Ordinance was intended to prevent. Had the Merchant Shipping Ordinance as its objective the prevention of accidents at sea and unfair competition to shipowners by this provision under the Merchant Shipping Ordinance that certificated officers should be carried? I traced the Ordinance back to an Ordinance of the old East India Company in the early part of the eighteenth century where, the Preamble stated, unfortunately, that the provision was intended to protect the professional status of officers in the mercantile marine. We knew that Bassett would tumble to this snag as he was a good lawyer and so he did and bowled us out on it in the Supreme Court. Then we went on to the Court of Appeal where we had a wonderful time. We took in Mr. Palgrave Simpson as leader and he quoted *Magna Charta*, the Bill of Rights and the whole bag of constitutional tricks. Legally it was of no avail. Yet in his judgment the President of the Court, the Chief Justice, said seven words and as a result of these seven words the Government abandoned their deal with India and enforced the law, our clients losing the battle but winning the campaign. The seven words of the Chief Justice were these: "The Government of the Straits Settlements agreed with the Government of India BY WHAT AUTHORITY I DO NOT KNOW

to exempt junks from the provisions of Section 14 of the Merchant Shipping Ordinance'.

It will be appreciated that, as Penang was an international bazaar, many cases involved private international law, and a man like Hume, although there were few indeed like Hume, would in a month or two cover more cases in this difficult field than most British barristers or solicitors handle in a lifetime.

It was necessary to know the customs of the various races and broadly their religious sanctions and family traditions. Legal practice in Malaya was fine training for a young lawyer and a good background for a potential politician. I had never lost my interest in politics, but practice in Malaya had altered their course. Three incidents in particular stood out from the rest in my thoughts. The first was the pathos of the young woman, workless and hopeless, hand in hand with her husband jumping into the sea; the second was the report in a Penang paper of a man dying of starvation in the streets of the town; the third was an Indian whose will I made when he was dying of tuberculosis in a passageway in the business quarter when he, I and everything else were enveloped in copra dust from a lorry being unloaded outside, there being no special hospital for the treatment of tubercular patients in Penang. These three incidents made an impression upon me. A little voluntary society founded by Mr. Bridge, the District Judge, did its best to buy for those in need but it could only deal with the fringe of the problem. The Government gave it a trifling grant of 500 dollars a month and decided to discontinue even that until coerced into continuing. It is true that the world was in a bad state economically, but rice was plentiful, yet people had no money and starved and died from lack of it. The whole system did not make sense to me. The old order, which had fought and rejected the British Liberal Party's revolutionary proposals in the 1929 General Election, had been on trial, and, in my view, had failed in the elementary task of ensuring that when food was plentiful, economic machinery was available to ensure that people were able to obtain it. At home there were misery and hunger in the midst of plenty; in the East there was starvation in the midst of plenty. I had had enough of it.

Concluded

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TWILIGHT IN COPENHAGEN

ROSALIND WADE

SNOW had returned to Denmark on the afternoon selected for a visit to the 'Old People's Town'. The Danes were understandably depressed by the drop in temperature; for they had been confidently expecting an early spring following an unusually mild winter. The day proved a denial of that hope; and those who had country interests remarked that it would be some weeks now before the milking cows could be released into the meadows from their winter byres. For the cold spell looked like lasting; the wind wielded a sharp-edged knife, making nonsense of the gay awnings unfurled in the Town Hall Square in optimistic anticipation of a fine March Easter.

The instructions read: 'Ten minutes' driving time to Norre Alle by taxi-cab,' which indicated that forty-five minutes at least should be allowed to negotiate the journey by tram. This efficient round-the-clock system of public transport, reaching out into every corner of Greater Copenhagen like the tentacles of an octopus, provided an economical means of getting about the City. The flat-rate minimum fare of elevenpence maddens those Danes who wish to use the trams for short journeys only. But for the visitor it is far preferable to sitting crouched in the inconveniently low-slung chassis of the average taxi, with a toneless voice rasping out interminable instructions to the driver over the car radio.

The route to the 'Old People's Town'—De Gamles By in Danish—was an unfamiliar one, traversing that quarter of the town in which the genuine un-glamorized life of the average citizen goes on, reminiscent of Hackney or Clapham; the only 'guide book' landmarks being the Round Tower, up which the Empress Catherine once drove a chariot drawn by a full complement of horses, and the string of artificial lakes which at this point slices the capital in two. The waters of the Sorte-Damsso resembled great slabs of dark grey glass, still skimmed over with ice. From the windows of the huge blocks of flats facing the tram route, streamers of light fell headlong into the premature darkness of the afternoon.

One tram stop looked very much like another and it soon became obvious that the right fare stage had been overlooked. A frustrating series of enquiries disposed of the Danish claim that English is spoken everywhere because it is a compulsory subject in all schools; in fact this is only so in the equivalent of our grammar schools; great efforts are being made to standardize the curriculum all over the country, to the confusion and dismay of many Danish teachers! At present, beyond the chartered course of the tourist, it is possible to become completely stranded. At last, the manager of a small clothing store came forward with detailed, comprehensible directions.

The Norre Alle, besides the 'Old People's Town', also houses part of the University. For anyone anticipating a cosy, manageable 'old folk's home', the sheer size of the institution is at first sight quite overwhelming.

It runs to at least a dozen blocks built in the Victorian 'pavilion' style—the foundations were laid in 1890—and covers some twenty-six acres of extremely valuable freehold land. It could easily be mistaken for an outsize municipal hospital anywhere in provincial England and bears no stamp of the prevailing trend in modern architecture as evolved by such celebrated architects as Dr. Arne Jacobsen and others.

A very old woman, bent almost double like a tree caught in a perpetual gale, was approaching the central building with the purposeful, sideways gait of a crab. In ironic contrast, a small boy passed and repassed her on roller skates, missing her by inches. The porter's lodge, like all Danish interiors in winter, struck an immediate, reviving warmth. Punctual and friendly, as is the rule in this welcoming, highly organized country, the Warden was waiting to lead off on a tour of inspection.

'Denmark is a country where few have too much and fewer have too little,' wrote the Danish poet Grundtvig over a hundred years ago.

The Danes are uniformly proud of certain aspects of their national life and administration which they believe to be exclusively Danish. Enquire about Tivoli, the Mermaid or the magnificent new Yacht Club which has replaced the one blown up by the Nazis, and their eyes light up in eagerness to share these assets with the visitor. It is the same with the social services; and they are particularly conscious of their practical concern for their aged citizens. As a race, they have been quick to anticipate the changing pattern of family life instead of being caught unawares by it. In Denmark, as in other agricultural countries, a large-scale migration has deprived many families of the opportunity to care for their elderly relatives within the closed community of the home; with the result that large numbers of old people are left stranded in urban areas. Seventy per cent of Denmark's four millions now live in towns; furthermore, a sharp drop in the birth rate, together with the longer expectation of life enjoyed by many of the 'over-seventies', means that these now represent eleven per cent of the total population—with an expected increase within the next ten years.

All Danes are eligible for a state pension at the age of sixty-seven—sixty-two for unmarried women. The actual total of the pension paid by the state is regulated automatically by the existing private income—if any—and is attached to a cost-of-living index. The basic minimum is about five pounds per week per person. This, together with the absence of any 'earnings rule', results in a commonsense approach to accepting National assistance, so that the plaint of old people 'forced to fall back on state charity', so often heard in Britain, is virtually unknown. That at any rate is how the situation works out for those Danish pensioners who are still able to conduct their own independent lives. The inmates of De Gamles By are fed and housed free and receive about three pounds each month as personal pocket money. Altogether, there is room in the institution for one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two people; the average age being over eighty.

The starting point for the tour is usually the central kitchen and dining room. Getting there, across the quadrangle, was an endurance

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test. By this time the very old lady had almost reached her objective and the boy was reappearing round the fourth block. The Warden spoke to both of them. The old lady had recently celebrated her hundredth birthday and was something of a 'show-piece'. Invigorated by approbation, she remained one of the most active and mentally alert of the inmates. The boy was offered a biscuit from the kitchens on condition that he did not again trespass with his roller skates in the institution grounds.

The impact of warmth from the communal dining room was like being unexpectedly enveloped in a fluffy blanket. The equipment in the kitchen looked first-class, so that obviously labour was reduced to a minimum. This was important as recruitment for this type of domestic work on a part-time basis among married women—the only group available for it—has become increasingly difficult owing to the remorseless taxation of joint incomes. This does not appear to influence the more important positions in business or the professions, open in Denmark to women as a matter of course. Quite young mothers continue to practise their artistic or office skills outside the home and the self-imposed limitations endured by so many middle-class women in England seem virtually unknown.

The food being prepared for the evening meal looked attractive—a selection of *smor-brod* prefaced by a thick vegetable soup. Such meals in Denmark tend to follow a pattern; rye bread, creamy butter, mild cured ham and salad lend themselves to dainty presentation far more than the attempt—or failure—to maintain variety on the menu as in England. Gay check table cloths and separate tables bestowed on this communal dining room the social air of a club.

The large block immediately adjoining the kitchens houses the one-room flatlets. Here, the objective is to reproduce conditions as near as possible to an ordinary apartment house: although the automatic lift, capacious enough to accommodate two stretchers, serves as a sharp reminder of the hospital just across the quadrangle. On the top floor, a number of elderly men and women in varying stages of decrepitude, were drifting backwards and forwards to the kitchen unit where they were free to prepare extra snacks to supplement the meals served downstairs. They looked like a cross-section of old people anywhere; some benevolent, others fractious. The flatlets are designed on the plan of the average modern Danish hotel bedroom suite: an entrance lobby for coats and luggage with a concealed wash basin, and the main room leading out of it. The emphasis is on the pensioners bringing in their own effects—except the bed—but where this is not possible a very sensible minimum is provided.

There was a 'show' flat dweller; an old lady of eighty-seven reported to have an incredible number of grandchildren. She had only recently given up a spacious home and her room was overfull with large pieces of furniture. The Danes, like the Belgians, set much store on indoor cultivation of ferns and evergreens as an antidote to the effects of central heating, and this room smelled like a conservatory.

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There were as many photographs as plants and in the midst of so much human interest and fulfilment why did she seem suddenly like a prisoner in a cell? In Denmark, there is no death penalty but the life sentence means what it says: and as though in mitigation of this implacability of the law, the convicted person is permitted to bring in as many personal possessions as can be accommodated. In a Danish provincial gaol there was an elderly murderess who had been in prison for over forty years. She sat staring into space, rather as this old lady was doing, surrounded by her treasures.

One of the chief recommendations put forward for De Gamles By is that it lies in the very heart of central Copenhagen. Thus there is no question of the old people being cut off by distance from the visits of friends and relatives. It is interesting to note that the men receive more visits than the women and seem to enjoy them more. Perhaps this is because men accept the transfer to an institution more readily once their home life has broken up and so make a more cheerful objective for a call: bringing to mind that mordant little poem of Thomas Hardy's, *The Workhouse Irony*:

'Tis hard; but', I thought, 'never mind it;
There's gain in the end:
And when I get used to the place I shall find it
A home, and may find there a friend.'

Men do not have the vacant, waiting look in their eyes that women have when forced by circumstances to abandon well-loved surroundings.

Out in the open once more, the wind had assumed the force of a young gale and again the warmth of the next block was a salvation. This was the centre for practical treatment and rehabilitation of geriatrics not classed as hospital cases. Here dressing gowns and slippers were the custom, if not the desideratum. At each end of the corridor a sitting-out place had been arranged, commanding magnificent views of the city spires and the hundreds of gulls flocking in from the sea. It is doubtful whether many of these old people were appreciative of the scene, for here was a gazing out rather than seeing; with despair, like the lower half of an iceberg, only just beneath the surface. In wards of two to six beds old people tend to dislike each other and have no inhibitions about showing it. There was a woman who turned her face to the wall when spoken to; another over eager to engage the visitor in conversation. At this level, the seeds of mental deterioration, already sown, may be seen to be germinating. Denmark, like every other country in Western Europe, has a high proportion of mental disorder. The reason is hard to determine in a country where a powerful state sets itself to solve most human problems and anxieties. But with this age group it should be remembered that most of them were in their late fifties at the time of the Nazi occupation. It comes as a surprise to discover that, although the German jackboot was administered less ruthlessly here than in other occupied countries, countless acts of brutality are recorded and still rankle deeply: carrying a permanent scar in the loss of a husband or son.

'Depression' at the end of a long, eventful life must remain a constant

hazard. In Denmark the suicide rate nears the highest in Europe after Sweden, particularly among the elderly. One doctor attributed this to the lowering effect of the long Scandinavian winter and it is a proven fact that the figures tend to rise in late March when, although Spring is only just around the corner, the cumulative effect of dark and cold weather passes beyond endurance. Another, perhaps more practical explanation is that in Denmark all suicides are listed as such, without evasion or compromise with religious sensibilities.

These finely-equipped therapy rooms demonstrate just how effective rehabilitation can become under expert care. Arm-stretching machines, walking aids and practice 'staircases' do in very many cases result in these old people making a genuinely fresh start in the outside world. It is something of a paradox that elderly pensioners, living on their own, tend to make insufficient effort rather than overwork themselves. A man of seventy-five was admitted who had not owned a pair of shoes for three years; within a month he could undertake his own and a neighbour's shopping.

Only a few hundred yards away from the therapy block stands the handicrafts workshop, though far removed in initiative and achievement. Here is demonstrated the least self-conscious attitude to growing old of the entire institution. Men and women were at work producing practical, attractive articles—offered for sale in the Institution's shop—designed to suit the inmates' particular ability. For example, a ninety-year-old seaman was found to have a flair for weaving string bags and belts. These found a steady and continuous market with American tourists.

There remained only the hospital block; last refuge of those who are no longer able to deal with life in the other units or who are brought in as chronic or emergency cases from outside. Lights were by now full on in the wards, and nurses and patients could be seen moving backwards and forwards like fish in an aquarium. It could safely be taken for granted that the same advanced standard of care and persuasion prevailed here as elsewhere: as indeed it should do at an annual total cost to the Institution of thirty million kroner per year.

Outside, a bleak late winter afternoon was settling into night. Not a soul was in sight in the quadrangle except the boy on skates who, under cover of darkness, was enjoying an orgy of freedom on the tarmac.

There are critics who complain that the Danes are almost smugly self-satisfied with their elaborate provisions for social welfare in all its ramifications; despite the incontestable fact that it is achieved only at the expense of enormous personal sacrifice by the more affluent. The tax scale is among the stiffest in Europe. Business men and directors of industry declare that if the budget balances it is only by inches; yet almost without question, those who have to do the paying would not readily exchange their own complicated national system of deductions and contributions for the voluntary schemes adopted recently by their near neighbours, the Swedes. Danish people have no liking for Communism—the regular Party demonstrations in Town Hall Square

have a half-hearted, somewhat tatty air about them. They prefer to make the conduct of their country's social services an act of faith and idealism, thus authorizing their present Socialist government to maintain the generous system of provision and benefit, making Denmark's concern for her helpless or less fortunate citizens an example to all Europe.

Will it continue? Only time and the polls can tell whether the vague, generalized grumbles could add up to a massive protest; for this year, like Britain and America, Norway and Sweden, Denmark is due for a General Election. Whatever the ultimate result, it is unlikely that the 5,343 millions of Kroner spent on the welfare services in Greater Copenhagen would be much reduced.* Despite their sturdy practical approach to private enterprise and commerce, the Danes remain a sentimental people. At heart they are children, and the infirm old people such as those in De Gamles By are their beloved grandparents. Sometimes it is said that the Danes are more concerned with the welfare of their pensioners than with the adolescent yearnings of the young, which may be the reason why a gang of teenage hooligans beheaded the Mermaid earlier this year!

What of the old people themselves? Do they appreciate serving as a symbol for their warm-hearted countrymen? The answer is simple. The happiest old people in Denmark and elsewhere are those treated as ordinary people and for whom no special concessions are being made.

A tram-ride away the lights of Copenhagen were going on in preparation for the nightlife which never flags, in and out of season, with De Gamles By, a sturdy monument to sound statesmanship and progress, set squarely in the background.

*The Government Social Democrats and the Opposition Liberals came back in the same numbers; the Government Radicals lost one seat, that of their leader; the Opposition Conservatives advanced. A Coalition Government was formed, with the former Socialist Premier continuing in office.

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THE ENGLISH SCENE—

A CURIOUS SURVIVAL IN ENGLISH DAIRY FARMING

NORMAN L. GOODLAND

NO one knows the beginnings in Britain, of the practice of fertilizing grass swards by means of river flood water. Fields which have been laid out alongside rivers, cut by numerous channels leading from the river can be seen in almost every river valley; most now—alas!—no longer operated as water-meadows, but nonetheless, some are still functioning. Most of those still in operation are in the South and the West, because the rivers are warm, springing from the chalk and limestone hills.

An extract from the *Agricultural Review*, October 1788, says:

'We thank D.N. for his information concerning the antiquity of water-meadows in England, and particularly on the borders of Wales. The most ancient trace of the practice we could discover in print is in a book entitled *Water Workes* written by Roland Vaughan, who seems to have been the inventor of the art, and to have practised it in great perfection and on a most extensive scale in the Golden Valley in Hertfordshire during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.'

I am told by local Drainage Officers that in Wiltshire and Dorset the system was widely practised about this time; also on the River Churn, especially round the village of South Cerney in Gloucestershire. This area 'achieved a high degree of perfection in these early days, and did much to foster the art in other parts'.

In about 1850, largely to be found in the counties of the South, there were about 100,000 acres under water-meadow irrigation in this country. It is not thought that the method rose higher than this in acreage, nor, after this, were other systems created, because the cost had already become too great.

However, they were still extensive until the beginning of their decline a half century ago. This, says the Drainage Officers, has been largely due to the gradual decline of skilled labour, the increasing costs of re-equipment and maintenance, and most important of all, the fact that the system does not lend itself readily to mechanization and improved general methods of grass production.

An example of this decline can be seen in the Avon and Dorset River Board Area, stretching from Salisbury to the sea, which contains 1,930 acres of good water meadows, and a further 560 acres in use, but not so well maintained. In the Hampshire part of this valley, out of existing systems covering 4,000 acres, only 5-600 are today in proper use.

According to V. J. Stallard, of Burgate Manor Farm, Fordingbridge, Hants, this is 'a mistake if ever there was one—to allow valuable systems to fall into disuse. I certainly would not like to farm without mine.'

The nomenclature of parts of these water-meadow systems varies widely up and down the country. Without confusing those not too familiar with the subject with obscurities, the three main types can

be described. The system practised at Burgate is known as 'Ridge-and-Furrow'. Briefly, it works as follows.

The main water-carrier, a large artificial channel controlled by hatches, runs from the Avon, past the farm house, bordering 94 acres of water-meadows, before rejoining the Avon again. From this main carrier, again controlled by hatches, smaller carriers run down each side of the meadow area. From these again, at the same level, and parallel with each other, the final smallest carriers of all, the 'ridges' are led into the fields. These cease in the fields at the 'stops'.

The second part of the system, to drain off excess water after flooding, consists of drain-off 'furrows' lying between the ridges and, of course at lower level, all connecting with a 'drainer'—another large water-carrier—down the centre of each meadow. This in turn connects with the main drainer, which collects excess water and leads it back to the source of supply. The slope of the irrigation area is, therefore, from ridge to furrow.

Irrigation proceeds as follows. The smaller hatches divert water from the main carrier into the small ones. The ridges leading off from these then become filled, and are allowed to cascade over the sides—or 'crests'. Water thus crosses the slopes to the furrows in a uniform sheet, and the excess, collected in the furrows, is conducted by the drainers back again to the main carrier, at a point below the diverting hatches.

A simple modification of this is 'Sheet Irrigation'. In this, there are no ridges or furrows; water, controlled by the hatch, flows direct from carrier to drainer. In 'Catch-water' irrigation, a high carrier feeds successive ridges below each other on the same slope, each ridge acting therefore as drainer to the ridge above, and as carrier to the ridge below. The bottom channel is the final carrier.

'The object of these systems,' says Mr. Stallard, 'is to make use of these warm waters of calcerous origin, first, to blanket pasture against both frost and drought. Thus we do in fact create conditions insulated against climatic fluctuations, so that steady growth of grass occurs for seven to eight months of the year. Secondly, we are able to utilize the nutrient silt and chemical values of the river water, and by this means we produce a first-class, acid-free grazing area.'

'There have been no artificial manures in these meadows since 1870. Organic manuring is quite unnecessary. Yet these 94 acres carry 160 head of cattle, milking-cows and followers, for seven-eight months of the year.'

This is on 94 acres. Granted there has been much improvement on 'dry-sward' farms, but until quite recently, acreage of the dairy farm was reckoned at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 acres to the cow. Thus we have some idea of what is being done at Burgate, and the fact is that the cattle are the large, heavy-eating Friesians, few giving less than 1,000 gallons per year.

I asked Mr. Stallard to explain how he managed his grazing. 'I "drown" the fields,' he said, 'about the middle of March. They are then drained, and the pasture is left to grow for a further ten to fourteen days. The

milking herd—70 Friesians—is then put in for a week or ten days, the grazing controlled by an electric fence. You work your systems on the principle of one field being grazed, one drained, one drowned. The milking herd is fed, but I buy very little concentrate, since I grow my own cereals, make my own mixes. However, the meadows will maintain milking cows without additional feeding to those giving up to two gallons per day until the latter part of April; May and June up to 4-4½ gallons; July and August up to three, and September on, up to two again. I have cows yielding up to ten gallons at their peak lactation period.

‘In the latter part of March, the heifers go in, and these graze behind the milking herd. These heifers remain in the water meadows until just after Christmas, and they need no other feed of any kind during this period.’

His figures compare closely with a further instance quoted by local Drainage Officers, of 70 head of dairy cattle, and 70 head of young stock, maintained from late February until late October upon only 90 acres of water-meadow. The only additional feeding was from March to May to cows yielding four gallons and above, thereafter regulated in the usual way until the next calving season. Their assertion that even today the system of water-meadow irrigation ‘works and can be operated economically’ is really an understatement; ‘highly profitably’ might be used in place of the word ‘economically’.

Maintenance of a water-meadow, even by hand labour, costs no more per acre than does maintenance of the best dry-field pastures. The special difficulties of water-meadow maintenance are, however, responsible for their decline.

One of the greatest is that on the large farm, if maintenance by hand labour is carried out—and it is reckoned to be a hand-labour task, since these meadows were created in the days of the scythe, the hay-fork, the waggon and the rick—it is difficult to integrate the work with the general management of the rest of the farm. The topography of the area—small slopes from ridge to furrow, dividing water-channels which must not be destroyed—rules out the use of modern farm equipment developed for ‘dry’ pastures.

One can imagine the discomfort, especially during the winter, of hand-labour maintenance which must go on, whatever the weather, and the modern farm worker is much disinclined, since he is trained to work with machines, to return to the old hand-labour methods. The professional ‘drowners’ as these specialist workers are called, are now very old men, and few of them left—Bill Bryant, for instance, managed the Burgate Manor Farm water-meadows when well into his seventies, until he died some six years ago. Once such men pass on, there is no one to replace them.

The problem does not arise on the small family farm, run by inherited skill and interest in water-meadow maintenance passed from father to son, but even so, modern youngsters do not take well to it.

The answer to the problem, if those remaining are to survive is, of

course, mechanization of the procedures. Between them, Mr. Stallard and his manager, Cecil Crook, have worked out a successful mechanization of their irrigation systems, which is being copied by other owners of water-meadows.

I have seen there, the carriers cleaned out, and the evenness of their banks maintained, by a light scoop worked on the hydraulic system by tractor. Manipulation of this tool seems to be quite easy—but of course that is a matter of judgment and skill on the part of the driver. It is a light scoop and a light tractor; one could not have heavy machinery upon the water-meadow area.

The whole key to the system rests, however, upon the level maintenance of ridge-sides or crests, because evenness of growth depends entirely upon a uniform 'sheet' flow from the ridges down to the furrows. After considerable experiment, an ideal instrument was found for this task; a light trencher, of a rather special design. It also works on the hydraulic system. It has two opposing turnfurrows, rather like a two-bladed plough, with the blades—'mouldboards' or 'turnfurrows' are correct terms—fixed back-to-back, so that in use, the two furrows are thrown away from each other. To obtain a precise, clean-cut result, the double mouldboard of this instrument is preceded by three cutting discs, (coulters), one cutting the sward in the centre to ensure clean lift by the nose, (share) of the double mouldboard, the other two set to trim the edges of these small waterways. Thus when the two furrows are turned away from each other, they lie neatly cut on the crests, and form the level edge necessary to ensure an even sheet flow, when filled. The drainage trenches (also called 'furrows' I fear; there are so many terms used in the countryside which have several meanings to them) are cleared by the same instrument, but additional coulters are then fixed behind the instrument, to throw out the excavated material and allow excess water from irrigation to flow in. The secret of it is to work as quickly as possible.

A man can cover eight acres of ditching in one day with these tools, with a further two days of hand labour to put in the 'stops' forementioned, at the end of the ridges. Bill Bryant took three weeks to do the same work by hand. So successful has been the work by means of these two tools, that other systems on the farm have been and are being reopened, which have fallen into rough grazing.

They do not, however, solve *every* difficulty. No one has yet been able to invent a roller which would work on the hydraulic system—that is to say be lifted clear of the ground for turning and exact placing—light enough to avoid damaging the rather soft water-meadow soil texture. There is also a tendency to potash deficiency; not however, to any serious extent.

'We would not,' says Mr. Stallard, 'like to farm here without our water-meadows. The production and maintenance we have here could not have been achieved without them.'

ANTIQUATED GUN LAWS

BRIAN BURNETT

EACH year we see reports of people, animals and property being damaged through the action and misuse of firearms. Many of these cases are due to carelessness, but others are due to sheer selfishness and irresponsible behaviour.

If you wish to buy a gun of any description, all you must do is to buy a licence from the General Post Office and then purchase the weapon. Few dealers will question whether you have a licence or not, and there are quite a few unlicensed guns, particularly air-guns, in general use today.

A gun is a dangerous weapon in much the same way as a motor-car can be, but you must take a test of proficiency before you are allowed to endanger the lives of the general public with a motor vehicle. Why should the same not apply to the use of guns? Britain lags far behind many other countries in the laws relating to firearms. Several European countries impose certain restrictions on the use of weapons so that only fully trained and qualified people can use them. It does not matter what your views are concerning the use of these dangerous weapons, the laws should be modified greatly to improve the safety of wild and domestic creatures as well as the general public.

As a naturalist I come across many people who come under the general heading of 'sportsmen'. A few of these are reasonable and will shoot only at birds which are well within range. They are also usually very knowledgeable about the wildlife around them and are often active members of naturalist groups. However, the majority of gunslingers in this country are irresponsible menaces whose one aim is to kill and destroy. They do not care what they kill, or how they kill. They would not know the difference between a rabbit and a hare, or a pheasant and partridge. I have seen groups of these people on the River Dee marshes in Cheshire shooting into flocks of knot—a protected bird—with shotguns. One blast will kill dozens of these tiny frail creatures which fly in dense flocks often numbering several thousand individuals.

The same kind of thing happens in parts of Surrey where roe deer are frequently shot at by unskilled gunmen—mainly local farming people and some Forestry Commission workers, much to their shame—and a very high percentage of the deer in the area are carrying lead shot in their bodies. Sometimes the animals suffer some inconvenience and pain at first and then, later, lead normal lives, but others die when the wounds fester or the shot works its way into the body.

To own or use an air rifle is a simple matter and costs very little, consequently many young teenagers can be seen roaming about parts of the countryside with these weapons and there is little anyone can do to stop them. Fortunately, most of these young marksmen do not have enough knowledge or skill to get close enough to most creatures to shoot them, although garden birds are slaughtered in dozens in some people's back gardens.

It is not only animals and birds that suffer from the killer instinct of man. Accidents are continually happening to people and there are reports of deaths and serious injuries cropping up in the newspapers all too frequently. Countless numbers of people have shot themselves (I nearly lost half a thumb at twelve years of age by picking up a loaded air rifle), others have accidentally killed or injured close friends, and how many people have been shot because the short-sighted gunman 'thought it was a fox'?

It would be quite a simple matter to introduce some form of legislation to control the use of fire-arms and make our country walks much more pleasant and safe. A simple law could be based on two easily-understood clauses. First, no gun of any description to be used within sight (or within a reasonable distance) of a public place or right of way, except for government officials when appropriate safety precautions would be taken. Secondly, no person to use any kind of gun anywhere, except at a school, unless fully trained in the use of it.

Training would involve the recognition of all the common wild birds and animals, particularly those which can be shot. The marksmen would also be required to reach a certain standard in the correct use of the guns, how to care for and clean guns and how to use them safely. A good knowledge of out-of-range distances for different creatures, types of gun and types of ammunition would also be essential.

These laws would reduce considerably the number of marksmen in the country and the safety of our protected birds would almost be ensured, in this country at least.

Once the laws have been made, a way of enforcing them must be found. The police would have obvious powers but they are understaffed. However, at present some police forces are enlisting the help of local naturalists who have been given certain powers which can be used in particular areas. This use of extra manpower could be extended throughout the country as there are many naturalists everywhere who would be willing to take part in this scheme. Only fully proficient naturalists would, of course, be enlisted.

At present there is little you can do if you see someone shooting something that is 'protected', or if they are shooting on private ground. Unless you are very familiar with the birds around you, you will rarely know whether the victim is protected or not. However, generally, all small birds—finches, tits, blackbirds, robins—are on the protected list. All birds of prey are on the list also, as are the owls, swans, most seabirds and all freshwater birds except for ducks and geese. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has published a leaflet giving useful information about the Protection of Birds Act, 1954—which is also dealt with more fully in an HMSO leaflet costing 9d.

The recent 1962 Airguns and Shotguns Act is a little easier for the layman to understand, although the reasoning behind its formation is rather obscure! It is an offence for a person under 14 years of age to accept as a gift any air-weapon or ammunition. Both the giver

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GALLERY REPORT—

MIRO AT THE TATE

ERNLE MONEY

JOAN MIRO was born on 20 April, 1893, in the city of Barcelona and so is twelve years younger than his great compatriot Picasso. Both artists spent their formative years in Catalonia and later in Paris, but Miro, despite his international connections, has remained heir to the Spanish tradition, whilst Picasso, from the very universality of his genius, stands off but apart from the main stream, much as did Rembrandt to his contemporaries in seventeenth-century Holland. Although Miro has played a significant part in many of the important movements of European art in this century, Fauvism, Cubism, Dadaism and Surrealism in particular, and has worked in France for long periods, he has always fallen back on grass roots, at Montroig, at Barcelona and more recently in his mother's native island of Mallorca, for inspiration. *L'atmosphere* Miro has remained a mixture of the artist's personal fantasy and the sights and senses of his native land. Thus, although he has played a cosmopolitan role and is today one of the most widely-commissioned serious artists in the world, Miro's work has followed an intensely individual and often almost solitary course.

In the circumstances, this gives the Retrospective Exhibition at the Tate Gallery this autumn a particular significance. European art at the moment is once again in a state of flux, and is going through a periodic but beneficial climacteric. The great upsurge of abstract art that dominated the fifties and the first part of the sixties has come to a momentary halt, at any rate if the violent reaction in prices that began in Paris last year is any guide. We will obviously be engaged during the next few years in trying to separate for instance the permanent achievements of de Stael, Jackson Pollock and Sam Francis from the general onrush of their followers and imitators. Action painting in particular has proved a heady wine so far as the generality of artists is concerned. Miro, who has taken a place in his time among the vanguard of modernism, to the extent of becoming at one date the high priest of 'anti-art', has yet maintained an entirely personal and consistent voice amid the general hubbub, and is therefore a useful figure to consider at the present moment.

'It is essential,' Miro has written 'to have both your feet firmly planted in order to leap into the air.' On another occasion he has described his own function as being akin to that of a gardener. Like Picasso, none of the developments of which he has been a pioneer, have ever been merely arbitrary or have been taken outside the natural growth of his art. The mythology which he has created, and which has so often been the basis of his personal poetic expression, has remained firmly rooted in the nature of the real world, the earth, day and night, the stars and moon, the sun, life and death, man and woman, however fantastical its application has become. His world is at once a more humane and less exotic one than that of Klee. However free the

expression of form, however savage the violence with which he has sometimes spoken, his language has always continued to be the language of a fundamental reality. For this reason, Miro has never allowed himself to be diverted into cul de sacs leading off his essential path such as the geometric formalism of much of abstract art or the lush sensationalism in which surrealism has ended with Salvador Dali.

One aspect of this quality in Miro has been his strong feeling for the essential form and nature of inanimate things. The curious objects which he has picked up from nature and made to speak on his behalf, like the giant ceramics with which he has recently ornamented the living landscape at the Maeght Foundations at St. Paul de Vence, are basically relevant rather than extraneous or freakish to the real world. As Guy Weelen has pointed out: 'The objects are the remains of things which possess a long history. They bear its traces, its wounds. But is this sufficient reason to abandon them forever? Must they be lost to all? Are they not worth a glance? Luckily Miro passes and "picks" them up. Revived and saved by the warmth of his hand, they have found a new life and take part in a new order'.

Miro's fundamental absorptions therefore are those which one traditionally associates with the Spanish masters—form, rhythm, colour and space. Clarity however obsesses him almost to the complete exclusion of light and shade. The terrifying quality of boundless infinity provides him with a setting rather than finite problems of depth or size. This is a factor which has strongly influenced his recent works, since he began to paint again with considerable concentration in 1960, after a pause of nearly six years and which is demonstrated by several pictures in the exhibition such as the 'Blue 11' of 1961, and the 'Three mural paintings for a Temple', 'Yellow', 'Green' and 'Red', of 1962. All of these consist of large paintings on bases of practically uniform colour. The search for space is not for Miro a contrapuntal so much as a spiritual quest. It is not irrelevant that one of his strongest admitted influences is the music of Bach, an interesting parallel with an artist in another medium, similarly obsessed with fundamental problems of existence, Ingmar Bergman.

Throughout what Miro creates maintains the essential qualities of balance and relevance. A comparatively early still-life, 'The ear of corn' (1922) from the Museum of Modern Art, New York, has all the immediacy and feeling for the truth of inanimate objects of Chardin or, among Miro's own contemporaries, of Braque. The wonderful series of paintings of the Montroig countryside, 'Vegetable garden with donkey' (1918), 'Vines and Olive trees' (1919) and above all 'The Farm' (1921-22), from the collection of the late Ernest Hemingway, one of the most beautiful canvasses that the artist ever painted and surely one of the most beautiful pictures painted in this century, all show a fundamental feeling not only for the immediate Spanish countryside but for the universal elements of earth and growing things. 'The Farmer's Wife' of 1922-23, despite the element of disproportion that was already beginning to appear in Miro's vision, discloses this same

ability to reach the heart of the matter through a comparatively simple statement of everyday things. The pictures of the 1930s, the 'Paintings' of 1933, the 'Portrait of a girl' (1935), 'The farmer's meal' (1935) and the 'Portrait No. 111' (1938) (from the Kunsthaus, Zurich) show how far he had mastered the lesson of Velasquez in their austerity and natural eloquence.

Above all, the Spanish civil war demonstrated the extent to which Miro could speak with a tragic voice through the medium of ordinary things. The 'Still Life with old shoe', painted in 1937 is an acutely personal protest against the events of the time. 'The Reaper', painted in the same year (and subsequently lost, but reproduced in an illustration to the catalogue of the present exhibition) was exhibited in the Spanish Pavilion of the Paris Exhibition of that year alongside Picasso's 'Guernica'. Both these paintings show Miro to be able to speak quite as vividly of the horror and shock of the time through a far simpler and less emotive medium than the immense size and violence of Picasso's masterpiece. The Fall of France brought a further catastrophic blow to Miro's world and he returned to Spain and painted a series of pictures, known as 'The Constellations' in 1940-41, which bear a strong superficial resemblance to the poetic fantasies of Klee, but at the same time demonstrate Miro's personal search to express timelessness and serenity in a tottering civilization. The highly poetic and often charmingly titled fantasies of more recent years, 'The Bird with a calm look, its wings in flames' (1952), 'The Bird plunges towards the Lake where the stars are mirrored' (1953), 'Hair dishevelled in pursuit of the constellations' (1954) and 'An opening in the sky gives us Hope' (1954), are all further examples of his persistent desire to set out a fundamental belief in the mystery of a continuing creation.

The other side of the medal, so far as Miro is concerned, is a constant urge to surprise and shock the viewer into an admission of the basic realities of the human condition. This accounts for a persistent highly charged and open sensuality in many of Miro's canvasses and for the deliberate expression of physiological functions which another artist might have tended to avoid or to gloss over ('Maternity' (1924), 'Etoiles en des sexes d'escargot' (1925), 'Woman' (October 1934), 'Man and Woman in front of a pile of excrement' (1935) and 'Object of the Sunset' (1938)). The element of eroticism is strong in all these works, but it is a far cry from the self-conscious didacticism of D. H. Lawrence or the mere desire to *épater le bourgeois* which manifested itself in the work of many of his contemporaries. To Miro everything that is consistent with existence is relevant, just as are the graffiti which he frequently introduces into the surfaces of his canvasses. Nothing is there merely for decoration or to celebrate the fashionable gimmicks of the day. The element of humour is strong in him, but it is matched with a compassionate awareness of the tragic qualities of the human predicament. Throughout, the artist is never afraid to experiment. It was not for nothing that Miro was brought up in a city dominated by the giant shell of Gaudi's unfinished masterpiece. The medium or the material in which he has worked has

always been irrelevant by comparison with the end in mind.

What, then, is the influence of Miro on contemporary art? David Sylvester has drawn attention to the great effect that he has had upon the abstract expressionists; Calder, Gorky and Rothko in particular. The Tate Gallery exhibition shows us how great this debt is, and also shows, as Mr. Sylvester has further noted, that Miro himself has drawn in turn upon his reactions to American painting. As I have tried to indicate, however, the real importance of Miro seems to me to be emphasise the fundamental function of the artist in the expression of a personalised conception of realities. Once again we have cause to be grateful to Mr. Roland Penrose and to the Arts Council for arranging and annotating an exhibition that shows us so much of the development of the artist's vision of his essential world.

GUN LAWS—*Concluded from Page 594*

and receiver are at fault. It is an offence for a person under 14 to be in possession of an air-weapon or ammunition. No person under the age of 17 is allowed to have an air-weapon in his possession in a public place. A person under 14 may only use an air-weapon in a private place if under the supervision of someone over 21. No person under the age of 15 can have in his possession an assembled shot gun unless accompanied by someone over 21.

You will see from this that anyone—even a baby—can use a shotgun as long as he is supervised by someone over 21. But this person cannot use an air-weapon until he is 14! It would seem to me that the shotgun is more dangerous, but the government does not seem to think so—or are there vested interests somewhere?

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LITERATURE—

**COUNTRYMAN CLERIC:
JAMES MORTON OF HOLBEACH**

CECIL NORTHCOTT

THE recent discovery, amongst family papers, of the manuscript diaries of the Reverend James Morton, Vicar of Holbeach and Prebendary of Lincoln from 1831 to 1865, offers some intimate glimpses of a cleric, antiquarian, and country gentleman who not only farmed his glebe, and acquired a small estate near Holbeach, but fulfilled his duties as pastor, preacher and magistrate. His diaries range over fifty years but the extracts here are in the period from Queen Victoria's accession to 1850, a spacious time at Holbeach when, with a living of £700 a year, Morton could afford the establishment of a country gentleman, indulge his antiquarian interests and take his family for considerable periods to London and the Continent.

James Morton came of a thrifty Lowland Scottish heritage. His father was a master-weaver at Kelso and his mother a sister of Walter Scott's friend, John Leyden, the poet and Orientalist. Born in 1783 he was a graduate of Edinburgh University, and then entered the service of the Grey of Howick family as a private tutor. He accompanied the son of Earl Grey of the Reform Bill on his young man's Grand Tour of Europe, and through Earl Grey eventually got his clerical preferment first to Stockleigh Pomeroy in Devon and then to Holbeach.

In London Morton moved in literary circles, got to know Sydney Smith, was an assiduous reader at the British Museum, and began his lifelong habit of rare book collecting. When he died in 1865 Puttick and Simpson thought so highly of his collection at Holbeach that they brought 1,400 items of Anglo-Saxon, classical and bibliographical interest to their rooms in Leicester Square and took four days to sell them. He was an eager joiner of learned societies and through the Camden Society became a close friend of W. J. Thoms, Librarian of the House of Lords, and founder of *Notes and Queries*. His chief additions to learning are his *Monastic Annals of Teviotdale* (1832) and *Leyden's Poetical Remains* (1819).

As a countryman cleric Morton had had only a year's experience amongst the small farming community of Stockleigh Pomeroy near Exeter when in 1831 the Holbeach living was offered to him. It was a year of squabbles about tithes, and his Holbeach diaries are also not free from such wrangles. The diaries have not the salt and savour of those of Parson Woodforde but they do reveal the Victorian country vicar at work

as country gentleman as well as cleric, and their first Victorian entry is exciting enough:

28 June, 1838. This day Queen Victoria was crowned. It was a rejoicing day here as at other places. A mob of the most desperate blackguards came and demanded beer of me, which I refused to give whereupon they made a figure to represent me and carried it about the town and burned it having stolen from my premises a tar barrel nearly empty.

29 June, 1838. About one o'clock a party of the mob came again to my house and seeing a light in my study threw up sticks and broke six panes of glass. Then they began to demolish the drawing room windows below, breaking not only the glass and frames but even the shutters. Next they broke six panes in the nursery window and some panes in the blank window of the same, within which was the crib in which my son James was sleeping who awoke in a great fright and screamed along with his brother. During the attack I stood in the passage with a bludgeon in my hand. About five o'clock I sent my servant to Spalding with a note to Dr. Moore and request that Campion, the constable, should be sent. It appears that the rioters had been made drunk by Mr. F. Harrison who gave them 18 gallons of beer at a public house.

7 January, 1841. Very severe frost. Rode to Spalding to attend a meeting of the Magistrates of the Division of Holland held for the purpose of receiving and considering the designs of architects for a new Sessions House. . . . Forty architects sent in plans. Some individuals sent in several.

Morton had a habit of numbering his sermons, and improving them over the years. He frequently re-preached them.

10 January, Sunday. In the morning at Holbeach preached No. 816 and in the evening 596. From the intense cold few people at church. It snowed again last night.

25 February. Our cook maid Ann Hardy got leave to go to Wisbeech and did not return as she promised; found that she had gone with a man to whom she was engaged to be married, but meeting with a former sweetheart at Wisbeech she jilted the other poor man, and went with him.

27 February. The jilting cook came and was paid her wages and dismissed.

9 April. My youngest son John is dangerously ill, being troubled at the same time with hooping cough, teething, and a cold which has brought with it bronchitis, for which he was leeches this forenoon. This relieved his breathing, but it will still be necessary to have recourse to blistering.

On 28 April, 1841, Morton and his family went off to London for two months while a new vicarage with a spacious library was being built. He got a furnished house off Brompton Road for two guineas a week. He describes the stage coach journey:

1 May, 1841. From Stamford I was on the outside with James, Tom and the two servants. At the first stage the Earl of Aboyne joined the passengers and sat on the coach box conversing familiarly with the coachman, and driving part of the way. The coachman from Huntingdon was Sam Speller with whom his lordship was very gracious. He appears a very good natured man, and to know all the innkeepers and ostlers on the road. At St. Neots we were joined by Mr. Day, who conversed with him about horses, dogs and hunting. The day was excessively hot and the road dusty.

8 September. Purchased a field of 7 acres from Mr. Hoff for 650 pounds. Rain.

10 September. Fine clear and warm day. Began to bring in my wheat.

8 November. My field was sown to day with white rough chaff wheat.

10 November. Attended a meeting of the feofees of the school. Some of them seem to think that it is their duty to chide the master upon every trifling matter in which he does not act according to their notions. Mr. Marcus resisted this assumption with spirit, but as high words were used I left the meeting. •

Morton was assiduous in his duties as a magistrate, and in 1843 had to do with a difficult case of sheep stealing:

23 November, 1843. Mr. Moore came and we were occupied the whole day in re-examining witnesses in the sheep stealing case of Fish and Egan. Mr. Fisher the prosecutor now withdrew the charge against Egan, and charged John Fish with the felony, it appearing clearly that he had committed with the view of burying the legs and shoulders of the sheep in Egan's garden, and then giving information, against Egan, and getting the reward of £50 offered by the Association of the Prosecution of Felons upon his conviction. A great number of witnesses were examined and it was nine o'clock before it was concluded, and Fish committed to the constable to be conveyed to Lincoln Castle to abide his trial.

4 January, 1847. At the Board of Guardians. Dr. Snaith appeared to prove his charge against Mr. Vise of persuading poor pregnant women to apply for medical relief, when they could have procured it from their own resources, thereby unnecessarily increasing the number of parish paupers . . . the board sat till past six o'clock greatly annoyed by the loquaciousness of one of the members who after all could not make himself understood.

In the summer of 1847 Morton and his two sons spent six weeks in Holland and Germany with three weeks at Bad Kissingen for the cure:

20 August, 1847. This morning early we landed at Yarmouth (from Rotterdam). The Custom House officers examined my luggage, and having some china ware the tax upon which was one shilling, I had to pay in addition 2s. 6d. for entry. Breakfasted with the rest of my family at our old lodgings on the beach.

Not only a collector of literary curiosities, Morton also collected land in small parcels amounting to nearly a hundred acres in the vicinity of Holbeach. He numbered each lot as he did his sermons:

29 May, 1849. Plant maize No. 2, among potatoes in garden, in the next plantation in orchard and in field.

30 May, 1849. The bishop came here at eleven a.m. and went directly into the church where I read the morning prayers. The parishes of Gedney, Fleet, Whaplode and Gedney Hill brought their youths and maidens to be confirmed. There were about 190. After the confirmation the bishop took refreshment in the vicarage. In the evening I went with my wife to Long Sutton to dine and meet the bishop.

21 June, 1849. Two acres grass field mown, Swedish turnips sown.

27 June, 1849. Hay carried. Set out with my wife and Isabella to go to Southwold.

16 June, 1849. Sunday. At Holbeach in the morning No. 323 and in the evening 778. In the afternoon at St. John's 755. Full congregation.

17 June. Board of Guardians. The constable, Cain, suspended from his office on account of a charge brought against him of administering drugs to cause abortion to a paramour. Reaping beans begun. Horse Fair at Holbeach.

In February 1850 Morton's only daughter Isabella died of tuberculosis, and he himself, at 67, began to complain of aches and pains in legs and thighs. August was hot, and he sat much in the vicarage garden.

5 August, 1850. St. James's Fair. In the afternoon employed in getting the red cow out of a pit in the four acres where it had sunk in the sand up to her belly.

Had four men to assist, and with a chain and pulley got her out about 7 o'clock.

Exhausted with the summer and the cow Morton went off to Wildbad and Bad Boll in Germany for six weeks to drink the waters and take the baths. He was not much better in the autumn, and when his knee pains prevented his attendance at the Board of Guardians he took drastic measures. Leeches and three big doses of Epsom Salts did the trick. He concluded 1850 by selling a heifer calf for 15s. 6d. and was pleased that his boy Tom had got into the Upper Shell at Westminster with a prize.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MR. WILLEY PRONOUNCES

Education Today and Tomorrow. F. T. Willey. Michael Joseph. 25s.

The most striking feature of Mr. Willey's book, especially if one remembers that, at the time of writing, he is Mr. Wilson's Shadow Minister of Education,* is the revolutionary proposal as to secondary education. It is not new, of course, for it has long been a Socialist dream of things to come, and has been contemplated not unfavourably by some members of other parties. The idea is to establish a one-type system of secondary schools for all children, conducted on comprehensive lines but not necessarily using the same curriculum.

Mr. Willey vigorously attacks the way we run education in this country and many people will applaud him when he insists that it heightens social barriers, stimulates class consciousness and fosters social snobbery.

All the same, our author is very cautious in what he says about Pay Education (the term is his), which, after all, is the chief support of the social barriers he so detests. Like Aneurin Bevan, whom he quotes, while he disapproves of private education, whether in large or small independent schools or in the misnamed Public Schools, he frankly admits he would not forbid it. The fact is that he knows very well what serious difficulties any government would face that essayed to do so. The position of the Public Schools and their integration in some degree within the State organization he discusses very fully. He is disappointed that so little progress has been made here, but thinks it most encouraging there is a general dislike of their exclusiveness. The education they give, he concedes, is excellent, and the root question is how that exclusiveness can be at least diminished. He rejects any idea of the immediate abolition of the Public Schools. Even their integration within the State system would take years to complete.

Mr. Willey believes that boarding school education, so essentially characteristic of Public Schools in the main, should be widely extended. He refers to Russia where, he states, 600,000 children are boarders. He holds that the problem of how to deal equitably with the Public Schools would be simplified by associating it with the widespread need for boarding schools.

I have written enough to indicate that Mr. Willey's book is supplementary to the section on education in the Labour manifesto, in that it fills in the details of the educational policy that document outlines, thus enabling one to understand how a Labour Government would carry out its plan. The book is a sincere exposition, carefully written with a most praiseworthy economy of words, of what the future of education in this country will be like if the Labour Party has its way.

Mr. Willey's subjects include Adult Education, Higher Education and its objects and that most urgent problem, the shortage of teachers. Much time and a great deal of money would be needed in any reform of national education in the way Mr. Willey describes. However, it must be admitted that our education system is, at the moment, in a very unsatisfactory condition.

As for the finance required for the reforms he suggests, Mr. Willey thinks that a greater part than at present should be borne by the national exchequer,

*On October 16, the Prime Minister entrusted Mr. Michael Stewart with the Education and Science overlordship. Mr. Willey is the Minister of Land and Natural Resources.

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just leaving enough for the Local Authorities to raise to ensure that the present good balance, as he expresses it, between central and local government should be preserved. The cynic may say this provision is a sop to the LEAs. It certainly looks like one.

The usefulness of some serious books of this kind is impaired by the absence of an index. The publishers have not forgotten to provide one for *Education Today and Tomorrow*, and they have also added a short bibliography of relevant official publications, for which one must be thankful.

E. H. ALLEN

THAT MAN OF BLOOD

The Trial of Charles I. C. V. Wedgwood. Collins. 30s.

Distance has blurred the sharp-cut motives behind the Civil War into a cosy supposition that it is better to be romantically wrong than repulsive and right. This notion is not encouraged by Dr. Wedgwood's scrupulously documented and unhistrionic report of the supreme confrontation of Royalist and Puritan. Both sides shared exactly the same belief, that God was their guide: the safety of the people against upstarts rested in the will of the divinely-appointed sovereign, and the scriptures counted a king as any other man to be tried by common law; it was blasphemy that subjects should want a voice in government independent of their sovereign's, and blasphemy that a ruler should think himself immune from retribution.

How then is blame to be fairly apportioned? Not by a generation whose hopes were pinned on the supernatural, and not now in the work of the scholarly historian who has already given us *The King's Peace* and *The King's War* to illumine the dark places of the seventeenth century. Dr. Wedgwood leaves judgment to her readers, and presents facts only for their pondering and analysis. She also tells the story, threadbare with overhandling, extremely well and so skilfully reweaves the pattern into fresh and stirring colour that even the commonplace seems newly stated. The most she permits of bias is a gentle pity, so much more effective than the heat of some who cannot contemplate the Whitehall beheading without danger of apoplexy, and although her book is scattered with little numbers for consultation at the end, these may be ignored in the interests of smooth reading. The reward is twofold later, for the 16 double-columned pages of notes and references compel a like absorption; they indicate the framework on which the author so deftly hangs the events, and how she arrived at her decisions in presenting them, and they reveal her patience in research among particularly copious records.

It is this spate of documentation that impelled her to write an aside to her great Civil War volumes, and it is indeed as she says 'a book in its own right'. So much to learn from contemporary and Restoration accounts, she found, and so much that is still baffling. Some of the answers she sought relate to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Lord Fairfax who did so little throughout the trial, and to Cromwell himself who *said* so little. She examines how effectively and to what purpose government censorship operated, and her chapter on newsbooks—*forbidden* by Charles during his years of power—is full of fascinating information. At the end of 1648 there were sent out of London by carriers' carts to the furthest parts of the land six regular licensed papers, and the Censor himself owned and edited one of them. Then the preachers must have helped materially in spreading propaganda, the Presbyterians in

wrath about the Army's domination and the equally eloquent Independents 'to cry up the Army as the instrument of God's judgment'. The Leveller doctrine was more subtly dangerous to Cavalier and Roundhead alike; it approved the king's capture and execution but only as a part of a much wider revolution to come. With all this general knowledge of the situation to choose from, it is clear that although most of Charles' subjects were against his execution not one of them risked a neck to save him. And in deciding the legality of the trial itself it is not even easy, as Dr. Wedgwood demonstrates in the mouths of Earls, Manchester and Northumberland, to say which side started the war.

The scene amid the shabby glories of the Painted Chamber, with the prisoner's red velvet chair at the south end, so that he could be brought in without passing through the spectators (who would subsequently hear little or nothing of what was said anyway), the benches and partitions that went up to accommodate them all, the prosecutor who turned his back and was given 'a sharp admonitory poke' with the royal cane, the quick wit in retort and obduracy in refusing to plead ('I do not know how a king can be a delinquent'), the appointed 135 commissioners 47 of whom never attended, the muddled death warrant and the 57 who signed it, Bradshaw's final crucial point that the man who had failed to protect his subjects could not expect allegiance from them, the prisoner's agitation as the guards closed in when sentence was pronounced, and the sad and sorry aftermath, readers are cordially recommended to scrutinise for themselves and, if they can, state a preference.

Perhaps the best we may now say is that both sides were wrong, for putting their consciences in the keeping of a God they both shrank to narrow limits, and for letting a few texts take the place of some solid thinking of their own. Certain surely it is that a republic in Britain was not and will not ever be the ideal alternative to a troublesome monarch. On putting down C. V. Wedgwood's book we may think ourselves lucky that such a contingency is not again likely to arise.

GRACE BANYARD

TOWNSHEND OF THE TEA DUTY

Charles Townshend. Sir Lewis Namier and John Brooke. Macmillan. 35s.

Charles Townshend, regarded by many who knew him as one of the most brilliant politicians of the eighteenth century and spoken of as having more acuteness and more wit than Chatham, is proved by his record to have been no more than a sublime failure.

He was vain, irresolute, untrustworthy, resorted constantly to falsehoods and intrigue, used flattery to obtain favours and, having got them, lost no time in ridiculing his benefactors. Among his victims was his father, from whom he extorted large sums of money: when Townshend was twenty-two his father wrote to say that his wiles had always been clearly apparent. 'I find by experience that whenever there is an imaginary want of money my advice is called for and a great show of submission and resignation to my opinion is made, and this seems now . . . to be the cause of your calling on me again.' Another victim was his uncle, the powerful Duke of Newcastle, who was responsible for young Townshend's political advancement. Even Chatham was not spared.

He consorted with bankrupts and embezzlers and himself indulged in the highly improper activity of secretly acquiring East India Company stock while

holding the high office of Chancellor of the Exchequer and using his position to push up the value of the stock to his own considerable profit. An official of the Pay Office, who made these purchases for him, wrote to Townshend on 2 September 1766: 'I have ordered £7,000 four per cents more to be sold to make good the purchase of India stock. I shall transfer the four per cents out of my name and put the India stock into my name. Therefore no opinion can possibly arise that this business is done for your account, it will be set down in opinion for the account of Lord H[olland].' And a few days later, referring to another such transaction, Townshend wrote to his brother: 'I this day paid the £1,500 to Mr. Lee, and could have made 15 per cent at the very moment. Such is the price paid for money by those who adventure in the East India funds.'

Sir Lewis Namier began a full-length biography of Charles Townshend: it was left unfinished at his death in 1960, but has been completed by John Brooke, who was Namier's chief assistant in editing the memorable '*History of Parliament 1754-1790*'. The book is not so much a political biography as an attempt to discover the man behind the considerable reputation he enjoyed. But the painstaking research has unearthed little to support the high opinion of his contemporaries. One is left wondering whether Townshend was worthy of a full-length biography. The letters, which go back to his childhood, stress the disability from which Townshend suffered. Throughout his life he had to fight and overcome severe attacks of epileptic fits, which undoubtedly affected his emotional behaviour and may also have impaired his judgment.

Through his family's immense influence Townshend entered Parliament shortly after coming of age. Within seven years he became a junior minister. In the thirteen years that were left to him of life he was in and out of office—turned out for his irresponsibility and his intrigues, brought in again because at that time, with party discipline practically non-existent, the most powerful means of influencing voting by Members of Parliament was through oratory, and Townshend, we are told, was a brilliant though erratic orator. Though little evidence of this survives in the impressions (since speeches were not reported) left for us by Horace Walpole and other members of the House of Commons, Townshend must undoubtedly have possessed this singular gift: it is impossible otherwise to understand why Newcastle and Roehampton and Grenville were so ready to forgive his malice, his offensiveness and his intrigues and go to such lengths to secure his services.

Townshend is remembered now, and indeed will always be, for the one resolute action of his life—and that was disastrous. Serving in the Government formed by Chatham, he took advantage of his chief's absence through illness to depart from the policy firmly and clearly laid down by Chatham. Grafton, who was left as the *de facto* head of the Administration, was too weak to resist Townshend and the other members of the Cabinet were no better. Indeed Grafton confessed later in his autobiography: 'No one in the ministry had sufficient authority in the absence of Chatham to advise the dismissal of Townshend.'

For weeks Townshend impudently laughed at and ridiculed his colleagues, abused Chatham, and without consulting any of them made the startling announcement in the House that a revenue was to be raised in the American colonies by imposing an import duty on tea among other things. The American War of Independence followed.

A few months later Townshend died at No. 10 Downing Street, of a 'putrid

fever', we are told. He had married a woman who was eight years his senior. She was influentially connected, being the daughter of the Duke of Argyll and the widow of the Earl of Dalkeith, had an ample fortune and further expectations. He treated her with scant courtesy and often insulted her 'before the servants'.

R. J. MINNEY

POLITICAL PIONEER

Clifford Allen, The Open Conspirator. Arthur Marwick. Oliver and Boyd. 30s.

This is an important book. It is well, if prosaically, written. Clifford Allen was an amateur among professionals, and idealist to the end. He was pre-eminently a pacifist and, because of his moral courage during the First World War, his health was ruined in English prisons. His dogged determination to pursue his principles in politics, domestic and international, for another twenty years gives him a place in history. Above all, he was a gentle and a reasoning man. He belongs to the dissenting tradition, but he was also a pioneer of the scientific approach to politics.

Mr. Arthur Marwick has performed a public service in resurrecting the essentials in the life of Lord Allen of Hurtwood, as he became known in the thirties. Why? I could give a score of reasons, but I give one.

Most young people are only dimly aware of the immediate past in their own history. Several immature books have been written about the period between the wars. This book has its own bias which is proper for a biographer, but it more nearly approaches reality than most of those I have read.

My only right to speak is that I have known almost every person mentioned in the book, including, of course, Lord Allen himself. I contested during the period three elections for the Labour Party and finally in 1933 was elected as National Labour member for Kilmarnock. Also in 1931 I was a founder and the first secretary of PEP, a body mentioned by Mr. Marwick, though, alas, without a full knowledge of the facts.

This admirable book deals first with a man and then with a broad stretch of controversial history. As for the man, I am sure he was a political pioneer; as for his influence on the history of the period, I would reserve judgment.

In one sense Lord Allen epitomizes the failure of the Labour Party and the failure of Socialism to capture the British electorate. True 1945-51 gives the lie to this dogmatic statement. But in fact we are dealing with forty-five years, not twenty. Labour had been in office or power for only nine years out of forty-five. This is not a good record in quantitative terms; nor is the record much better, if considered in quality of domestic reform and much less in terms of foreign policy. Why? The question-mark overhanging this book haunts me even now: I think I know the answer, but it would take another book to do it justice.

Clifford Allen as a man, between 1919 and 1939, was consistent and broadly speaking on the right track. If his physical condition had equalled his political perception and moral power, he might have exercised his great gifts in office. But, alas, he was forced to be a leader of a minority group within the party and never a national figure. He seemed to have no place in a monolithic National Party. It would be a mistake to label him as an intellectual. Dalton, Lees-Smith and Attlee himself were intellectuals. At times the words *precious* and *pretentious* suggest themselves, but that is no answer to the man who defied the Tribunals and won the respect of judges and prison-wardens. The

ILP in its heyday was a political force in Parliament and its journal had a wide circulation. This was mainly due to Clifford Allen. His chairmanship of The Next Five Years Group, which included such people as Harold Macmillan, Arthur Salter, R. C. K. Ensor, Norman Angell, Stephen King-Hall, Geoffrey Crowther and my old University Parliamentary colleague, Eleanor Rathbone, was a masterly performance. But it tended to be Opposition by Manifesto.

But, and this is most important, neither Clifford Allen nor Lord Allen of Hurtwood as he became ever broke anyone's party allegiance, except, of course, those who were Independent and/or who represented University constituencies. The Labour Party was warned off forbidden territory, just as they were in 1948 told not to attend the Hague Conference. The book proves this up to the hilt.

This 'open conspirator' at once fascinated and tormented by Ramsay MacDonald, accepted a peerage, became a member of the 'National Labour Committee', and then *inevitably* resigned. He followed his own vision, visited Hitler (as he had visited Lenin before); worked on behalf of Jewish and other persecuted subjects and once again fell foul of the general views of his country by acting individually and without any discernible opinion behind him. The real truth is that though Lord Allen earned the respect of thousands (perhaps in future it will be millions) of people, his truest friends who helped him, time after time, with money and hard work, were a small core of devoted radicals, pacifists and Quakers, especially such families as the Trevelyan, Buxtons, and Arnold-Forsters. This is the radical tradition in British politics.

What of the future? Jennie Lee as a young girl was thrilled that Clifford Allen should visit her house in West Fife, Fenner Brockway has recorded his own story and rejoined the Labour Party; Macmillan and Salter have served in governments which would be alien to Allen's ideals. These might be considered as the ups and downs of political life. On the other hand, the modern abolitionists, including Canon Collins and Sir Stephen King-Hall, might well read the moving story of the early 'conscientious objectors'; the modern Labour Party might remember Allen's plea for a more scientific approach to politics over 30 years ago; Conservatives and Liberals might ask themselves whether they have anything to learn from a man who put principle above party.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE JEWS IN DISPERSION

Son of a Star. The Three Rings. Behind the Wall. The Chains are Broken. And it was Morning. All by Poul Borchsenius and published by Allen and Unwin.

Poul Borchsenius, a Danish Lutheran Pastor, has written in five volumes an account of dramatic periods of post-biblical Jewish history. The books remarkably have been bestsellers in Denmark. Now all the five have been translated into English, and well translated; and it is clear that they meet a demand. The author has a gift of picturesque narrative; he has collected a number of anecdotes, he knows the scenes, and he brings a personal touch to a remote past, so that the tragedy and the achievement of the Jewish people in dispersion come to life. He has chosen five periods out of the 2000 years. The first is the revolt of the Jews against the Romans in the first and second centuries, which is personified in the hero of the rising against Hadrian, known as Bar Kochba, meaning Son of the Star. The second story describes the golden age of Jewish-Moorish

culture in Spain and North Africa from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries. Then he comes to the Ghetto, *Behind the Wall*, and takes the reader for a continental tour of Europe. He does not spare the record of the horrors of the massacres of Polish and East-European Jews in the seventeenth century, but he relieves the darkness with the story of Spinoza in Holland, of the mystics of Safed in Galilee, and of the later Jewish mystic, known as Hasidim of Eastern Europe, whom Martin Buber has so brilliantly interpreted for the Christian student. He concludes that part of the story with an account of the rejoicing in 1948 at the ancient Ghetto of Rome over Israel's Independence.

The next volume tells the story of the Jewish civil and political emancipation in the nineteenth century—*The Chains are Broken*—which is also in the form of a European tour to Germany, England, France, Italy and so forth. He extracts all the romance of the Rothschild family, the pathos of the Dreyfus Trial, the inspiration of Theodor Herzl, and the Zionist revival. The fifth book, *And it was Morning*, though not the last to be written, deals with the latest period, which was at once the most tragic and the most promising and exciting. It starts with the recrudescence and intensifying of the anti-Semitism of Central Europe in the twentieth century, and the terrible destruction of Jewry by Hitler and the Nazis. After that we have the dawn of the establishment of the State of Israel and the birth-pangs of the new State in its war with the Arabs on all fronts.

The titles of the five volumes are typical of his picturesque methods. He makes no attempt to be original, or to discover by research any fresh facts. He has drawn on the popular histories, and has a masterly use of Hebrew and Yiddish anecdotes. He has done for Jewish history something like what George Trevelyan did for English history. The books can be recommended particularly to teachers and students of schools and universities. They are a guide to knowledge without tears.

NORMAN BENTWICH

ROWSE'S 'MARLOWE'

Christopher Marlowe: A Biography. A. L. Rowse. Macmillan. 35s.

The Elizabethans did not regard their writers highly, and so we must not expect to have much direct information about them. All in all, says Dr. Rowse, we are fortunate to know as much as we do about Shakespeare and Marlowe. Marlowe occupies a special niche in literary history, he was an originator, briefly doyen of a school of poetry and, above all, a turbulent person. It is at least arguable that our interest in him would be less had he not died violently. Dr. Rowse touches upon all this against an historical background.

This biographical literary appreciation constantly compares and contrasts Marlowe with Shakespeare. Marlowe was a townsman, he was as one who sees the daylight stars from the bottom of a well, but the well was the walled city of Canterbury. Shakespeare lived in a pastoral setting, he was not blinkered from those around him and his eyes wandered peacefully over his fellow men in their green fields. All Marlowe's work was a projection of himself; he lived within his characters and was an obsessional egoist. The calm Shakespeare was objective and self-effacing. In assessing his personality Dr. Rowse describes Marlowe's ebullient instability; while his lower middle class origin and probable homosexuality occasioned a sense of inferiority and ambivalence, anything further from the schizophrenia at which the author hints is hard to imagine. It is essential to know Marlowe's life history and motives, whereas with

Shakespeare this is relatively unimportant. On the intellectual side, Marlowe's translation of Ovid unquestionably shaped his style.

But though Marlowe was aggressive, unorthodox and an angry young man of his time his work was written with an eye to material success; it had to be. He was associated with the Lord Admiral's players and with their leading light Edward Alleyn as a regular writer. In this position he had undoubted success. It is one thing to regard this 'Morning Star of Elizabethan Drama' as a dreamer with his eyes on the welkin but quite another to contemplate the topical dramatist well able to provide the sensationalism beloved of the audiences of the time. He lacked Shakespeare's bawdiness, his appeal was largely visual as might be expected from one whose imagery was intellectual and not derived from contact with his fellows and the stink of the streets. *Tamburlaine*, the *Jew of Malta* and the *Massacre at Paris*, all had their blood-thirsty incidents and were well received.

His last and greatest play *Dr. Faustus* was undeniably autobiographical and gave rein to all the rebellion and conflict in his restless personality. In referring to the controversy as to how much of the existing text is Marlowe's own and how much from another pen Dr. Rowse shows himself a stalwart Marlovian.

The author illustrates Marlowe's influence on Shakespeare by many phrases which have emerged modified after reverberating in Shakespeare's prodigious actor's memory; for example, Barabas in the *Jew of Malta* 'I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice' becomes *Othello's* 'Not poppy nor mandragora nor all the drowsy syrups of the world.' Dr. Rowse describes all this and more, but his book, which could have been an introduction to Marlowe's works, somehow fails to satisfy. The scholarship and style are plain enough but there is poor communication to the less well-informed reader. Although this is, in some sense, a sequel to the author's *William Shakespeare* the constant comparisons become tedious, especially for one of the many less steeped in the two playwrights than Dr. Rowse. The recent heatedly discussed topic of the sonnets throws the work off balance by disproportionately detailed treatment.

One is left with a feeling of missed opportunity: this is a biography and not a biography, the Elizabethan background is discernible but the selection and comment on the plays give the impression of haste. In truth, is the available information on Marlowe's life enough to sustain a complete work? Would this quatercentenary year have been better marked by a collected volume of the poems and plays, with a long biographical introduction?

GAVIN THURSTON

THE NEW POLAND

The Elephant. Slawomir Mrozek. Translated from the Polish by Konrad Syrop. Illustrated by Daniel Mroz. Grove Press, Inc. \$3.95.

This reviewer travelled last summer through Poland and talked with many people, including writers, composers, and painters. He discovered—contrary to popular belief in the West—that citizens have freedom of expression and even freedom to criticize governmental authorities. An example is Slawomir Mrozek, a 33-year-old fiction writer and dramatist, who in 1957 received the Nowa Kultura literary weekly prize for the best book of the year, *The Elephant*. In the summer of 1963 he was awarded third prize in a national play competition, sponsored by the Ministry of National Defence, for his comedy *The Game* and *The Death of a Lieutenant*. The latter is now being prepared by the country's leading director, Zygmunt Hubner, for staging at the Old Theatre in Cracow.

Despite his bitter satirical mood, which at times borders on complete nega-

tion, Mrozek is printing his stories in government papers, publishing his books in state-owned publishing houses, and seeing his plays produced on the stages of the major theatres. He is not an isolated example. Many other writers with similar feelings toward present-day life in Poland are publishing their own works, including poets Leon Pasternak and S. J. Lec, novelists, Roman Bratny, Bohdan Czeszko and Zbigniew Mitzner, and one of the foremost dramatists, Roman Brandstaetter. All of them enjoy popularity.

The Elephant is a collection of 42 vignettes that satirize in masterful strokes Polish political, social, and economic life. In Mrozek's writing one finds something of Kafka and something of the Russian writer Zoshchenko: he shares with the former a deep awareness of human misery, with the latter a nonchalant yet exciting sense of reality. Two Polish writers, Wiech Wiechecki and Bruno Szulc, have also influenced his style. Szulc taught him to exploit, in a hyperbolic fashion, comparisons between human life and the animal world, while from Wiechecki he learned to construct precise frames for his vignettes.

Through Mrozek's stories one observes at close range, life in contemporary Poland, with all its bureaucratic stupidities and melancholic indifference—superbly portrayed in the third vignette, 'The Elephant', from which the book derives its title. Another piece, 'A Fact', is a highly amusing satire on quick marriages, while 'The Co-operative' is a sharp attack on the government alcohol monopoly, which plentifully supplies spirits to the thirsty. Chauvinism is the theme of 'The Last Hussar'; in 'Spring in Poland' Mrozek makes a direct assault on political figures of the present day; the stupidity of high officials who are afraid of even the mildest criticism is described in the vignette entitled innocently 'Children'. Perhaps the best selection in the volume is 'The Parable of the Miraculous Escape', which describes the good German Eric Kraus who was an obedient Nazi in Hitler's time and an excellent democrat during Herr Chancellor Adenauer's regime.

This slim book is proof that in Poland the people are laughing at the establishment while building and adjusting to their new way of life. It also testifies to the survival of the country's irrepressible spirit and wit.

ANTONI GRONOWICZ

XAVIER RYNNE ON THE VATICAN

The Second Session. Xavier Rynne. Faber. 30s.

Last month I welcomed in these pages a fine book on the Second Session of the Vatican Council which took place in the autumn of 1963 and now we are provided with a much larger work on the same subject. That is only a *nom de plume*, for the author is Phyllis McGentey, who had already received much praise for a similar volume on the First Session. Let us hope that in due course she will favour us with another masterly record of the Third Session which is now in progress and may be expected to be the last.

The early chapters reveal the author's keen admiration for the two great Popes who have had the courage to declare that the Catholic Church needs to be brought into closer touch with the twentieth century and have summoned some 2,400 Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops to report to the Vatican what, if any, changes are desirable. By this time we all know that there is a small group, mostly composed of older members of the Assembly who see no need for changes of any kind, but the vast majority have a very definite conviction that the authority of the Bishops must be enlarged. No member dreams of diminishing the ultimate authority of the Pope, but it is felt that

in many parts of the world the conditions are so different that it is impossible for the *Curia* to possess the necessary information.

There is also a large measure of agreement that Catholic priests need assistance in meeting the needs of what is frequently a parish far too large for the time and strength of a single man. To remedy this grievance the obvious method is to appoint a deacon, who has not taken the final step to becoming a priest and has no intention of doing so. Here, however, agreement ends, for many members from different countries are prepared to allow the deacon to be married. One cogent argument for this unexpected suggestion is that it may make it easier to obtain the necessary number for such assistance. This proposal was sharply rejected by the majority, and I cannot believe there is much chance of securing majority support in the final session. It is gratifying to learn that some strong opinions were expressed in favour of a more friendly attitude to the Jews. To dismiss this gifted race to which the whole world owes so deep a debt for its religious and cultural achievements as *deicide* is contrary to every instinct of justice. I surmise that we may confidently expect some official declaration on this subject during the final session. It is most useful to have the text of the address by Pope Paul VI of September 1963, announcing his intention to reform the *Curia*, and of his address a few days later at the opening of the Second Session of the Vatican Council. Readers of these fine 'Declarations of Faith and Purpose' will confirm the universal impression that the author of these notable utterances is fully worthy of our support. There are good and bad makers of history. The best are the builders of bridges.

G. P. GOOCH

ON PREHISTORIC MAN

Memoirs of Teilhard de Chardin. Helmut de Terra. Collins. 16s.

The ever-increasing number in many lands who are readers of Teilhard de Chardin's revealing masterpieces will welcome a little book of *Memoirs*. The author, Professor Helmut de Terra, was born in Germany but was naturalized as an American citizen in early middle life. Himself a well-known palaeontologist, he accompanied the French Jesuit on his explorations in India, Kashmir, Burma, Java in the middle thirties. His detailed descriptions of their diggings and discoveries of the remains of early man enable us to imagine the joys, excitements and occasional perils of scientists in the far places of the earth. In addition to the scientific interest of his reports of the middle thirties, we obtain most attractive pictures of Teilhard de Chardin as a man. He combined wide knowledge with complete modesty and rejected privileges and refused any special privileges offered to him on account of his celebrity. The author does not hesitate, on occasion, to criticize his beloved colleague who, like other anthropologists and palaeontologists, was continually learning from his own researches and those of others and was also willing to revise any conclusions which he had already reached. The reader shares the delight of the pioneers in bringing to light new evidence as to the nature of early man as revealed by bones and premature tools. That there was an enormous period of time in which the anthropoid ape was evolving into *Homo sapiens*, readers of *The Phenomenon of Man* are already aware. The whole story is of special interest to the historian who regards this sphere of study, pre-historic man, of whom our grandfathers knew scarcely anything, as a major duty. This little volume also introduces us to the leading palaeontologists and anthropologists of many lands who have been digging up treasures and with all of whom de Terra was

acquainted. Like all serious students of science and of history they feel themselves a band of brothers, ever striving to climb the heights of knowledge and understanding. They may indeed be reckoned as our benefactors no less than the great artists and writers of the past and the present.

G. P. GOOCH

APPROACHES TO HENRY JAMES

Henry James and the Modern Reader. D. W. Jefferson. Oliver and Boyd. 35s.

Henry James (1843-1916) is one of those fortunate instances of a reputation increasing and consolidating after a period of neglect or widespread denigration. The image he casts on the selective reader's mind is so near contemporary that it is difficult to think of him as being born only three years after Thomas Hardy. Next year will mark a century since his first story appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he performed a vast amount of prentice work in America before, in 1869, he removed to England from New York and started his writing career in earnest. He published his first novel, 'Watch and Ward' in 1871, and twenty more before his death in 1916, but in 1917 two unfinished novels were issued, 'The Ivory Tower' and 'The Sense of the Past'. Added to these must be reckoned numerous stories, travel sketches, literary essays, two biographies, three volumes of autobiography, several plays, notebooks and countless letters of absorbing professional interest. If ever a writer could be called dedicated it was Henry James.

Discussing James and the modern reader Mr. D. W. Jefferson takes the line that the American (who became naturalized as a British subject in 1915) is ripe for more general recognition of the greatness and also of the readability of his work. There are, Mr. Jefferson contends, more difficult authors—*cf.* Joyce's 'Ulysses' and 'Finnegan's Wake', and some of Faulkner's novels—but in James's case 'the emphasis falls everywhere but on the things that make him readable'; critics read between the lines; others concentrate on his pre-occupation with 'exalted and complicated schemes of quasi-religious allegory'. Between them the image of a rather forbidding writer may be kept alive artificially. Mr. Jefferson wants readers to study James's idiom, his manner and gestures, and then share his own conviction that the complexities of the author are organic, not intellectual. I do not agree that the one can be so dissociated from the other. Most of James's work of the early and middle periods is not difficult, but readable in a delightful dignity of highly individual prose. His manner of statement, it may be argued, was organic and idiosyncratic—an expression of his intellectual and stylistic bent—and as he developed into his later period he used the accumulated power of a literary prestidigitator with an intellectual pride that often defeated communication. Sometimes he used images recklessly, dragging them in by the hair of their head to say something that could be expressed more simply:

'... I'm thinking of his general undertaking—to give her the house as she originally saw it.'

'To give her the house!'—

Mrs. Gereth brought up the words from the depths of the unspeakable. The effect was like the moan of an autumn wind, and she turned as pale as if she had heard of the landing, there on the coast, of a foreign army.

And yet, what a nobility of conscientious search for an exciting image! And in the same novel, 'The Sacred Fount', James searches for an image—very strained when he writes it—and, I am sure, with more than an inward chuckle:

She had a face of which it was impossible to say anything but that it was pink, and a mind it would be possible to describe only had one been able to mark it in a similar fashion. As nature had made this organ neither green nor blue nor yellow there was nothing to know it by; it strayed and bleated like an unbranded sheep.

'Unbranded' probably started another train of fancy, which James rejected. When he writes like that James becomes the province of the connoisseur. Your true Jamesian will not mind his vagaries and idiosyncrasies. Over and above all he leaves the reader, as Mr. Eliot said, with an offering of not 'a style to imitate, but an integrity so great, a vision so exacting, that it was forced to the extreme of care and punctiliousness for exact expression'. That integrity, and the moral consciousness that was comparable with the philosophic purpose of his brother William James, will sustain his reputation among the changes in fashionable appreciation. It remains to be said that Mr. Jefferson conducts the tour through the novels and stories with grace and distinction.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SOME OF OUR AUTHORS

David Goldblatt . . . His publications include *Democracy at Ease; A New Zealand Profile* (Pall Mall Press, 1957) and *Free For All* (1953); contributor, THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, *The Glasgow Herald* (on porcelain), *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* and the leading New Zealand newspapers. Timber merchant. Has thrice stood for Parliament. The refugee industrialists honoured his war work by commissioning Sir Jacob Epstein to fashion a bust. Chairman, Freedom Defence Fund, Willcock Identity Card Case, 1951.

Lord Ogmore . . . President, Liberal Party, 1963-64. MP, Labour, South Croydon, 1945-50. Under-Secretary of State, Colonies, 1947-50, Commonwealth Relations, 1950-51. Minister of Civil Aviation, 1951. UK Delegate, UN General Assembly, 1950. Governor, Commonwealth Institute. A regular contributor to THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW since 1961.

Sheldon Williams . . . Author of *Verlon: Situation humaine*, 1963. Art Correspondent, Paris Edition, *New York Herald Tribune* since 1964. Polled nearly 10,000 votes as Liberal candidate for Billericay, GE, 1959, and nearly 11,000 when he stood again in 1964. Exhibits in the European capitals as the painter, A. Oscar.

Daniel Tretiak . . . Acting Assistant Editor, *Far Eastern Economic Review*, Hong Kong.

Rosalind Wade . . . Her publications include *Fairweather Faith*, *The Man of Promise*, *Bracelet for Julia*, *As the Narcissus*, *Cassandra Calls*, *The Grain Will Grow*. Chairman, Society of Women Writers and Journalists, 1962.

The Rev. Dr. Cecil Northcott . . . Editor, Lutterworth Press. His publications include *Who Claims The World?*, *Robert Moffat*, *Voice Out of Africa*, *John Williams Sails On*, *Venturers Of Faith*.

Allen, E. H. . . . Editor, *The Teachers World*, 1919-45, and *The Preparatory Schools Review*, 1947-64. For many years a Director, Evans Bros.; subsequently Managing Director.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

DECEMBER 1964

TOWARDS PR-STV?

AFTER THE ELECTIONS

OVERSEAS CONNECTIONS:
UK ROLE

MR HABSBURG

MR WILSON:
UNDERGRADUATE

BARBELLION AND DENTON
WELCH

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incorporating The Fortnightly

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LONDON LIGHTS

DAY OF THE ADMAN

In an age of mass-communications, both the major parties mass-communicated badly in their election TV broadcasts. Their choice of performers was in the main frightful, the technical quality of most programmes execrable. The real breakthrough came with Labour's unexpected conversion to a realisation of the value of professional advertising, and the use of professional admen, which resulted in a well-planned and hard-hitting campaign.

The first moves towards professionalism came soon after the 1959 election, but ended in frustration. A further attempt 2½ years later led to a meeting of sympathetic professionals—and cranks—in business. But this too ended in failure. Then George Brown took a hand, invited one of the brighter professionals, David Kingsley, to draw up plans. Kingsley and a small group of other agency men drew up objectives, a scheme for establishing the framework of a 'ghost' agency, and presented their case to an enthusiastic top level party meeting.

A professional presentation to a 1,200-strong party conference followed. The admen, surprisingly, received a standing ovation.

In the campaign which began some months before the General Election research played a key role. Attitude studies in the marginal constituencies sought to establish the issues which were uppermost in voters' minds and on which party advertising could concentrate. The concept of a modern party, eager to 'get Britain moving' with

the 'copy' platform devoted to 4 or 5 principal issues, no less than the projection of Harold Wilson was clearly effective, even though to some the pipe seemed a little overplayed, creating an image far too reminiscent of the pipe-smoking, you-can-trust-me Stanley Baldwin.

Is forty-plus the new waste-age? A recent survey showed the average age of the chief executive of Britain's 100 largest companies to be just over 61. Yet, to judge from the age limits advertised for executive jobs, you are failing at forty, finished at fifty and senile at sixty, which is just five years before Winston Churchill started his job as wartime Prime Minister.

QUESTION TIME

The new Parliament would do well to grapple with the problem of one of its oldest institutions—Question Time. Ever since Sir Harry Hylton-Foster first became Speaker, the short, sharp probes of Question Time, the terror of every tyro at the despatch box, have blunted into a slow succession of little debates. The span allotted for questions every day remains the same—an hour—yet the slow speed at which they are taken has caused the number of questions reached in an hour to drop from an average of 60, five years ago, to around 30 today. The number listed on the white Order Paper, however, may be as many as 100 a day.

Once individual MPs were allowed to table three questions for oral answer every day. Now this is restricted to two; even so,

only a fraction of those tabled have any hope of getting an oral answer—and therefore a chance for the MP to probe more deeply by jumping up to ask a supplementary question.

Yet one of the first rules of the Civil Service remains: 'Everything stops for a P.Q.' Parliamentary questions take precedence over everything else, and it seems governments are willing to spend £5 to £10 on finding the answer to every question tabled by an MP.

Cynics are already suggesting that achievements under Mr. Wilson's '100-day crash programme' should be publicised day by day. The danger of a full account at the end of the first 100 days is that it may sound as unbelievable as the previous government's claims of housing, hospitals and schools achievements which seemed to be revealed for the first time during the election campaign.

UNDER ATTACK

Introspective criticism within the Church of England, and indeed Judaism too, makes one wonder whether the C of E will accept the latest strictures in the preface of Crockford's Clerical Directory in the same spirit in which it accepted the controversial Paul report.

The anonymous preface writer argues that there is in the Church of England a deliberate cult of amateurishness which is responsible for the futility of much that it tries to do. It is unhappily true, he maintains, that many of the clergy and still more of the laity, are not equipped to form a judgment upon

novel or quasi-novel motions in dogmatics or morals.

In the sphere of moral theology, he believes, the number of persons specially qualified on whom to draw is small, but this makes it all the more significant that neither the present holder of the Moral and Pastoral Chair at Oxford nor his predecessor, who is now a diocesan bishop, is a member of the one official body which has a continuing and overall commission from the Church Assembly 'to promote and coordinate the thought and action of the Church in matters affecting family, social and industrial life'. That is the Board of Social Responsibility.

The Nuffield Foundation has made a grant of £36,000 towards a research unit based at Guy's Hospital Medical School, London, which will investigate the National Health Service and study a pilot scheme for a tailor-made medical service to be established for a new community of 50,000 at Woolwich and Erith, Kent. In the pilot scheme, it is hoped to develop 'what is best in the National Health Service and discard the rest'.

THE BUSINESS BATTLE

Fighting economic battles on an international scale is becoming as skilled a profession as fighting for military conquests. Yet how many organizations are poised to fight the business battle? How much does the community at large, which ought to be viable and sympathetic know about them?

The 'millstone' of executive life remains something of a self-indul

gent myth and business servitude a piece of self-deception.

An enlightening new book: *How to Win the Business Battle*, by Eric Webster, a Director of Pembertons, the London advertising agency, dispels many of these ideas. A witty, professional and stimulating work, it's something of a positive Parkinson and seems likely to provoke a similar reaction. Mr. Webster's view is that business is usually more efficient when it is enjoyable, and vice versa. That efficiency is often impaired by the failure to conduct an organization survey on oneself. Nor does the essential periphery of business life escape his attention. One of his subjects is entitled 'Stalemate or the Businessman and his Marriage'. Others include: 'How to Have Time at the Top', 'Let's Stop the Rat Race' and 'Don't Scramble Egg-heads!'

It's interesting to find a former member of an earlier Labour Government, Mr. Kenneth Younger, Director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, arguing in a new Chatham House essay—'Changing Perspectives in British Foreign Policy'—that Britain's future as a 'major secondary power' depends on her part-

nership with Europe. Despite General de Gaulle's barrier to Britain's entry into EEC, Mr. Younger maintains, we could no longer wait to take some steps that would identify us with this future. The obvious step, he believes, is some form of sharing of nuclear arms.

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TOWARDS PR-STV?

ENID LAKEMAN

THE Electoral Reform Society is overwhelmed with letters protesting against the 'absurd', 'ludicrous', 'grotesque', etc., result of the General Election and asking for information about better systems. The result is in fact no more grotesque than that of most British elections, but it has made more impression. People have remained indifferent to the election of one government after another by a minority of the voters, they have not even noticed that the government resulting from the 1951 election was backed by fewer votes than the largest single opposition party, they have submitted to having votes that are ineffective in every election if they happen to be cast for a Conservative in the East End or for Labour in the West End, but they have been startled into protest by the glaring anomaly of the Liberal position in the 1964 election.

The impact was the greater because three of the four Liberal gains were among the late results from Scotland; until the very last hours it looked as though a greatly increased number of Liberal voters were going to get less representation than the smaller number won in the previous parliament. Indeed, if we take England alone we find that nearly twice as many Liberal voters have only three seats instead of four:

England, 1959: Liberal votes 1,449,604—Liberal seats 4
1964: Liberal votes 2,777,600—Liberal seats 3

The two Liberal losses were due to the 'intervention' of Conservative candidates in Huddersfield West and Bolton West, where there was previously a straight fight against Labour, and some may jump to the conclusion too often drawn that the peculiar results of British general elections are due to the election of some MPs by fewer votes than their opponents' total and could be put right by some method of eliminating the 'split vote'. There were indeed a great many MPs elected on minority votes, as might be expected from the large number of three-cornered contests; the total was 232, which is the largest number in any election except that of 1929. As always, it is the Conservatives who have won the most seats on a 'split vote' (153); Labour have 72 and the Liberals seven. These figures alone suggest that there is not much connection between the number of minority seats and the over- or under-representation of any party.

The real trouble is that so many of the votes cast are without effect, whether there are two candidates or more. Labour won the Kemptown division of Brighton in a straight fight by a majority of only 7 (after five recounts), which means that 22,308 Labour voters elected an MP but 22,301 Conservatives also voted and elected nobody—the result would have been precisely the same if all those 22,301 had been left

off the register. When there are many constituencies in which the losing candidates combined poll more than the winner, the total number of such ineffective votes is likely to be even higher than usual, and in this election it did amount to 44.6 per cent of all the votes cast in the country, compared with 42 per cent in 1959, but even without this it can be anything up to half the votes cast in each constituency.

In addition, many of the votes cast for winning candidates are ineffective, for they only add uselessly to the majority of someone who would have been elected without their help. The majority of 7 in Kemptown sufficed to win that seat and the majority of 33,861 in Hemsworth could win no more than one seat; hence a result like that of 1951, the party with the most votes losing because it wastes so many of them in places like Hemsworth while its rival, with a smaller total of votes, slips into many seats by small majorities. The Labour Party is handicapped by the high concentration of its supporters in the industrial cities, and usually has to poll many more votes than the Conservatives in order to win the same number of seats, but in this election it made up for this handicap by winning a number of seats by very small majorities. It escaped by only a very few votes from again suffering the 1951 result: if only four electors who voted Labour in Kemptown and 14 in Ealing North had voted Conservative instead, Labour's overall majority of seats would have been wiped out, and if a total of only 677 voters had thus changed sides in the right places, the Conservatives would have won one more seat than Labour although still having 200,000 votes fewer than Labour.

On the other hand, if only six of those who voted Conservative in Reading and six in Eton and Slough had voted Labour instead, Labour's overall majority of seats would have been doubled, and with only 143 thus changing sides it could have been trebled.

All this emphasises what was often referred to during the election campaign, the fact that the result would depend on a relatively very small number of votes in a few marginal constituencies. While in Reading a tiny handful of voters could reverse the constituency's representation, in South Kensington five thousand Conservative voters deserted that party and nobody seems even to have noticed it. Such safe seats destroy the electors' interest: the winning side feel they need not bother to vote, the rest feel it is hopeless. Not only is the number of those who vote without effect very large in any one election, the people affected are very often the same ones in every election throughout their lives. These are not only supporters of small parties; they include for example all Labour voters in South Kensington, all Conservatives in South Shields.

With so many 'wasted' votes, it cannot be expected that the seats won by the parties will bear any consistent relation to their popular support. In the 1964 election the two largest parties have, for once, won seats which are roughly in the same relation to one another as are their votes; it is the third party whose startling under-representation has attracted so much attention. The discrepancy is perhaps most clearly

seen by comparing the average number of voters represented by one MP of each of the parties.

	<i>Labour</i>	<i>Conservative</i>	<i>Liberal</i>	<i>Others</i>
<i>votes</i>	44.1	43.4	11.2	1.3
<i>seats</i>	317	304	9	0
<i>seats in proportion to votes</i>	278	273	71	8
<i>votes per MP</i>	38,504	39,481	343,707	—

Because the two largest parties are so much over-represented, one of them has a clear majority over all its opponents, although it is backed by substantially less than half the voters, and there is no consistency about this. Labour in 1945 polled 48 per cent of the votes and won a nearly two-to-one majority of seats; in 1950 it fell to 46 per cent and was in nearly the same position as now; in 1951 its vote rose to the record high level of 48½ per cent but it was turned out of office; now its vote is lower than in any of those elections yet it is back in office.

The oddities are even more apparent if we consider different parts of the country. Throughout the existence of the Labour Party, no Labour vote ever cast in any of the twelve divisions of Sussex had ever contributed to the election of an MP until this year's gain in Kempdown; and the party is entirely unrepresented in the even larger county of Surrey:

	<i>votes</i>	<i>seats</i>	<i>votes</i>	<i>seats</i>
<i>Conservative</i>	484,780	20	455,610	0
<i>Labour</i>	281,380	0		
<i>Liberal</i>	173,095	0		
<i>Others</i>	1,135	0		

On the other hand, Co. Durham has reverted to all-Labour representation, 491,987 Labour voters having won all the 18 seats, 295,369 other voters none. Besides being discouraging to voters in a permanently hopeless or too safe position, this produces an unhealthy division of the country, making Durham appear as if it had politically nothing in common with Surrey while in fact the difference is only one of degree.

The Liberals also have their monopoly region, the block of four contiguous constituencies in the north of Scotland, where the figures are:

<i>Liberal</i>	40,656 votes, 4 seats.
<i>Others</i>	52,684 votes, 0 seats.

This also is dangerous. Of the nine Liberal MPs, eight sit for Scottish, Welsh, Cornish or Devon constituencies, and there is an idea in some quarters that the party is not really a national one but belongs to the 'Celtic fringe'. But where is the bulk of its support? Not at all in the 'Celtic fringe' but in perfectly ordinary constituencies of the English Midlands, North and South. The three 'fringe' areas which produced those eight Liberal MPs account for less than one-sixth of the party's three million votes; the five-sixths came from unrepresented Liberals in such un-Celtic places as Finchley, Eastbourne, Ipswich or Colne Valley.

Besides giving a false impression of the voters' support for the various

political parties, a British general election can give little indication of the popularity or otherwise of particular candidates or particular policies. An illustration of its effects is the position of a Conservative elector in St. Marylebone who happened to dislike Mr. Quintin Hogg. One such elector had the good fortune to be on the register also in Devon, and therefore spent polling day there, voting for a more congenial Conservative candidate, but very few people are in this position; for most, it is their party's local candidate or nothing. Some who are dissatisfied with that candidate may abstain, or even vote for another party, and where the majority is so large that they know this protest is unlikely to endanger the seat they may abstain in such numbers as to make clear the difference between a candidate who rouses enthusiasm and one of the same party who does not, but it is precisely in such places that the candidate's personal appeal will not affect his chance of election. A mediocre Conservative candidate would hold St. Marylebone; an excellent one would stand no chance in Stepney.

Hence also, the election result gives little, if any, clue to the voters' wishes concerning particular questions and certainly cannot be relied upon to reflect those wishes in the seats won. A clear example, of importance for the future course of British politics, is the question of nationalizing the steel industry. This policy figured quite prominently in the Labour programme and was strongly attacked by the other parties; it was the subject of public opinion polls and these consistently showed a large majority opposed to it—even a majority of those who intended to vote Labour. There is no indication of any substantial pro-nationalization opinion among the supporters of other parties, but there must have been considerable numbers who voted Labour for quite other reasons and do not favour nationalization. Nevertheless, the Labour Party, having a small majority of seats, claims a 'mandate' to carry out the whole of its programme, including this item.

The public outcry against some of the features of this election may, we hope, lead to more consideration for the possibility of some better system. While the Liberal Party has long been committed to reform, the two larger parties have hitherto refused even to discuss it.

The only reform that would meet all the objections raised against the present system is the single transferable vote form of proportional representation. This means that an area such as that covered by the present six divisions of West London would become one constituency, within which, instead of using Xs, an elector would vote by numbering candidates in the order of his preference and a candidate would require for election not a majority of the votes but a quota, so that any group of voters amounting to about one-sixth of the whole would elect one of the six MPs. In the last election in this area, 81,752 Labour voters elected four MPs while 91,819 Conservatives elected only two, and the same reversal of the voters' wishes has occurred in five out of the six post-war elections, regardless of whether or not any of the seats was won on a 'split vote'. The reason for this anomaly is that very many Conservative votes are wasted in piling up large majorities in South

Kensington and Chelsea, while Labour slips into the other four seats by relatively small majorities. With PR/STV, a vote thus cast unnecessarily for a candidate who was sure of election without it would be transferred to whichever of the other candidates that voter had indicated as his next choice. Similarly, a vote for a candidate with no chance of election would not be wasted but would be transferred, on the voter's instructions, to another candidate whom it could help to elect.

This would have several consequences. First, the votes cast would be a much more reliable indication of the voters' real wishes than they are now, for everyone would be able to vote for the candidate and the party he really preferred, undeterred by any possibility that this might cause his vote to be wasted and might let in the candidate he wanted least. Second, since the great majority of the votes cast would be made effective, the result would be bound to reflect the wishes of the great majority of the voters. If, for example, three quotas of the West London electors voted first for all the Conservative candidates, those votes would in the end accumulate on the three most popular Conservative candidates and would elect them. Third, 'most popular' is vital. The supporter of any party would no longer be obliged to vote for the one candidate selected by that party's organization in the constituency where he happened to live, nor would a party any longer have occasion to wrangle over who that nominee should be. A party would in the normal course of events nominate several candidates in each constituency (at least as many as it could hope to elect) and could nominate any number without risk of splitting the vote; the voters would have a free choice among all of them and whichever candidates the voters preferred would be elected. Hence, for example, the parliamentary Labour Party would not only correspond in number to the strength of the whole Labour movement among the electors, but, according to the choice of those electors, would include more or fewer of enthusiasts for nationalization, nuclear disarmers, Cooperative Party members and so forth. The MPs of any party would also be, according to the choice of the voters, the more independent-minded or the more rigid adherents to the party line; an MP would depend for his seat on the choice of his constituents, not on that of some relatively small selection committee or party meeting.

It is often objected that a House of Commons in which the parties reflected their support among the voters would contain no working majority for any one party, and that our experience of such a situation points to its being a thing to be avoided. The experience of other countries, however, does not by any means always confirm this. Some of the countries most admired as stable and progressive democracies (notably Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries) seldom, if ever, have a clear majority for one party and indeed consider it undemocratic that one party should have all its own way. Our trouble has been that parties lacking a working majority have tried to govern as though they had one, and have naturally failed. They have made no attempt to

adapt themselves to the will of the people when the people have shown that the majority of them do not support the whole of any one party's programme.

Countries with proportional systems have, however, made this adaptation, usually with success, and it should be even easier with the single transferable vote form of PR than it is with the Continental party list systems, since the STV does not mark off one party sharply from another but enables the voters to give expression to the fact that they find some things in common between them. The situation may be met by a coalition, and the main objection to a coalition under our present system is removed, for the coalition government may, when the time comes, go to the country as a coalition without any need for the constituency pacts obliging one of its component parties to stand down in favour of another. Alternatively, we could adopt the solution usual in Denmark and at present working in Ireland (where a party with no clear majority has now governed for over three years and shows no sign of being overthrown). This is for the largest party to govern alone, but to adjust its actions so as always to command the support of some part of the 'opposition'. Anything certain to be rejected by the majority (as steel nationalization would be if our parliamentary majority corresponded to the majority will of the people) is shelved—until such time as the party may be able to win over the majority to its view. Other things (such as our present government's proposals for law reform) could be put forward in confidence that they would pass; the fate of others would be doubtful, especially when an MP, no longer dependent on his party for his seat, cannot be coerced into voting with his party when he disagrees with it. That position can be met by the government's recognition that there is no need for it to resign if defeated on some one measure which is not essential to its whole programme; it can continue in office (as any other executive does), accepting the rejection of that one item and carrying on with the rest, until such time as there may be a vote of no confidence in its entire policy.

The modernization of Britain should include a modernization of our machinery of government, and now that the electoral system supposed to give us stable government has given unstable government for the second time in six post-war elections, the moment seems right for a reconsideration of it.

WORLD VISTAS—

AMERICA AFTER THE ELECTIONS

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK

THE slogan 'A choice—not an echo' was Goldwater's own. In electing Johnson by an unprecedented majority of fifteen million votes, the people of America demonstrated with overwhelming force and utmost clarity that they knew how to choose. It is no reflection on Johnson's well-deserved triumph to say that while he could have beaten any Republican candidate, the size of his victory is due to the fact that millions of citizens were voting not so much for him but against Goldwater. The result, however, is the same. A landslide has swept over the USA leaving the Democrats triumphant everywhere and the Republican party as a complete shambles.

Leaderless, disunited, dispirited, and deeply in debt — the total deficit of Goldwater's campaign is estimated at between two and five million dollars—the Grand Old Party has inexorably met with the disaster that its own progressive members and practically all the leading press commentators predicted when Goldwater was chosen by the nominating convention. Technically he is still leader until the next convention but there are various procedures by which he can be unseated. A movement has already been started within the Republican Party to remove him and his team. He is a bad loser: not only was he reluctant to recognize Johnson's victory until the last moment and then sent him a message which was as arrogant as it was hostile, but he also declared his own intention of staying on at the head of the party and continuing along the same lines as before.

While there is every reason to rejoice at Johnson's overwhelming victory, two things must be remembered. First, that there were still over twenty-five million people who voted for the Republican candidate. Not all of them were racist gangsters or crackpots. Many were decent people who were animated by fear, by nostalgia, by annoyance with the welfare state, by unshakeable old loyalty to the Republican party. Secondly, that no parliamentary democracy can function well without an articulate and decent opposition of some size. The great question now is: who can start the rehabilitation of the Republican party and lead it back to its traditional middle-of-the-road policies, the only road of sanity? Also, how long must such a process take? It is certainly too early yet to say who will eventually emerge as the Republican party's new and liberal leader.

For several decades there had existed two coalitions in the Congress—one of progressive Democrats and Republicans and one of reactionary Democrats and Republicans. The progressive coalition was able to provide a bipartisan basis for the President's foreign policy and for much essential legislation. Here it is worth recalling that during

Eisenhower's first term, when he had so much trouble with his own party, it was Lyndon Johnson as leader of the Democrats in the Senate who repeatedly helped him out. Both during the campaign and since his victory Johnson has gone out of his way to address his appeal to as wide a consensus of political opinion as possible and has stressed his desire to be the President of all Americans irrespective of their party allegiance. He is by nature a man who prefers peace and understanding to a fight, and it is not likely that he will pursue any vendettas against his political enemies, whose numbers include many Dixiecrats who bolted the Democratic ticket and supported Goldwater.

As the result of the present Democratic triumph and Republican catastrophe the basis for the old system of coalitions across party lines has completely changed. Not only have the Democrats increased their hold on both the Senate and the House of Representatives, and not only have some of the worst reactionaries belonging to both parties been swept out of their hitherto unassailable positions, but some liberal Republicans, like Senator Keating of New York, for instance, have also lost their seats. Johnson will not require much support from outside the ranks of his own followers, whose liberal wing is now stronger than it was before. But, in any case, being an unrivalled master of the intricate game of managing Senators and Representatives alike he can henceforward exercise supreme power without fearing any head-on collisions with the legislature.

When, within less than an hour of Kennedy's assassination, he took over as President he went out of his way to emphasize that he would continue the policies initiated by Kennedy. Apart from a few intellectual *prima donnas* who soon departed from Washington, practically the whole of Kennedy's team stayed on. It is a tribute both to Johnson and to these men that for almost exactly a year they have been able to work so well together and to achieve so much.

But there could never be any doubt that Johnson was not the sort of person to remain a mere continuator for long. He made no secret of the fact that he was determined to be a President in his own right, the creator of the Johnson era, the architect of what he calls 'The Great Society', which would be his counterpart to Roosevelt's 'New Deal', Truman's 'Fair Deal' and Kennedy's 'New Frontier'. Although he had talked about it before, he gave a particularly appealing definition of his 'Great Society' in a speech in New York's huge auditorium Madison Square Garden, on 28 May 1964. He said:

'I ask you to march with me along the road to the future—the road that leads to The Great Society, where no child will go unfed and no youngster will go unschooled; where every child has a good teacher and every teacher has good pay, and both have good classrooms; where every human being has dignity and every worker has a job; where education is blind to colour, and employment is unaware of race; where decency prevails and courage abounds.'

He also wasted no time in proclaiming and starting his anti-poverty drive, in accelerating the fight for civil rights and renewing Kennedy's unsuccessful battle for medicare (state help to the aged), as well as introducing various other progressive measures. He handled domestic

economic affairs firmly and successfully, while in the field of international relations he showed more skill and understanding than had originally been expected of him. Indeed, he grew in office so rapidly and was stamping his own personality on his government so consistently—the principal characteristics being moderation, conciliation and a quest for the maximum of general agreement—that the Johnson era can be said to have begun long before he completed the tragically unfilled presidency of his predecessor.

It is a little odd therefore to hear or to read now that there is much uncertainty as to his future policies. They have been clearly established and there is little reason to believe that he intends to change them in their fundamentals. However, quite obviously not only his team at its various echelons is likely to change very soon but the application of his policies will be largely affected by the changing situation at home and abroad.

Presidential and congressional elections in the USA take place in early November. But the new Congress does not begin its sessions until early January while the new President is inaugurated on the 20th of that month. In the intervening period the old administration and the old Congress carry on as before. But this period is of the utmost importance to the newly elected, or re-elected, President, since this is a time when he picks his Cabinet Ministers and other Ministers of his Administration, chooses his Ambassadors, appoints his ever-growing staff of assistants and advisers, has special studies made of the problems with which he will have to deal on his assumption of office.

In the case of Lyndon Johnson it can be said that he is familiar enough with the problems, domestic and international, but that his enhanced stature and increased power may enable him to handle some of them differently. Also, the international scene is constantly shifting so that new problems arise almost every day. But first must come the crucial decisions on cabinet and personal changes. In the person of Hubert Humphrey, the new Vice-President, he now has a truly admirable right-hand man. Just as Kennedy entrusted more and more vital responsibilities to Johnson at the time of his own Vice-Presidency, so Johnson intends to use Humphrey both at home and abroad. There is enough important work for both of them. Now that there is a Vice-President, Johnson will be able to go abroad himself which he could not do while there was nobody to succeed him in office if anything had happened to him. He will also see to it that his Vice-President is sufficiently briefed on everything to be able to take over as competently as he himself did if such a tragic necessity were to occur.

It is often forgotten that Kennedy's Cabinet, with the exception of McNamara and Robert Kennedy, did not include any outstanding personalities. The brilliant young brain-trusters he brought to Washington were not members of the government. They were carefully placed in the various key departments where many of them caused much irritation and frustration to their colleagues and chiefs, since they had direct access to the President. Kennedy loved to discuss ideas and

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problems with them or to assign planning, research and other special tasks to them. But it is doubtful whether they had much influence over his decisions. Members of the Cabinet did their jobs as best they could, some of these gentlemen being more competent than others, while some were frankly disappointing. Thus Governor Ribicoff, a popular man, who was one of Kennedy's earliest supporters, made no mark at all as his Secretary of Education and Welfare. He resigned during Kennedy's lifetime and was elected to the Senate, where he has not achieved distinction. Nor has his successor as Secretary of this Department, a post to which Kennedy attached so much importance and which must loom largely in Johnson's 'Great Society' if its objectives are to be realized.

Dean Rusk, as Secretary of State, commands universal respect for his knowledge and integrity, but he has not been able to assert himself either inside or outside his Department. Quite properly, first Kennedy and then Johnson have kept the conduct of foreign relations in their own hands which is a President's duty and prerogative. There have been rumours for a long time that Rusk was eager to relinquish his post after the elections and the same rumours circulated about Mr. Douglas Dillon about whom not even his best friends would claim that he had been a strong Secretary of the Treasury. Although Washington experts believe that President Johnson would like Messrs. McNamara, Rusk and Dillon to stay at their present jobs, it is not at all unlikely that the two latter may go. Whether McNamara remains at the Defence Department or switches over to the Department of State, nobody knows. Another strongly tipped possibility for the State Department is McGeorge Bundy, a Kennedy discovery, who seems to be even closer to Johnson than he was to his predecessor, and of course there is Senator Fulbright, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, who is credited with ambitions in that direction.

There are many other jobs that need filling both inside and outside the Cabinet. Thus, when Robert Kennedy resigned as Attorney-General to start campaigning for the New York Senatorship, which he has now brilliantly won, the post of Attorney-General was left vacant. America badly needs a new and strong 'Minister of Justice'. It is to be hoped that in selecting his men Johnson will live up to his pledge, which all incoming Presidents make, of finding the best talent and the best brains available. After the Baker and Jenkins episodes it is hardly necessary to emphasize that integrity and normality should not be overlooked either. But, again like all presidents, Johnson will also have to follow the tradition of dispensing 'patronage' when distributing ambassadorships and other important posts at home and abroad.

In the domestic field, the consolidation and further expansion of social progress coupled with the strict application of the Civil Rights Bill are assured of presidential initiative and support. The economic future is less clear. At the moment of writing prosperity is about to enter its fortysixth uninterrupted month. This has never happened before and there are as yet no indications that the economy is slowing

down. All indicators continue to be good. Yet there are no miracles. Moreover, the weak spots remain weak despite this long era of prosperity. Thus, while employment figures are excellent, unemployment obstinately remains at about five per cent. No solution has yet been thought out to counteract the impact of growing automation. The recent wage increases in the automobile industry are likely to set a pattern for other key industries whose wage negotiations take place in 1965 and 1966. The consequences of increased labour costs will be manifold and will not only remove one of the main factors of past stability but are likely to strengthen the present inflationary tendencies. They are bound to affect adversely America's competitive position abroad and this in its turn will do damage to the precarious balance of payments situation. Despite all efforts to reduce the gap, the balance of payments deficit is now running at the annual rate of two thousand million dollars.

Nobody knows what results the practical application of the interest equalization which was initiated by Kennedy in the spring of 1963 and was finally passed by Congress on 19 August 1964—it should come to an end on 31 December 1965, unless prolonged—can really achieve. It was intended to stop the outflow of American money abroad, but since exceptions have been made for Canada and the developing countries, the export of capital can continue on a large scale. No doubt, ways and means will also be found to make possible still further large-scale investments of American capital in Europe. Washington may become confronted with the paradox that the law was more effective as a deterrent before it was passed than now when its practical operation will remove some of the uncertainties.

Although Mr. Dillon, Secretary of the Treasury, frequently complains about foreigners queueing up to borrow money in the USA, the truth is that the American business community is most eager to lend money abroad. Year after year, Western Europe sees a long procession of American brokers and bankers travelling from capital city to capital city and offering their facilities. They do the same also in other countries. In any case, the balance of payments deficit is not only due to private investment but also to substantial tourist spending, the huge cost of America's military installations overseas, and foreign aid.

As to President Johnson, his urge to save the nation's money is profound and sincere. So is Mr. McNamara's determination to reduce defence spending by about one billion a year for the next ten years. In the meantime, however, new demands for money are constantly arising as, for instance, for the war in Vietnam and for the Congo.

In the foreign field there is trouble almost everywhere. What Kennedy tried so hard to prevent, namely the proliferation of the atom bomb, is now an established fact. The great question is: after China, who next? And what will be the consequences? Again and again Johnson has expressed his desire of reducing world tensions and at the same time maintaining American armed strength. He wants to seek 'accommodation' with the Soviet Union. But nobody knows what lines Russia's post-Khrushchev foreign policy will follow. In any case America's relations

with Communist China on the one hand and with Soviet Russia on the other hand will present Johnson and his Administration with many worries and headaches, no matter whether these two countries manage to improve their relations with each other or not. The strains between Washington and Paris are getting worse, not better. It is as yet too early to say how relations between Washington and London will shape in the future, since the preliminary contacts are no true indication.

Britain's unilateral import restrictions are not likely to make the 'Kennedy round' negotiations, which were difficult enough before, any easier now.

All this, however, is for the moment confined to relatively peaceful negotiations. But the war in Vietnam is a grim affair in which people are being killed every day. Everybody knows that the present situation cannot be prolonged indefinitely. But no-one so far has come up with an acceptable practical solution. And the danger of this war suddenly erupting into something far more serious is both constant and great. Compared to it, military aid to Tshombe in the Congo is a very small affair but even there no end seems in sight. Unlike Goldwater, President Johnson is a responsible, wise and practical man. He knows the futility and the risks of 'nuclear ultimata'. But his diplomatic skill and his firmness of purpose—if not of manner—will be severely tested when dealing with these American involvements.

Speaking in his native Texas on the very eve of the elections, President Johnson made ten solemn pledges, including that of 'total commitment to preserve peace while protecting freedom'. He said, among other things:

'First, I want to reduce the threat of nuclear war, and to maintain presidential control over our nuclear weapons, to strengthen our alliances and to advance the cause of freedom around the world.

'Second, I pledge we will continue to be the mightiest nation in the world, stronger in military might than all the nations of the world combined. But we will use our power responsibly.

'Third, I pledge to work to keep our nation's prosperity growing—and to build the strength of our free enterprise system.

'Fourth, I pledge a war on waste in government wherever it exists.'

These are indeed most noble intentions, and the promises express the new President's sincere feelings. The ultimate results, however, will not depend entirely on him. But for his own sake, for that of the USA and of the whole free world, it is to be hoped that he will be able to keep all of them.

OVERSEAS CONNECTIONS AND THE BRITISH ROLE

LIONEL GELBER

BRITAIN is looking for a new rôle at a time when doubts about her overseas connections are widespread. These issues are not unrelated. Overseas connections extend the part that Britain can play. In them she has a bigger stake than any other country.

That, however, is a point to which little heed is ever paid. Britain has been having more than her share of trouble in either protecting scattered relics of the old Empire or in emancipating them under conditions that are racially just. And this task would be deemed less onerous if it were believed in Britain that newer Commonwealth ties do, at least, provide her with some form of compensation. Yet about these, too, she is perplexed. Until the middle of the 1950s the Commonwealth was still regarded, with hope and pride, as a great experiment; behind the scenes today it is apt to be dismissed as more liability than asset. For all can see what Britain gives. What she gets may often be invisible. Reciprocity does, nevertheless, still reinforce Commonwealth bonds and without them no British rôle of any consequence can be envisaged.

By the same token there are those who would treat Anglo-American friendship as an outworn myth, a pathetic fallacy. And they would be in full cry if, despite quarrels over exports to Cuba, Atlantic cargo trades and the multilateral deterrent, London and Washington had not achieved a similar approach to questions as over-riding as South Vietnam, Malaysia, Cyprus and the search for a *détente* with Russia.

Still to be reassessed by Parliament and British political thinkers is the continuing utility of British overseas connections as a whole. Britain cannot make bricks without straw but, as long as her overseas connections are maintained, she may be spared that unavailing effort.

And this is something which has impressed itself upon President de Gaulle. His veto on Britain's entry into the Common Market has been resented on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet what impelled him was the strength that Britain still gains from overseas connections—from the way ties such as the Commonwealth and Anglo-American friendship bolster her place in the world. General de Gaulle may be a hostile witness. He does not, as a rule, tilt at windmills.

The problem, reduced to essentials, is simple enough. Land Powers with a broad territorial expanse have one sort of place in the world. Britain, as the pivot of an oceanic system, has had another. Land Powers can play their part without having overseas sources of strength like the Commonwealth and Anglo-American friendship to draw upon. An effective British rôle without such connections is hard to imagine.

That, to be sure, is not how the case for the Commonwealth is usually put but there is no reason why it should not be. Each member has

interests of its own and, so far as some of these overlap, the Commonwealth endures. Britain may pursue a few of her interests in a manner that vexes associates; associates may pursue a few of theirs in a manner that vexes her. One assumption, that Britain still has a major part to play, does seem to prevail.

But there is a paradox here. The Commonwealth may underpin the British rôle by its mere existence; how it does so is not always understood. And an ancient truth, that concrete instrumentalities must not be taken as the sole criterion of strength, is what appears to have been overlooked.

The Commonwealth has a number of these—Britain, be it noted, still doing most to make them serviceable. On regional as well as neutralist grounds, the Commonwealth could never operate as a single unit in the sphere of defence—though when India and Malaysia were threatened, Western members were the ones that furnished assistance. In the domain of economics the Commonwealth has more to show: trade pacts; the sterling area; participation in the Colombo Plan and in an international scheme for India; other kinds of aid and development projects. In Commonwealth communications a highspeed cable network might be further improved by a satellite programme. Nor should Commonwealth endeavours on the education front be omitted from the list. But, in so vast and intricate a complex, a single consistent design would scarcely be feasible.

This does not mean that at its most impalpable and disembodied the Commonwealth has no life of its own. Nations that have come to the fore through landpower may take account only of what can be weighed and measured. Britain would never have got far in the modern era, at the gravest junctures she might not have survived, if the tangibles of power were all that she had to rely on.

Some members of the Commonwealth have broken away and others might still do so. The secession of Britain herself is the one contingency that had not been foreseen. Disenchantment with Commonwealth bonds is, alas, not unwarranted. Nor should the efficacy of imponderables be exaggerated. But for the people of Burke and Churchill a materialist, quasi-Marxian interpretation of history can never be the whole story. It is flattering, there is something to be cherished and not disparaged, when, after all that has happened in the twentieth century, overseas countries thus do still converge upon Britain. Her place in the world, when the tangibles and intangibles of the Commonwealth are added up, may still be enhanced by so unique a venture. And that is why, as its plusses and minuses cancel each other out, a balance of advantage remains that wise statcraft will do what it can to preserve.

There is, however, more to be re-examined than the Commonwealth element in the British world rôle. Within the Britannic realm itself, Britain once had a rôle of primacy. That she should still act as the centre for Commonwealth transactions has been taken for granted. Is any such vestige of an exceptional position out of date? Some Canadian intellectuals have felt that it is. But more out of date is an argument

which harks back to a vanished epoch. It was Canada that, by resisting undue centralization in London, did most to work out equality of status as a concept through which the Commonwealth was to evolve and persevere. That battle was won long ago. Centrifugal processes are what can be pushed now to an excess.

Sir Robert Menzies of Australia seems to have been aware of this. But it was remarkable that his idea of a Commonwealth Secretariat should have been revived in July, 1964, at the last meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, by African, Asian and West Indian representatives. One of their motives might have been to remove certain types of Commonwealth activity from the exclusive jurisdiction of Whitehall; such machinery can, all the same, be established only on British soil. Canada, since the age of Victoria, has feared that it would be used to reassert British political authority; British indifference towards the Commonwealth is instead what may have to be combated henceforth. And what was now so striking about the Secretariat proposal was the identity of its sponsors. If there were no desire to keep the Commonwealth together, it would not have been made.

It may be, of course, that what this innovation suggests is less a reversal of trends than an acceptance, in most Commonwealth quarters, of a new Commonwealth *status quo*. But the proposal would not have been revived if adaptability had not long characterized the Commonwealth—a knack that has been in the spirit of the British Constitution, one that made equality of status possible and one that, despite painful rifts, has enabled it to persist. So also meetings of Commonwealth Prime Ministers could be held from time to time in overseas capitals. It might not, however, be as convenient for them to emulate the NATO Ministerial Council in this respect; few Commonwealth capitals are as well equipped as most NATO capitals for such a rotation. But the stage has passed when the rank of others will suffer if London's special facilities are still employed.

And this matter, Britain's own Commonwealth function, may be considered from yet another angle. The benefit is not confined to its own limits, when an entity with members so dispersed in locale, so varied in race and creed, so divergent in world view, tends to perpetuate itself. Yet the Commonwealth cannot be perpetuated if it dispenses with an historic focal point. Some critics may contend that one is not required; that, as substitute for a British centre, other bilateral and multilateral contacts should suffice. But will they?

A number of overseas members have succeeded in taking British political and legal institutions as their model. It was inevitable that, upon achieving independence, many others should fall short. But so far as members of the Commonwealth have more than regional interests in common, the British political tradition is the main link between them. That is why the Commonwealth would be further impaired if individual members lost their customary direct contacts with Britain. A more egalitarian pattern of contacts is right in theory. In practice the danger is one of such diffuseness that nothing will be left.

And in this context, too, it may be noticed how most of her partners insist that Britain observe a stricter code than some would observe themselves. India could do as she pleased about Goa; during the Suez crisis, on the other hand, the Commonwealth was shaken to the core. For Britain, whether or not overseas members endorse particular British policies, still sets the tone. And that is significant.

Then there is Anglo-American friendship. Britain and the United States are trade rivals; they have more to do in the world arena than other Western Powers and friction may, as a result, arise between them more frequently. Yet they can take such disputes in their stride because they know from experience that, in fundamentals, they stand together. About other major Western Powers they cannot, by the record of the past and by current national objectives, be quite so sure.

A free world order is as vital for France as for Britain and the United States. The United States and the Western Alliance underwrite her security; she has, all the same, been challenging American leadership and making NATO's task more arduous. As for the Bonn Republic, it is a dissatisfied Power with unsettling territorial ambitions. If these are fulfilled Germany will rule the roost in Western Europe; until they are fulfilled the cold war could be protracted. But no differences as profound occur between the English-speaking peoples, even Suez having been in another category. Discord there may be. Unison over underlying realities is what counts.

And this has long been the clue to Anglo-American friendship. Periodically, nevertheless, it is depicted as a claim for preferential treatment; as an instrument of discrimination; as a sign of a double standard that might prove double-edged.* Yet it emerged when there was no alternative to it; even now, with none on the horizon, its scarcity value should be evident. At momentous turning-points in the twentieth century, it has been the prime factor in the defence of the West. The means have altered. The ends have not.

And from all this one conclusion about the British rôle may be deduced. Britain is a small island in the North Sea with few of the natural riches by which power is normally sustained; an oceanic system has, however, given Britain a place in the world beyond that which her immediate local resources could provide. The Commonwealth is one of its residual features, Anglo-American friendship is another. In these overseas connections resides a potential for Britain that should never be minimized. She is no longer pre-eminent. With overseas connections among her assets she can still do much. And it is important that she should.

* Such, at any rate, was the view expressed to a British audience in the Ditchley Lecture for 1964 by so influential a Canadian public servant as Mr. Arnold Heeney (*The Times*, London, 20 June, 1964). No reply, despite its far-reaching implications, ever got into print. Then, too, there is Canada's attitude—did Mr. Heeney's view reflect a change in that? Anglo-American friendship was deemed a Canadian imperative during the middle years of the twentieth century. Has it become less so? Some Washington sceptics have long sought a Bonn-Washington axis. Those in Britain who echo their scepticism can hardly share their aim.

VATICAN REPORT—

THE THIRD SESSION

ROBERT SENCOURT

AS soon as the third session of the Vatican Council opened, it was plain that a new spirit was at work. The long delays and arguments which had been the reaction of the leading and reforming Bishops and theologians against the attempt of a Roman clique to nullify the plans of Pope John had plainly come to an end.

After his death his successor had set to work in the most practical way. He knew what could be done and what could not be done in the matter of stonewalling from the old entrenched clique; and whose work was to nullify reform in a bog of words; it was a plan which had largely succeeded in the last years of the Council of Trent and it had enormous success in 1870. It was not unnatural to think it could be managed again.

The first two Sessions saw the struggle of the non-Italian Bishops to get their contentions stated; that took so long that in the opinion of a leading Anglican observer the Council might have gone on for seventeen years.

All that was needed for complete acceleration, however, was to see that the drafts which were prepared for the votes of the Council really represented the views of the Pope and the Bishops, and not of the old Roman clique.

During the course of this year that work had been most efficiently done. Cardinal Ottaviani did not resign; no, he remained at his old place. But at his side was placed Monseigneur Charruelue, a vigilant Bishop of Namur, who called him to order every time he tried to shelve the issue of reform or to suppress the view of the majority. No one doubts the sincerity of Ottaviani and his fellows; fellow-travellers one could not call them for their object was not to travel but to sit tight, insisting on what they believed were the essentials which foreigners and innovators were endangering and which would help Communism in Italy. But in the course of two years they had gradually to bow to the inevitable. Once Cardinal Montini was elected Pope the game was up. He had left no doubt at all that his plan would be to implement the work of Pope John in every respect and besides that he was an astute and experienced diplomat who knew the Curia and its ways through and through. He had told the Curia in so many words just a year ago that he expected obedience from them and that if he and the Council had decided on a course of action it was not for them, his permanent officials, to try and circumscribe them. As they left the Hall in which he had been speaking one cardinal was heard to say to another, *'Siamo strangolati'*. It was the literal truth. He had adjusted his rope around the necks of the most obstinate rebels.

The result was immediately obvious. The voice of opposition was no longer from any member of the Papal Secretariat; it came from either Cardinal Ruffini, Archbishop of Palermo, a brilliant speaker, or simple

little Italians, like Monsignor Carli, Bishop of the insignificant diocese of Segni. For the rest the Italians were not too often heard. Ottaviani had transferred his stonewalling to the theological Commissions which functioned with phenomenal slowness. The problem became how to deal with them.

During this year those Commissions were remodelled. Powerful, practical and informed theologians of which England may justly claim one of the ablest in the Abbot of Downside set to work on the Commissions; the old Italians simply could not cope with minds so competent..

The result was that the Rafts (the schemata) which were prepared for the present session were no longer old-fashioned and cautious theological treatises but concise statements which left room for theologians to elaborate and subtilize, as is their wont, but which in themselves were statements to which a Council might vote without too much delay. All these new schemata represented the views of the majority and what argument there was would come rather from the Old Guard—so much was disclosed in the first week of the Session. There was no longer question of a Council lasting seventeen years; the question was rather whether there would be another session! The change seemed incredible; the reformers in fact began to voice a new fear: was it possible that the Council would end before it had taken due measures to see that its decisions were not to be nullified by the inertia of the Curia?

The Session had six questions set before it: 1. The Nature of the Church. 2. The Divine Revelation it received. 3. The Task of its Bishops, in making this a reality to their people so as to guide them into the way of peace and give them more abundant life. 4. The part the laity has to play in relation to this task of the Bishops. 5. The relation of the Roman Catholic Church to Christian Unity which is the supreme need of today and, finally, 6. To consider what is the mutual relation of a Church of clergies and believers to all those people who, not bothering about Church or belief, are carrying on the business of the world and in their own way doing immense good.

This subject was treated in the first week of the Council by the brilliant Dutch theologian, Professor Stillebeeck, whose reputation suggests that in due time he will have a fame equal to that now enjoyed by Professor Karl Rahner of Munich. The point of the lecture was that the work of God in Man, the work of the Incarnate Christ is not only for those who act in the sphere of the Church: the connection of the Divine with the world embraces all spheres of human life and Man's mastery of creation. Much is being done quite separately from those who think of themselves as members of a Church. It is for the Church of today to give this obvious fact full recognition: she must not only speak with the voice of believers but listen to those who, though not believers, have something of the fullest import to say to the 'Church'.

What is this *Church*? That question is the constant preoccupation of Pope Paul. It was the subject of his encyclical; it was the subject of the speech with which he opened the Council. It was objected on both occasions that in speaking of the Church he spoke also of papal

prerogatives although he had in the encyclical said in so many words that those who sought unity ought to avoid statements which would inevitably arouse a certain psychological opposition. It is not exactly calming to the bulls of Basan to wave before them the robes of the Scarlet Woman.

None can deny that all believers are baptised into the Body of Christ and that this Body is the Church. There is no other baptism. Rome, of course, makes a good deal of the need of a centre of unity such as she herself provides. How can the two be reconciled? The truth is nothing too definite can be said. The point remains vague, and it is for those who work for unity to find a practical means of realising their call to unity and their desire for it. *Solvitur ambulando*. It is plain that at present not only Christians but all men of good will can do immense good by their generous recognition of the good in others than themselves.

It remains for the session of the Council to work in this direction. The six subjects which the present session has before it all lead in the direction of Ecumenism. The Pope's own interest is as clear as words can make it. What the Council has to show is that the assembled Bishops share his enthusiasm. The Council has means by which men not only gain from debate but where they learn from one another and not only from one another. The peculiarity of this Council is that they realize that the immense organism of the Catholic Church should cease to be occupied with itself and speak in such terms as will show its principal concern is the good it can do, not only for people but with them. It becomes cooperation and understanding with other Christians, even cooperation with non-Christian religions, especially those which on the Mediterranean are strictly monotheistic. But beyond belief in and worship of the one God and Father of all, who is above all, through all and in us all, there are the non-religious activities which, separate from any consciousness of God, are busy in transforming and unifying the world and bringing it to a better, fuller and a more harmonious life. This is the new age into which, after the disastrous wars which marked its earlier decades, are now emerging as the programme and promise of the twentieth century.

It was the intuition of Pope John which seized the idea and, with a daring equal to his brilliance, called together the Council to bring his widespread Church into accordance with the needs and opportunities of the time.

It was for this purpose that he called the Council together and associated with it the representatives of other forms of Christianity. We wanted to draw them together. That was the side of the Council which is ecumenical. As Cardinal Tisserand reminded the Council on the day of the opening of the debates of this Session, its other aim is what he called pastoral. This word meant that instead of preoccupying itself with the logical definitions when none was needed (indeed ecumenism cannot be reconciled with further definitions) that the Council Fathers should rather think of what they could do to better the lives of men.

MR. HABSBURG

HARRY HANAK

*Den innig bleibt mit Habsburgs Throne Oesterreichs
Geschick vereint*

DR. Otto Habsburg-Lothringen, otherwise or better known as the Archduke Otto von Habsburg has been an exile from the hereditary lands of the House of Habsburg ever since the age of six, ever since his father, the Emperor Karl, renounced his rights to the throne in November 1918. He did indeed pay a fleeting visit to the Tyrol at the end of the second world war but his return in the baggage train of the Allies had not the consequences that the return of Louis XVIII had for France and the house of Bourbon.

In 1919 the Austrian parliament passed the Habsburg Law by which all members of the former ruling dynasty were exiled from Austria. The law also stipulated that if members of the Habsburg family renounced their membership of the family, and all its privileges and rights and declared themselves to be loyal citizens of the Republic, they could return to Austria provided that the Government of the Republic in conjunction with the Main Committee of Parliament recognized that such a renunciation and declaration were made in good faith. Since 1919 a number of Habsburgs have made such a declaration and settled in Austria. But up to 1961 none of the sons of the last Emperor had made such a renunciation.

The Habsburg Law remained in force till 1935 when the Schuschnigg Government repealed it and returned to Otto the private property of his father. Though Schuschnigg was a legitimist, he did not dare to allow Otto to return but in a typically Austrian fashion allowed him to remain in the public eye. By the end of 1936 Otto had been made an 'honorary citizen' by 1456 Austrian municipalities. He addressed New Year's messages to the Austrian people. Between 1935 and 1938 Schuschnigg treated Otto as a supernumerary member of the Austrian Cabinet and he was kept better informed on some matters of state than the President himself. The result of all this intrigue was that in February 1938, a week after Schuschnigg's disastrous interview with Hitler, Otto addressed a letter to him in which he announced that because of his 'hereditary obligations' he must share the Chancellor's responsibilities in this hour of crisis and asked him to hand these responsibilities over to him by which 'the same advantages could be secured as through a formal act of restoration'. Schuschnigg answered that the time for the dynasty would come in some happier tomorrow when a new Europe would undergo a time of resurrection. Meanwhile, as a loyal royalist he advised Otto that the Austrian tragedy should be played out without the dynasty being drawn into it. Otto believed that a Habsburg in the Hofburg could keep Hitler out of Austria.

Otto spent the war years in America and he seems to have established cordial relations both with Roosevelt and Truman. His supporters now tell us that without Otto there would have been no independent Austria at all and that it was he who suggested to Roosevelt and Churchill the division of Austria into four zones of occupation. His influence was apparently immense and in his suite in the Broadmore Hotel in Washington, Americans were informed about what was really happening in Europe. One Otto hagiographer tells us:

'At Habsburg cocktail parties in the Broadmore Hotel drinks were rarely served, but instead of that the host satisfied the thirst for knowledge of his guests, who were State Secretaries, Senators, Congressmen from Wisconsin, Oklahoma or Texas.'

After the liberation of Vienna the Russians set up an all-party government and put at its head the veteran socialist, Dr. Karl Renner. In due course, this government was recognized by all the occupying powers and was soon, to the dismay of the Russians, to show its political independence. Otto, in a letter to Truman, chose to regard this government as a Russian stooge, demanded that the Western powers should not recognize it, and suggested instead the establishment of provincial governments in the provinces that they occupied. Fortunately, Truman remained deaf to a suggestion which could easily have made the division of Austria as permanent as the division of Germany.

But already in 1945 the government in Vienna reaffirmed the validity of the Habsburg Law and Otto was forced to leave the Tyrol. He was, once more reissued with an Austrian passport which bears the legend, 'valid for all countries of the world with the exception of entry to, or transit through, Austria'. Some years after the war he made his home in a villa at Pöcking, in Bavaria, near the Austrian frontier, known locally as Pöckingham Palace.

Finally on 31 May 1961 Otto gave the declaration which was required under the Habsburg Law and it is significant that he only made such a declaration after the birth of a son and heir.

'I, the undersigned, declare hereby, according to Paragraph 2 of the Law of 3 April 1919, State Law for the State of German Austria No. 209, that I renounce my membership of the House of Habsburg-Lorraine and all the rights of rulership originating from such membership, and declare myself to be a loyal citizen of the Republic.'

This declaration was discussed in a ministerial council on 13 June and the Chancellor, Dr. Alfons Gorbach, a member of the Catholic People's Party (ÖVP), suggested that it be accepted as having been given in good faith. The socialist members of the government refused to accept the declaration and the Cabinet, which takes decisions by unanimous votes, could not therefore come to a decision. In spite of repeated demands by the socialist ministers to inform Otto, or his legal representative, Dr. Draxler, of the decision of the Cabinet, the People's Party ministers would only allow the decision to be printed in the official *Wiener Zeitung* on 14 June. It read 'As no agreement could be reached the declaration is to be regarded as having been rejected!' Otto then made a complaint to one of the three highest courts, the Constitutional Court, because of the violation of constitutional rights. On 16 December 1961 the Constitutional Court rejected the com-

plaint on the grounds that it was not competent to judge on the dispute. Its reasons were that the government was, on this occasion, acting in conjunction with the Main Committee of Parliament and was, therefore, not an administrative body. It did not deny that the government was such a body but it pointed out that the Main Committee, made up of deputies to parliament, could not be regarded as such, because deputies are free in their actions and not bound by the decision of courts.

Otto's next move was to complain to the Administrative Court. His reason for complaint this time was that the government had made no answer to him directly. The government had been unable to reach a decision; the Constitutional Court had declared itself not competent to judge on the issue; it was, therefore, up to the Administrative Court to defend the rights of an Austrian citizen. In reaching its decision the Court in effect excluded the Main Committee from all decisions, a judgment which many Austrian jurists (especially those who are socialist) find of doubtful legality. The court argued that the Habsburg Law was passed at a time when the country only had a provisional constitution. The Constitution of 1920, however, is based upon the principle of the separation of powers, a separation to which the Habsburg Law, passed in the pre-separation days, so to speak, paid no heed. Therefore, only the government, an administrative or executive body, had the right to accept or turn down a loyalty declaration from a member of the Habsburg family.

On 26 May 1963, the Administrative Court decided that Otto's declaration was made in accordance with the law and so ended his exile. The socialists demanded the recall of parliament in an extraordinary session, which took place on 5 June. It was, indeed, extraordinary, because it witnessed, for the first time, the cooperation of the Socialist Party (SPO) with the Freedom Party of Austria (FPO, a party noted for its German nationalism and its right-wing extremism. These two parties urged the government to pass a law by which contradictory verdicts of the courts should be avoided, though in practice the Constitutional and Administrative Courts did not come to decisions which were mutually exclusive. They also urged the government to give an authentic interpretation of the Habsburg Law. The aim of such an interpretation was to decide what was in the mind of the lawgiver at the time that the law had been enacted. Many lawyers, especially judges, are very dubious of the validity of such action. They maintain that the lawgiver makes law and courts interpret them. It is not the right of the lawgiver to decide what a previous generation of lawgivers had in mind. The socialists had no patience with such arguments. Again and again they quoted the first article of the constitution: 'Austria is a democratic republic; its law comes from the people.' Parliament had the right to override decisions of the Austrian courts. Finally on 4 July, the FPO-SPO majority passed a resolution which decided that Otto should remain in exile. The authentic interpretation turned out to be a simple reaffirmation that both the government and the Main

Committee had the duty of testing the validity of loyal declarations.

Since 1945 Austria has been ruled by a coalition of the People's Party and the socialists, a coalition based on the *Proporz* system. This system dates back to the beginnings of constitutionalism in Austria and its aim was to distribute posts in the bureaucracy according to the proportional strength of the nationalities. Today the same system works in favour of the two major political parties, and the key offices in the bureaucracy, in the army, in the nationalized industries and in all numerous undertakings dependent on the government are apportioned according to the strength of the two coalition partners in parliament. The two ruling parties are organisations for the division of spoils. Ever since 1945 they have had roughly the same number of votes, the People's Party leading slightly and hence able to provide the Chancellor. At the last general elections of November 1962 the People's Party improved their lead getting just over two million votes while the Socialists got just under two million. After every election the two parties have to agree on a new coalition pact and to haggle for ministerial and bureaucratic offices. On this occasion they were unable to agree or to form a new government till March 1963. Moreover, in spite of the electoral advantage of the Catholics, the Socialists managed to squeeze better terms out of their partners. By March also the popularity of the Catholics was declining. In the elections for the city council of Graz, the second largest town in Austria, the OVP lost nearly 20 per cent of its voting strength in comparison to the general elections. In April the presidential elections took place. The Austrians, with still vivid memories of the civil war of February 1934, believe in a strict division of power between the two major parties, (or former enemies), and a system in which the president is a Socialist and the chancellor a Catholic is one which suits them best. In the April elections the Catholics hoped to upset this balance and put up as their candidate the late Julius Raab, a former chancellor and one of the few Austrians who had some popularity as the man who got the Russians out. But Dr. Adolf Schärf, the Socialist candidate, was re-elected with 55.4 per cent of the votes.

Ever since the Austrian state treaty of 1955 government by coalition has implied political crises.

Up to that date agreement between the two parties was easy because they were faced by 'enemy' occupying powers. Since then agreement has been difficult because both parties are endlessly jockeying for position, the socialists in order to get more votes than the Catholics, the Catholics in order to improve their leading position. The situation is made more perilous because the weaker of the two partners, the socialists, seems to have been getting the better out of it. This has resulted in the growth of a group of 'Reformers' within the People's Party. These men do not wish to reform the doctrinal premises of the party, but they do want to change its organisation in order to make it a more effective bargaining body with the socialists. They claim that the socialists, thanks to their greater unity and strict discipline, have got the better out of each

coalition agreement. The People's Party is a federation of three groups: the industrialists, the farmers and both industrial and white collar employees, and their frequent quarrels and even more frequent disagreements have often paralysed the party. In the spring of 1960 Raab, the leader of the party, and Alfred Maleta, its secretary, were replaced by Alfons Gorbach and Hermann Withalm, the former a moderate, the latter an extreme Reformer. Withalm built up a party organisation and an effective propaganda machinery, arguing, no doubt correctly, that the centrifugal tendencies in the party could only be kept together by a strong *Apparat*. One result has been a vigorous campaign of denunciation of socialist leaders which, in the case of the foreign minister Bruno Kreisky, was tinged with a generous measure of good old anti-semitism.

It is probable that the Reformers saw in the Habsburg Crisis a further opportunity of influencing the policy of their party and in September 1963 they managed to replace Dr. Gorbach in the leadership of the party by Dr. Josef Klaus, a leading Reformer. In February 1964 Klaus replaced Gorbach in the chancellorship.

Yet the only group which really gained by the crisis was the Freedom Party (FPO). For a long time the socialists have not been unaware that the Freedom Party takes from the People's Party a certain number of votes. But for the first time since the end of the war it was seriously suggested that it could become a coalition partner—indeed a coalition partner of the socialists. Ever since the Habsburg affair the socialists have been advocating a reform in the electoral law the main aim of which would be to strengthen the parliamentary representation of the smaller parties, that is of the Freedom Party. During the crisis itself there were some members of the Socialist Party who gave the impression that they wanted a revaluation of the role of the Freedom Party. Their chief spokesman was Christian Broda, one of the intellectuals of the Party and as Minister of Justice particularly concerned with the Habsburg affair.

'People take exception to a reappraisal of the role of the FPO: but it would have come in any case. . . . Nearly twenty years after the end of the war such a reappraisal has become politically inevitable. But why should the OVP be allowed to have a monopoly or even a legal right to build a bourgeois majority government? Such an attitude on the part of the socialists would imply a surrender of initiative in internal policy and a recognition of political dependence on the People's Party.'

Broda argued that the criticism of those who said that parliament was nothing else but a voting machine would be averted by the greater fluidity of treating the Freedom Party as a political equal and not a nest of nazis. It would strengthen parliamentary life, and the implication was it would also strengthen the democrats in the Freedom Party.

'Parliamentary life can only gain from such a reassessment of the role of the FPO. Socialists need certainly not fear vivid parliamentary activity. We have taken the "coalition free area" seriously in parliament, and that is to the good. Democracy can only benefit when parliament, which has been accused too long of being merely a voting machine, becomes a place where real decisions are taken.

'I also feel that we should not be scared of free votes and the removal of party whips, when it seems to be of advantage. The greater the responsibility of the

deputy will grow when he will have to make important decisions in accordance with his conscience.'

Such views caused a storm in the Socialist Party. Many were disgusted at the gross opportunism involved in an alliance with the Freedom Party. For years the socialists had been accusing it of being the party with the largest number of ex-nazis in its ranks. Now there were suggestions that such a party could be a fit coalition partner. But one leading socialist intellectual, the late Oscar Pollak, reminded his party that in the 1930s there was never any doubt that the Nazi reactionaries were a greater danger than the Catholic reactionaries. Such action was also politically perilous. On 29 June the *Salzburger Nachrichten*, an independent newspaper, but one which stands close to the Catholics, wrote:

'The SPO has given this coalition government the *coup de grâce* by inviting the Freedom Party, ostracized till 5 June, to share in political decisions. Had the OVP acted in the same way, the alarm would have been sounded by the international Left all the way from Vienna to New York and to Moscow. The old fascists and the neo-nazis are arming the bourgeois bloc for a right-extremist *coup d'état*. Only the socialists were able to lead the Freedom Party out of the political ghetto. . . . The Freedom Party is now denazified with the blessings of the international left and the political forces in Austria are now in movement. It will be seen where they will head for. . . .'

It was easy to see where they would head for. After a brief flirtation with the socialists, the Freedom Party would find its home in a right-wing coalition. On 11 June Dr. Gorbach announced that his party found itself in a position where it had a free hand and one of the first acts of the new leader of the party, Dr. Klaus, was to announce that he would seek contact with the Freedom Party. A socialist underlined the lesson in the fortnightly *Die Zukunft*:

'Every combination of the SPO-FPO would in the short period of its existence do little else except unite the OVP against it and strengthen the FPO so making it capable of taking part in a coalition with the others. . . . ' And he added: 'Moreover we regard the rupture of relations with our great representative coalition partner as politically unwise, indeed objectionable, as long as this implies an alliance with a dwarf party in whose leadership and representative organs there still sit the SS leaders of former days, the illegal Nazis and the SA leaders, the traitors who have only been annexed with difficulty, the holders of the Blood Order and the Ostmark medal for having murdered Austria, the Reichs propaganda orators, the Nazi legal instructors, the Gau inspectors. . . .'

It was a myth to suppose that the epigone of Hitler and Schönerer had overnight become respectable democrats and red-white-red patriots. Had not their party newspaper, *Die Neue Front*, announced as recently as 1958:

'It is our duty to keep alive among the German Austrians the realization of being part of the German nation, with all the rights and duties that stem from this.'

Fortunately, in the great crisis of 1963 neither political party seriously thought of breaking up the coalition. Its interests are too closely interlocked and the spoils system makes them both reluctant to enter the political wilderness. In any case the permanent coalition is one which seems to suit the Austrians best. The events of February, 1934 and the tragedies which resulted from it have not been forgotten. But parliamentary government in the sense of a governing party and an opposition party is not fully accepted. Most Austrians fear that if one of the

two big parties were to go into opposition, it might mean the end of democracy. The parliamentary game of government today—opposition tomorrow, requires an evolutionary tradition which Austria does not possess. Under such conditions the coalition must continue. It probably will but cooperation will be harder in the future.

Meanwhile, Otto continues to live in his villa at Pocking and no doubt still holds audiences and rewards his supporters with the order of the Golden Fleece. It is rumoured that he will soon have a third passport: a Maltese one to which he will be entitled as a Knight of St. John if Malta becomes independent. Some cynics maintain that the only thing Otto wants is some money. One of the fears connected with Otto's return is that he would demand the return of part of the crown property which is valued at 700 million Schillings by the Communists and at 1,000 million Schillings by the Socialists and which is supposed to have a yearly income of between sixteen to eighteen million Schillings. This is certainly a slander but socialist doubts about Otto's loyalty to the Republic were not groundless and were widely shared.

Otto has all his life been politically active and it was not to be expected that he would renounce the propagation of his ideas if he returned to Austria. In his letter to Truman of 2 June 1945 he used writing paper with the imperial crown and signed himself Otto of Austria. In an interview which he gave to *Paris Match* on 28 December 1958 he said:

'If I return [to Austria] and become an ordinary citizen who is going to prevent me from fighting for my ideas and what law could prevent other citizens from electing me emperor?'

In an interview which he gave to the Viennese newspaper *Express* on 29 April 1960 he declared that he believed in many elements of the monarchy and that the absolute objectivity of a head of state could only be achieved in an hereditary monarchy. In London in June 1961, a few days after his loyalty declaration to the Austrian state he said:

'The re-establishment of royal houses affords the only possibility of preserving the balance between people and the state.'

To underline his royal ideas Otto had his son described in the register of baptisms as 'Archduke of Austria-Hungary, son of His Majesty Otto of Austria-Hungary and Her Majesty Regina of Austria-Hungary.' At the same time Otto has pointed to the example of de Gaulle and has maintained that he expects to become a *Justizkanzler*, a Justiciar. Moreover during the crisis he considered it wise to attend the congress of the European Centre of Documentation and Information (CEDI), a body of international reactionaries, in Madrid and allowed himself to be photographed in company with such sturdy republicans as ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria and General Grandes, Franco's deputy and commander of the Blue Legion which had fought on Hitler's side in Russia. The socialists also saw to it that it should be known that Otto travelled round the world on a Spanish diplomatic passport to which he was entitled to as an Infanta of Spain. His cause was also not helped by the declaration which Dr. Draxler made in his name on 14 June. In this declaration he announced that he was unable to

return to Austria for some time as he had a number of engagements which prevented an early return. Also he did not wish to place servants of the Republic in a position where their consciences would have to choose between obeying the government and their loyalty to the constitution. Finally, the socialists made it clear that a return of Otto might result in disturbances, disturbances no doubt provoked by themselves. Actually they might have been wrong. They might have found it difficult to persuade prosperous workers to strike or demonstrate against Otto Habsburg. In any case they must feel glad that they did not have to put it to the test.

One must hope that Otto will never return to Austria. The name of Habsburg has been connected with the history of Austria and of Europe for 700 years. The Habsburgs are the premier royal family in Europe and Otto, as head of this house has more responsibility towards history and his ancestors than to his potential subjects in Austria. If he were to return to Austria he would be involved in the most squalid political intrigue since 1945 and he certainly lacks the ability to extricate himself from such a struggle with honour.

Unfortunately, Austrians have made peace neither with their history nor with their present circumstances, that is being citizens of a small state. One Catholic newspaper, *Das Volksblatt*, wrote:

'It is simply not worthy of the Austrian people to leave the representation of its history in exile. Austria has become small. We need neither an emperor nor princes. If Dr. Otto von Habsburg is well advised he will return home as a citizen of the Republic and as a representative of history and of the House of Austria.'

Yet this is hardly so. Old Austria always sought a mission in history in order to provide links for a multinational state. Once Austria was dismembered it was natural that its most progressive citizens should seek salvation in a union with Germany. The events of 1934 to 1945 have created a new Austria. For the first time the country has been progressive, democratic, and its political struggle has been carried on with a gentleness and a readiness to compromise that might be the envy of more mature democracies. Yet the search for historical mission still goes on. Without it there is a fear that calls of German nationalism might be too strong to resist one day. That is why Austrians, and not least the socialists, place such emphasis on the teaching of Austrian history and try to recall the glorious past. For many who feel like this the return of Otto is essential. He will give Austria the mission which she requires in order not to be swallowed by her powerful neighbour.

As one Catholic writer puts it in the monthly *Forum*:

'Otto Habsburg's declaration of loyalty bears within itself the chance to make real on the ground of the second republic the unity of Austria's thousand years of history. It also gives the republican state, without risk to its existence, the opportunity to harness to its service those forces of historical tradition on which the very existence of Austria rests. Let us not forget that the forces which created the state and which preserve it and lend it consciousness are in Austria not national (as is the case in Germany, France and Italy), but solely historical (as in the case of Switzerland). These forces find their origin not only in 1918, but above all in the centuries that have gone before.'

CONTEMPORARY PROFILE—

WILSON — THE UNDERGRADUATE I REMEMBER

A. H. ATKINS

DAVID Lloyd Jones and I decided when we were undergraduates at Oxford that 10, Downing Street would one day be occupied by Harold Wilson. He was then almost unknown, even to the University Labour Club (he was in the Liberal Club), and reading hard for his degree.

D. L. Jones was at Jesus, a college so Welsh that it was said that if you called out 'Evans' in the quadrangle two dozen windows would open. He was my first friend at Oxford, of handsome appearance, with a grave, open face, an alert and humorous mouth, a courteous voice, energy and a love of the open air. He delighted in his subject, mathematics, in which he was a Scholar of his college.

With others of our friends, we used to punt on the Cherwell, bicycle in the surrounding country, lunch in the town, dine occasionally at the Mitre and often at the Union, hear Beecham at the Sheldonian, and walk to Marston Ferry for tea or to Godstow for beer.

Now and then I would be invited to Jesus to breakfast in Jones' rooms. Breakfast in rooms was a shrinking custom and confined then to a few colleges only. It was a welcome change from the diluted scrambled eggs in a sea of amorphous tomatoes in hall on my own to sally down the Turl in the morning sunshine for devilled kidneys, much better bacon and eggs and excellent coffee, with effervescent conversation in T. E. Lawrence's old rooms that looked on to the market.

At one of these breakfasts Jones said 'You ought to meet Harold Wilson. He's a remarkable man here—what a brain!' His friend Norman Mumford echoed this. And a day or two later we were in Wilson's rooms in the modern wing for tea.

Wilson was 20, blackhaired, urbane, brimming with a bouncing energy not so much physical as mental. He talked faster than he does now, with a slight touch of Yorkshire, and his ideas bubbled genially over themselves. My impression was of a man gaily conscious of a rich abundance of talent and even more of ability to organize it.

I had been used to Sixth Form coruscations of self-confidence but Wilson was a new phenomenon, with undoubtedly a way of his own. What most stood out were the powerful clarity and economy of his thinking. He knew how to set about clearing intellectual lumber out of his way and saving time. As he got to the heart of a subject his high-spirited approach suggested that others, such as dons, might well load themselves with fusty old ways of handling it but to him it was natural to see it anew and differently. Also that, with his eagerness, he

would always pack into a short amount of time ideas and events that most others would never get to at all.

This sense of Wilson as a time-phenomenon struck us most forcibly, even though he had not then apparently chosen any vocation.

The second most noticeable thing was his independent nature. He was not self-isolated but he was certainly on his own—he appeared to be both in the society and out of it. Most of his businesslike researches, as far as we knew, he conducted alone. He was not anti-social but simply self-contained, detached and perfectly balanced, able to take rough with smooth and with no chips on his shoulder. It is probable that his mind would have been seriously delayed by too much association with others. He seemed immensely content with his own life and its private speed and relish and to show no envy or small thinking of anyone else.

It is not easy to recall the details of Wilson's illustrations of his own ways of carving through complex subjects but there was an impressive mastery as he discussed, say, the tortuous ways of some university teaching or the reforms needed in the cooperative movement or made a reappraisal in realistic terms of 'Modern Greats', or described how to get the best out of a University library in the shortest time. His quick re-thinking was effortless and often seemed unanswerable.

I remember how one day he had evolved his own statistical method of computing the probabilities of certain questions being set by the examiners in the 'Modern Greats' finals. No one, I think, had done it before with quite such effortless logic, yet it had taken him only a few hours among a number of other matters.

Bluebooks, economic reports, erudite chapters in specialized journals were treated with the same speed and efficiency. I heard that he was credited with getting through, in the hour before dinner, special reading that might take another the best part of a day to digest.

One noted a gravity beneath the good-humour and there were undertones of concern with social reform. But though Wilson was obviously Labour he preferred then, as far as I knew, to keep his own counsels. There were touches of the well-known satire but rather more apparent in those days was a pleased amusement at the sharp sallies that emerged spontaneously. There was no 'angry young man' attitude. John Osborne's Jimmy Porter would have seemed to him an incompetent Neanderthal unable to get at the facts.

I am not sure whether he or Jones told me about the strange week Harold Wilson spent as a leader-writer (a story, I think, that is not known). To the best of my recollection it was like this, told with wry amusement:

A very influential newspaper invited him to come from Oxford for a week on trial. He accepted. At the office he was shown along a corridor into a small lamplit room, furnished with a desk, a chair and a bookcase. He was asked to write on a given topic and left alone. He wrote. He waited a long time. No one came. At last he took his piece along the

corridor and gave it to someone. He was thanked. He went back. He waited. No one came. He returned to his hotel.

Next day, precisely the same. Subject. Wrote. No one came. Handed piece in. No one came. Hotel.

And so on for a week. After which he returned to Oxford. Decision, despite subsequent invitation: to try to avoid leader-writing as a profession. Too impersonal. Too much like Kafka.

If that week had been a little less impersonal he might not now have been Prime Minister but editor of the influential journal instead.

Our impression of Wilson, then, in those early days was of a mind like a magnificent engine, a sense of power, control and time and a robustly integrated personality, his character beneficent if rather self-enwrapped, his aims not clearly known. With such gifts allied to a fully developed technique in a chosen field the way seemed open for a flowering of genius. And, of course, we wondered whether it was an exceptional pituitary constitution, like Bonaparte's, or what it was that produced this glittering energy and intelligence, half-hidden then by his way of walking alone.

Another man I knew at the University who I thought might have had a like destiny was the late Alan Wood, President of the Union, journalist, author, soldier, war correspondent and writer on Bertrand Russell's philosophy. But Wood, a hero of Arnhem, in which he lost a leg, did have some sort of chip on his shoulder. If he had joined the same party he might today have been Wilson's deputy.

Wilson became a college Fellow at 21. That was the start. 'Prime Minister one day,' said Jones, 'and there's only one party for him, I think, don't you?'

D. L. Jones sometimes told me he had no idea what his own career would be; it was a blank in his thoughts. But he supposed something good might turn up for a mathematician.

The war came very soon and drove everything asunder. He vanished into the Army. In September 1941, on inquiry, the War Office notified me that Lieut. David Lloyd Jones had died of a gunshot wound in Greece.

He was 24. If he had been alive today he would have been the most delighted man in the country—to know that his friend, whose qualities he so much admired, is at last Prime Minister.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT—I—

THE LIBERALS

MAX BELOFF

WRITING inevitably before the beginning of the active part of the new Parliamentary session, it is obvious that one is liable to be proved wrong about it in some respects even before these lines are in print. But some aspects of the situation are already visible. The Labour Party has clearly decided that its best chance of making a success in government and winning the next election is to pretend that it won the last. To understand why the word 'pretend' is in order, one has only to look at the figures. After a period in which the Conservative government and party were beset by misfortunes of various kinds, and during which they appeared to be losing grip on the march of affairs, and on the imagination of the country, the Labour Party the official opposition emerged from the election with a net gain in votes of only 0.3 per cent. The number of votes cast for them was actually down by a few thousand on the 1959 figures. The Parliamentary majority they secured was thus entirely due to the fall of 5 per cent in the Conservative vote and the rise of 5.3 per cent in the Liberal vote.

But this does not mean that what happened was simply a transfer of Conservative votes to the Liberals such as clearly happened on a very large scale in certain by-elections of the last Parliament. A comparison between results in constituencies in which Liberals stood and in constituencies in which they did not, confirms statistically the impressions derived from canvassing and other local observation, namely that there was a much more complicated process in which some Conservative votes did go Liberal, but in which others went direct to Labour. In addition many Labour votes went Liberal (as well as some that went to the Conservatives). Much more work will need to be done if one is to draw any conclusions for the future from these figures, but it is worth reminding oneself of the computer reckonings first published by *The Guardian* on 17 October. By this reckoning, in the 185 seats where Liberals stood both in 1959 and 1964, their candidates took additional votes in the proportion of 32 per cent from Conservative to 68 per cent from Labour; and in the 161 seats where they fought in 1964 after failing to run a candidate in 1959 they are reckoned to have taken 47 per cent of their votes from the Conservatives and 53 per cent from Labour. It is true that these are averages, and that there may be a few seats where the balance was the other way. But generally speaking we may accept Mr. D. E. Butler's conclusion in *The Sunday Times* of 18 October: 'There are only half a dozen marginals where it seems probable that Liberal intervention decided the issue and in half of these the party that suffered was Labour.'

These statistical arguments supply a refutation of the continued claims

from the Conservatives that Labour was put in by Liberal 'intervention'. But they also show that Labour gains of votes from the Conservatives were largely balanced by Liberal gains from Labour. And this is very relevant to the main argument that the Liberal Party made during the election: namely that what the country wanted was a change from Tory rule to the rule of non-Socialist radicals; a switch to the Left but not to socialism. No interpretation of the figures makes sense except that which suggests that this was indeed the view of the majority of the voters. It looks as though this might have been even clearer had the Liberals been in a position to fight every seat since a subsequent Gallup Poll (*Daily Telegraph*, 26 October) suggests that they would then have collected about 400,000 votes more bringing the total to near $3\frac{1}{2}$ million votes.

The conduct of Mr. Harold Wilson immediately after the election was clearly based on a determination to ignore not merely the narrowness of his actual House of Commons majority but also the lessons of the voting figures. He could have approached Mr. Grimond for an arrangement for support over a limited period on the basis of an agreed programme and composed his ministry accordingly. Instead he gave left-wing elements important Cabinet positions and in so doing produced a cabinet of the same size as the preceding Tory one which he had publicly denounced as being far too large. He also made it clear that in putting forward his legislative programme he would go straight for socialist measures such as steel nationalization which could only be forced through against Liberal opposition. The only argument that makes sense in defence of this position is one based either on the belief that the Liberal Party would be too short of funds, and its voluntary workers too exhausted, to fight another election soon, or alternatively on the belief that the Labour Party could win an election on the plea that measures acceptable to the country were being frustrated by the existing House of Commons. No doubt different members of Mr. Wilson's cabinet take different lines as to which of these two arguments is the compelling one.

If this forecast of Labour tactics proves correct then it seems hard to feel anything other than disappointment. As Mr. Woodrow Wyatt and Mr. Desmond Donnelly have pointed out, it would be perfectly possible to visualize a Labour-Liberal combination which could tackle a great number of problems in the economic and social field long overdue for attention, and where no important issues of principle arise to divide the two parties. In housing, pensions, education, in improving the machinery of government central and local, as well as in many aspects of defence and overseas policy enormous tasks await being done by an efficient radical administration. By repudiating this argument, by constructing an administrative apparatus so complicated and irrational that nothing but an overwhelming appetite for more jobs could possibly explain it, let alone justify it, by illustrating in the choice of his first emergency measures, the Labour Left's clear leaning towards economic autarky, Mr. Wilson has made it as hard as possible for Liberals either

in the House of Commons or in the country to give him any but the minimum of support needed for the discharge of urgent current business.

It seems clear that for many in the Labour Party it would be better to let the Tories in again rather than compromise in any sense with socialist purity. Indeed Mr. Wilson's preference for long-service over talent as the criterion for ministerial office suggests that even he may well feel that all that matters is that a number of those who have served the Labour movement well in the past should at least enjoy the sweets of office for a short while, before they return to the wilderness. The inspired leaks to political journalists that these appointments are only interim, and that the real men of action will turn up after a government reshuffle in the spring would be specious in the case of any administration; in the case of one with a majority of this size such suggestions can only be termed an impertinence.

The difficulty for Liberals is that their ability to prevent the Labour Party from following the suicidal course it has chosen is very limited. If Messrs. Wyatt and Donnelly mean what they say then it is up to them and their friends to act accordingly; either by joining the Liberal Party and thus decisively altering the Parliamentary balance in a way which would leave Mr. Wilson no alternative but to bargain with Mr. Grimond for support, or at least to indicate that their votes will not be available for measures like the nationalization of steel for which it is quite clear that no kind of mandate exists or is likely to.

But since such bold courses are probably not to be looked for, the Liberals must see that their course is such as to make it clear that they are not responsible for the follies of the Government and that they cannot be blamed for what may go wrong. Otherwise they risk being involved in a shipwreck none of their making. Two points follow from this. In the first place, the Liberals must shun any suggestion that the lesson for them is an alliance with the Conservatives even if the Conservatives themselves appear to be shifting back towards leadership from the centre rather than the extreme right. Even at its narrowest such a policy would have no electoral attractions. There are 55 seats in which Liberal candidates came second and which they are likely to concentrate on in a further electoral campaign, only 10 are held by Labour and 45 by Conservatives. But much more important than this is the fact that any such alliance would put an end to the accession of votes from disillusioned former socialists who as natural radicals are much safer recruits than the Tory malcontents who tend to flock to the Liberals at by-elections but return to their allegiance when the crunch comes. And most important of all the building up of the Party in the country must depend on the work of active young people the vast majority of whom will have no truck with conservatism.

For it is in the end on the work of the Party in the country as much as on tactics at Westminster that the future depends. And one's second point must therefore be that the Liberals need to be in a strong position to fight another election at any time, so that the threat of dissolution cannot be used to prevent the Parliamentary party exercising its rights

of criticism and voting whenever the Government clearly lays itself open to such action.

It would be idle to pretend that this does not raise some difficulties of a very real kind both financial and in respect of the time people have available. But there are features of the election which are both encouraging and revealing. In particular it is clear that the whole idea of a national 'swing' irrespective of the particular features of constituencies, party organization and candidates, which if taken at its face value would once and for all condemn the country to an alternation between Tory and Socialist governments, has been shown to be an illusion. Each constituency is a separate unit and what Liberals can do during an election depends largely upon what they have done between elections to capture and hold the interests of the voters.

Despite an intense Tory effort at Orpington which the pollsters suggested would be crowned with success, Mr. Eric Lubbock succeeded in retaining his seat with a convincing majority. What he has done should be possible in other constituencies of this type. It is worth noting also that this result is not the only indication of how absurd it is because of the Liberal successes in the Highlands to argue that the party is now essentially a party of the Celtic fringe. The Party secured 14.9 per cent of the votes in Greater London (despite a poor showing in most metropolitan constituencies where local party work makes least impact) and 13.5 per cent in South East England as well as 21 per cent in South West England, only in part accounted for by the strong showing in Cornwall. There is another strong belt of Liberal support stretching from Cheshire and parts of Lancashire through Derbyshire and parts of the West Riding.

What Liberals must notice is, however, one other set of figures. In seats which Liberals fought both in 1959 and 1964, their vote averaged 16.2 per cent and in seats fought in both elections 20.8 per cent. It is thus very important that there should not again be constituencies where a local party which had secured a good vote in 1959 arbitrarily decided to contract out of the fight this time.

How well the Liberals can do next time will then in part depend on what happens in the country at large and how the Liberal leadership confronts a very difficult parliamentary situation; but it will also depend both on the work done in the constituencies and on the line of policy that is followed. It looks as though the Conservative talk of wasted votes made little impact for the very good reason that by the time it was launched all the Tory votes that could be recovered already had been. What made a difference was the degree of 'strategic' voting that uncommitted voters with broadly radical sympathies felt themselves free to indulge in. There are now a number of constituencies which could be brought into the Liberal column provided that radical voters accept the hopelessness of voting Labour, either because they know the Labour candidate has no chance or because they increasingly find their own views better reflected by Liberal policies than by what look like being the main lines of policy adopted by the new Government.

No doubt it would be highly desirable that some electoral reform should be introduced to remedy the glaring anomalies of the present system; and public sympathy for such reform has probably been increased by the bizarre result that the traditional voting system has given this time. But since there is no prospect that the Wilson government will even look at this, this sympathy will be available as an additional argument for voting Liberal at any rate in seats where there is a good chance of victory.

But electoral reform should not be made a central feature of Liberal campaigning. Liberals will have better targets in the dogmatic approach by the Labour government to serious economic problems and in the field of industrial relations; in the likely administrative weaknesses of the team that Mr. Wilson has selected; in the totalitarianism of some of Labour's approach to educational matters—the vindictive hounding of the Grammar Schools by Labour Councils. Provided the case can be made clearly and consistently both in the House and in the Commons the election of 1964 may prove more important for the impetus it has given to the new Liberalism than for the opportunities it has provided for the Labour leaders to show how little they have learned in thirteen years in opposition.

LITERATURE

SAVAGE WARS

*A comparative study of**W. N. P. Barbellion and Denton Welch*

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

In fits of panic I keep saying to myself [like the dying Keats]: ‘“ My dear Brown, what am I to do?” But where is Brown? Brown, you devil! where are you? . . . ’ ‘Sometimes I think of when we shall be quaint, be ancient history—like 1840 and gas lamps in the street or like De Quincey and his Anne in Soho Square, in the doorway with the port and spices which saved his life . . . ’

BOTH these passages are dated 14 November and were set down in the midst of a world war, the first in 1916, the second in 1942. Nor were they the entries of one man in his journal, but of two—namely W. N. P. Barbellion and Denton Welch. Moreover, they were written when each was twenty-five and dying of an incurable disease.

The *nom de plume* ‘Barbellion’ derives from *barbarus* and *bellum*, meaning ‘savage war’, which was particularly apt in the case of Bruce Cummings, a West Country reporter, born in 1889. For his whole short life was just that—an unending savage war against lack of funds; bouts of giddiness; and a progressive seizing up of the muscles. From childhood he had always wanted to be a zoologist, and at twenty-one he had taken a post at the Plymouth Marine Laboratory. Yet almost immediately afterwards his father became ill and he was forced back into the office of a provincial newspaper. Later, when his father died, there came a second chance—a post at the South Kensington Natural History Museum. With alacrity he accepted, only to be struck by a creeping paralysis which was eventually to destroy every function of his body. At first for a little he managed to struggle on, continuing his researches on insects, birds and mammals during the day, and keeping up his journal at night.

This journal he had begun keeping when he was thirteen, and early in it is to be found expressed the dilemma of choosing between attempting to be a full-time author and a professional naturalist: ‘[One must not be] too much of a naturalist and so overlook the beauty of things, or too much of a poet and so fail to understand them or even perceive those hidden beauties revealed by close observation.’ That was written well before the Fourteen-Eighteen War; after its outbreak, he learnt by opening his doctor’s letter addressed to the recruiting office medical board that he had contracted disseminated sclerosis, and from then onwards he knew that there could no longer be any real choice and that his journal must in future be for him a laboratory, museum and a mausoleum: ‘I live [now] in the grave and am busy furnishing it with posthumous joys.’ There is a ring of Sir Thomas Browne, and indeed once he exclaimed: ‘My father was Sir Thomas Brown and my mother Marie Bashkirtseff. See what a curious hybrid I am . . . ’ Thus it was that he peopled this imaginary mausoleum, remembering Marie Bashkirtseff’s diary in which she had reflected on how pale she would look in her coffin and how the flowers lying across her breast would take on a waxy light from the burning candles. Such was the family vault

that he created for himself, a vault whose heavy bolts he had had drawn back for Henri Frédéric Amiel and whose bolts (had he lived to be a septuagenarian) he would doubtless have ordered to be drawn back for Maurice Denton Welch.

Amiel and Barbellion, Marie Bashkirtseff and Denton Welch, belong, spiritually, to the same family; that they were invalids is not mere coincidence, but a factor which turned them all into enthusiastic diarists. Not diarists in the sense of Pepys, but diarists who (to quote Amiel) saw themselves, in some form or other, working *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Illness and bad health frequently lead to introspection and in turn such introspection often results in a curious form of self-detachment; the body becomes something apart—Barbellion waiting for the nurse to uncross his legs, or Welch exhausted after three minutes' work lying blindfolded in his room, his eyes refusing to focus and his forehead pierced as if by a thousand needles. Admittedly this is to conjure up a picture of them both during their last months, months during which death was disputed every minute of the way. Yet right from the moment when they knew that their lives would be brief ones, their detachment of the body from the spirit brought with it a knowledge that life must be more a matter of *experiment* than *experience*; quite literally the body was a toy that could be made to act like a puppet, as with Barbellion—something to be dangled and forced to perform strange feats in a mock show, while with Welch it was a doll to be dressed and dandyfied—something to be set against an elaborate and ornamental panorama. And this background, like the puppet's, was a moving one, a continuous cavalcade in which De Quincey followed Keats, the Victorian button-tufted sofa, the graceful Queen Anne settee, and the coiling snake-work of the early 1840 gas lamps, the whirling naphtha flares of the Hyde Park fairmen. Throughout this panorama, Death wore a changing mask.

Now, the writer of an intimate journal is constantly searching for a mask; if he is writing his confessions, then as likely as not he will regard the performance as part of an act; he will tap the grease-paint in his veins and the playing of his rôle will be both a public and a private affair. Much of it too may be in a stage whisper, a careful selection being exercised as to what shall be overheard. So it was that neither Barbellion nor Welch gave his spectators a day-to-day account of his life. Instead, when *The Journal of a Disappointed Man* was published in 1919 it ran to just over three hundred pages, a selection made from twenty post-quarto volumes of manuscript; further, unlike Welch, the author constantly revised past entries, adding a comment or changing a word-order—all with the absolute conviction that he had produced a masterpiece. On his most treasured possession was printed: 'One guinea will be paid to anyone who in case of danger from fire, saves [this box] from damage or loss.' Inside that box was kept his diary, a second copy of which was lodged at his bank as an extra precaution.

The Denton Welch Journals, which were published posthumously in 1952, contain one particularly significant entry about diary-writing.

The author is eating breakfast, and the blue refracted light of the salt-cellar filled with jam makes him think of Waterford; then Waterford reminds him of Ireland and of the Irish part of Siegfried Sassoon's *Sherston's Progress*, which he has been reading the night before. He adds:

'This is a queer book, full of dullness in the active war parts and holding and penetrating when he writes of peace and leisure and thinking. Perhaps it proves that one should never keep a diary if one wants to write a book about one's past. If he had no diary, could he remember all those things which bore one so? Wouldn't just the bare essentials of his experience emerge? (Not necessarily facts at all.)'

There is good sense here, even if the reasoning behind the author's argument may have been connected with his own poor health, and the fact that he himself had not really 'a great deal of time [in which] to do anything'. For like Barbellion's dilemma over being an author or a naturalist, Welch's dilemma lay in the division of loyalties between painting and writing. That his writing predominated and became the stronger talent was largely due to the force of circumstances—his ever increasing headaches and his constant need to sink back into bed, as into a coffin.

In *A Last Diary*, published posthumously in 1920, Barbellion wrote: 'This is the end. I am not going to keep a diary any more.' Yet there followed two further entries before his editor, following the dying man's wish, added the prescribed words: '*The rest is silence.*' This epitaph, however, came as something of an anti-climax to *The Journal of a Disappointed Man* which had also contained the supposed last note of an editor in square brackets: '[Barbellion died on December 31st]'.

Subsequently, when the author was rebuked, he defended himself with the reply that 'No man dare remain alive after writing such a book . . .'. At this, some still maintained their righteous indignation, arguing that such a reply was as poor a joke as the first statement. Yet in retrospect all that it reflects is simply a love of the histrionic, that adoption of a mask which Barbellion so delighted to display. Perhaps it is Welch's *Journals* which best explain the need for such posturing: 'Being ill made me think of being great and famous. They are always linked together in my mind. I must not be so ill that I cannot be famous.'

Barbellion's first book was introduced by H. G. Wells; Welch's first book, *Maiden Voyage* (1943), by Dame Edith Sitwell. When Barbellion read this introduction in proof his immediate reaction was that he was reading his 'own obituary notice'. A similar idea occurs to Welch when he receives a letter from 'an Aircraftman in India' who, after reading *Maiden Voyage*, tells him that he is tracking down all his other writings, including all the poems that have appeared in 'little magazines'. 'Isn't it crazy?' he comments. ' . . . It made me feel as if I had been preserving myself on a top shelf for years, waiting to be discovered. As if I were dead and done with, and watching some future person ferreting me out.'

'Waiting to be discovered' and 'own obituary notice': what egotistical, almost theatrical, phrases these sound, recalling that continuous cavalcade or moving panorama in which they both saw themselves, whilst the masked figure of Death kept court. Likewise, Barbellion's 'mock

show [wherein] we are all . . . Pantalones' links with Welch's own feeling of being 'a ventriloquist's doll', packed into a box-bed, and confined to a room wherein all the tables, chairs, lamps seem but extensions of himself, 'new limbs, utterly unwanted'. For the figure of Death thrilled them, as earlier it had excited Amiel and Marie Bashkirtseff; and the cause of that excitement or thrill was its constancy. Only when Death struck, finally and fatally, would the last chance come to each of them for anatomizing 'its Anticks'. And yet that was not quite the end; there was another sense in which they recognized that their dying was merely part of a much larger death suffered by all mankind. For instance, Barbellion had a distinct sympathy for the old philosophical concept of the world as one big animal, and at the age of seventeen, in a letter to a brother, he had written:

'To sum up, what I think is that we—i.e. each one of us separately—are exceedingly unimportant wisps, little bits of body, mind, and spirit, but that in the whole, as humanity, we are a great immortal organism of real import if we could see behind the veil. In other words I regard individuals as ineffectual agents, but the mass as a spiritual power.'

Ten years later he was to note in his diary:

'I ask myself what are my views on death, the next world, God. I look in my mind and discover I am too much of a mannikin to have any . . . I am prepared for anything, but I am the complete agnostic. . . . The stars make me cower. I am intimidated by the immensity surrounding my own littleness. . . . [Still] I hope for something much freer and more satisfying after death, for emancipation of the spirit and above all for the obliteration of this puny self, this little, skulking, sharp-witted ferret.'

'This . . . sharp-witted ferret' and 'some future person ferreting me out': what actors' phrases these sound!

Maurice Denton Welch had been born in Shanghai in 1917; he was the fourth and youngest son (Barbellion was the youngest of a family of six), and his childhood was spent between China and England; his father was a prosperous company director in the Far East and his mother a New Englander. She died when he was eleven, and it is said by his friends that her beliefs in Christian Science left her son with a definite emotional bias in favour of Mrs. Eddy's doctrines which lasted all his life. Certainly, nowhere in his *Journals*, do the names of Berkeley, Darwin, Haeckel, Hegel, Huxley or Pascal occur as they do with Barbellion; the problems of the next world, or God, are much more emotionally felt than argued; and indeed, at times, there is something very close to Barbellion's acceptance of the world as one big animal. Repeatedly he imagines the years to come when the sun will rise and he will be nothing but a burnt-up cinder; when he will be two hollow eyes staring vacantly down on his empty room and bed: 'I think of babies and all the screaming life of eternity'. This thought was recorded on February 12, 1943, and it is a thought that is developed chronologically until August 31, 1948, when the *Journals* break off for the last time in mid-sentence.

The theme of these entries is the bringing together of the past and present into a mass that will act in some form as a spiritual power in the future. On an autumn day in 1944, sheltering beneath a fallen tree,

he reflects on the curious high squeaking of some solitary wood pigeons and their gurgling coo and he thinks of the thousands of other people when he is dead who will watch the same scene, see the rain falling on the bracken, hear the same cry of pigeons and admire the pattern on the oak bark. Or, a year later, he visits the Pantiles in Tunbridge Wells and, having drunk two tumblers from the spring, he conjures up a vision of the people of other centuries who have drunk here. Does life flow away any more than these clear up-swelling waters? Later he records how his friend, Eric Oliver, during one wartime Christmas walked through London at three in the morning and thought of all the ghosts that there must be, of people burnt to death, who might come out from the bombed houses and walk beside him 'until he was in the middle of an army of ten thousand people. . . .'

Allied with this feeling of the past catching up with the present, there went another feeling of the everlastingness that relics bring, a permanence whose main threats were fire and bombing. That threat Welch suffered when his home was partially burnt by incendiaries, and it was a perpetual anxiety of Barbellion's when his book was in the press that a stray bomb might fall on the printing works. Yet against such misadventure he had made his bid for immortality, as witness the two copies of his journal that he kept at home and at his bank. Welch perhaps did not write so consciously for posterity, though what he feared most was that his thoughts might lie squashed for ever between the pages of an unopened book on a top shelf waiting to be discovered. This fear (heightened by a first hand experience of the *blitzkrieg*) slowly shook his belief in material relics—a nest of Georgian spoons inherited from a grandfather, or the school exercise books in which he kept his journal; he began to think in terms of relics which were less permanent outwardly and yet more lasting—the atmosphere of a place; the living quality of a stream; or the secret breathing behind a vast stone formation. 'It was the dim, church-bell, deadened evening when you remember the dead, formless history of county towns, how people have talked and cooked and slept for many hundred years', he writes of the village of Aylesford in Kent. He was very much an amateur ecclesiologist, and on a later page he writes of a visit to Luddesdown Church, also in Kent. The year is 1946 and speaking to the sacristan, he is put in mind of nearly a century ago: 'I was dragged . . . right back to 1856. There was a clear feeling of being present when the absentee parson rode up on his horse to take the service and ask the clerk about the sick in the parish, and of being present when the new man called in the architects—and the old building was doomed.'

For those that can plunge into the depths of the mind, there can be no restriction; a sickbed and a wheelchair become mere stage props. So it was because Barbellion and Welch had trained themselves early to sit still and observe; neither disseminated sclerosis nor a tubercular spine were the handicaps that they might have proved to more restless, less courageous men; it might even be suggested that such handicaps heightened their perception of the fleeting moment. "I will look," I

said, "as if I am never going to see this picture again . . . " 'I watched carefully until I had remembered the sight . . . ' These two voices might be that of one man, just as to their observations of the passing scene they each brought a similar natural poetry. 'The sun was lying low almost in the centre of a semi-circular bend in the near horizon. It frosted the wool of a few sheep seen in silhouette . . . ' That is a description of a January English landscape, dated 1917; here is another dated thirty years later: 'There were frost flowers thick all over the panes this morning and the milk was frozen . . . But [now] the panes are all dripping and splashing in the sunshine . . . ' This similarity becomes even more noticeable in longer passages. So, first an autobiographical account by Barbellion of when he was still fit enough to swim:

I jumped out of bed, flung on my dressing-gown, and went off across the meadow to bathe in the stream. In the water I plunged, and struggled and kicked with a sensuous delight in its coldness and in every contraction of a muscle, glad to be nude and clean and cool among the dragonflies and trout. I clambered to a rock in mid-stream on which I rested in a moment of expansion, relaxed in every tissue. The current rocked one foot in the water, and the sun made every cell in my body vibrate. Upstream, a dipper sang . . . and surely nothing but happiness could ever enter my life again! Neither the past nor the future existed for me any more, but only the glorious and all-absorbing present. I put my whole being into the immediate ticking hour with its sixty minutes of precious life, and catching each pearl drop as it fell, said: 'Now my happiness is complete, and now, and now. . . . '

Next, Welch describing a stranger about to bathe:

. . . He started to pull the shirt over his head. I was shocked at the whiteness of the skin on his chest and upper arms when he stood only in his trousers. They were junket white, but matt, as if powdered with oatmeal. The long gloves of his burnt arms and hands and the bronze helmet of his face and neck joining this whiteness, did something curious to me. I could only gape and wonder as he stripped his wonderful body. He unlaced his boots and kicked them off, then peeled down his thick and sweaty-sticky stockings. The breeches he pulled off roughly, and stood revealed with gold hair glistening on his body as well as on his head. . . .

Then he dived in. . . .

[Later] he stood up near the bank, so that the water gartered his legs round the middle of his calves. The hairs on his body and legs dripped like sparkles of water. He looked like a truncated statue fixed to a base in the bowl of a fountain. . . .

In both these extracts there is a quality of aloneness; Barbellion exults in his own company, while Welch refuses to allow the bather to become anything more than a stranger 'whose name I have quite forgotten'. On another day he declares: 'I want nobody known to me, everyone unknown.' There is a suggestion here of the hermit or recluse—as when he later admits: 'It seems that my only happiness comes from being a monk.' Or, 'I am a mendicant friar,' Barbellion used to tell one of his brothers when he was still a boy. In their desire to perpetuate themselves through their works, they both saw their future *fame* or *immortality* (these are their own words) springing in exact proportion to the extent that they were prepared to give fully of their talent until their last breath; and in this approach to the vocation of living there is a parallel to the religious vocation in which the active life flows into the contemplative. Likewise, out of Barbellion's ill-health—there

flowed a tremendous robustness of spirit—a desire to *swallow* landscapes; to *swill* down sunsets; to *grapple* with the whole earth. Right to the very end his writing remains remarkably muscular—as if in return for a frail body there sprouted in compensation an extraordinary virility.

That is one way of putting the paradox of his life. In Welch's case when he writes an obituary of Ray Anderson in his last novel, *A Voice Through a Cloud* (1950), it is of a tough football-playing character, cut short in his prime by the sudden swerving of a lorry: from the head injuries inflicted on his skull by the cross-bar, he never fully recovers, just as the author himself never fully recovered from the spinal injuries inflicted when a motorist knocked him off his bicycle in 1935. In the novel, the author imagines Ray lying in a coffin heaped with branch upon branch of lilac; tiny creatures are crawling in and out of the flowers, and in the description that follows, with its evocation of fungus and damp wood, there is created an atmosphere similar to that in his painting, 'The Coffin House'—owned by the late Dame Rose Macaulay and reproduced in his posthumous collection *A Last Sheaf* (1951).

In the Preface to this book, Eric Oliver recalls how the author promised that, if there was any drinking at his funeral, then he would remind his friends of how much he detested the habit by tapping on the panels of his coffin. This comment, which was partly made in jest, recalls his belief in ghosts and also helps to account for that ghostly feeling which he brought to so many of his pictures: for example, the blind hare pawing the toadstool in front of the Coffin House has a curious dream-like action, as if he were a somnambulist from the animal kingdom. Indeed, between sleeping and waking there was no more than a veil for Welch, just as for Barbellion the 'real import [of our humanity lay if only] we could see behind the veil'. Eventually the masked figure would draw back that veil and however theatrical the gesture might seem, there was a cold reality to be faced, a reality as cold as the damp earth itself; the time when wood-lice begin to crawl, tickling the feet, skirting the navel's volcano crater, and coming to rest in the little well at the base of every throat. That is how Welch saw Ray Anderson's death, using the veil of fiction for autobiography.

Barbellion's prose was starker. 'My life is a story that interests me greatly,' he quotes from Berlioz, and then goes on: 'I [will] botanize over my own grave, attentively examine the maggots of my own brain.' It is this concern with the minutiae of the graveyard that allows them both, with the telescoping of time that death brings, to lie in the same mausoleum. For if their aim, so early apprehended in youth, was to describe the growing ivy, dank lichen and sepulchral architecture of their own last resting-place, then it was also their aim to combat the everlasting finality of stone and brass by the immortality of their own work.

VIGNETTE—

LOAFING ROUND LOANO

TREVOR ALLEN

WHEN I took the first dusty byroad out of Loano I hardly suspected that it would lead me to a communion with ancient earth-gods. Most people who go to this modest resort on the Italian Riviera of Flowers—especially the Germans who flock there *via* Switzerland and the Brenner—make for the beach and stay there.

They spend the whole day splashing in the sea, sun-tanning on the sand, lounging in deck chairs under umbrellas in the *bagni* enclosures, dropping into the cafés on the palm-fringed promenade for an ice, coffee or cool drink. It is a place for lazars, not pedimaniacs. Not even mad dogs or Englishmen tramp out in the midday sun, except to walk from beach to hotel or *pensione* for lunch.

But all my life I have tramped around, exploring, wherever I happened to be, and I meant to do so here—at least morning and evening. The roads between coast and Ligurian Alps were hot, gritty, glaring, the hill paths stony and rough to the feet. But I had them to myself; no one seemed anxious to wander into that rich hinterland behind the town except the farmers and peasants working in the peach and olive orchards and vineyards.

One ploughed his olive grove, calling out to his mule at every step in a drowsy litany. Another, in stained overall, sprayed his vines. A third fixed cross-sticks for his tomato vines. A farmer and his wife in an upland orchard were thinning out the peaches, dropping the small ones to rot on the ground. A girl in red head-scarf smiled up from her weeding to return my 'Buon giorno!' The farmer was a German soldier who had married an Italian and stayed on after the war.

Peach, vine and olive rioted around me, dappled with Meredith's 'sickle-sharp' sun and shadow on soil light brown to brick-red. Under the vines, peaches and olives were patches of corn, rows of potato, spinach, tomatoes or beans. Hardly an inch of that fecund earth was wasted.

Day by day on my leisurely wanderings I became saturated in the colour and profusion of this Loanoan landscape backed by mountains glowering in heat-haze, fold on fold, and felt within me an old pagan worship of earth-gods. I'd never been an orthodoxly religious man; worship was lacking in me. But this prodigal abundance of peach, vine and olive—so much more luxuriant than our northern husbandry—awoke in me an awe akin to worship.

Wasn't this still, in essence, the Italy of Virgil and Horace, of Propertius, Catullus, Tibullus, Ovid and the earth-dieties which had been absorbed or superseded by a newer faith? Gazing at a vine trailing triumphantly along an old stone wall, was I not near to them in spirit?

I had Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli* with me because he was a Ligurian writer, and stumbled on this significant passage about the Lucanian peasants of southern Italy, reading it under an olive tree, drowsed with the scent of thyme:

There is no room for religion, because to them everything participates in divinity, everything is actually, not merely symbolically, divine: Christ and the goat; the heavens above and the beasts of the field below; everything is bound up in natural magic. Even the ceremonies of the church become pagan rites, celebrating the existence of inanimate things, which the peasants endow with a soul, and the innumerable earthly deities of the village.

True, the Ligurian peasants were different, the townsfolk even more so. But was there something of that, too, in the elaborate ritual of Loano's richly baroque churches, even in the decking of a wayside shrine which I watched on Loano's outskirts?

It was at the gate of the Renaissance Castello Borge of Andrea Doria, high over a reed-jungled ravine crossed by an ancient bridge with superimposed arches. A village woman was draping the small panel of Virgin and Child with pale and dark blue silk and ivy leaves while her man fixed an electric lead which illuminated the image with coloured pixy lights.

Had not their pagan forbears similarly decked the images of earth-gods in temple shrines on feast days with vine, bine or bloom? Wasn't this homage to the Madonna and Child also, by traditional implication, homage to the vine, the peach, the olive that gave beauty, sustenance and livelihood to the adjacent countryside? And if I felt closer to the earth-manifestations than to the heavenly, was I not at least communing with the source from which the heavenly had stemmed?

These paganly pastoral reveries of the day were quickly dispelled when I walked Loano's promenade at night. Rock 'n' roll howled from open-air café juke boxes, shaming the rustling palms, dark sea and dancing coastal lights across the bay. In other cafés along the front the local folk sat *in rows*, their eyes glued to TV screens.

Gone the café orchestras, the leisurely talk at tables—except in one wine-cellar hung with Chianti flasks where such servile unsociability was still scorned. And gone, I surmise, much of the profit, for the viewers were too bemused to order more drinks, the waiters stood idly by, watching too.

Here were the strident 1960s, indeed, almost within hailing distance of Vergilian eclogue and idyll in peach orchard, vineyard and olive grove that seemed as timeless as hills and sea.

POEMS—

IMAGES

Like islands in a sea's expanse,
 Dazzling with bright irrelevance,
 Unsummoned pictures, vivid, solitary,
 Rise from the waters into memory—
 Those charted oceans of the mind,
 The known horizons and the shores defined
 By curve of cliff, by sand and stone,
 Familiar all, and close as bone
 That cups the brain and arcs the eyes;
 To thought and sight without surmise.
 They rise like atolls in this northern sea,
 Peaked and palmed and floating free
 Of time and tropic; take the sun,
 And then, as suddenly, are gone.

MARY STELLA EDWARDS

LINES

Can these lines on a plan,
 This paper squared to scale,
 Denote the walls that long
 Will against time prevail?—
 Such walls as may enclose
 The ranging mind of man,
 The whole imaginable throng
 Of living thoughts that scan
 All life until the close
 Of all that feels and knows.
 Can these lines on a graph,
 Each cold diagonal,
 Suggest the heart unknown
 Whose surges rise and fall
 Till life's extremity?
 Or chiselled epitaph,
 These lines cut on a stone,
 Speak one brief paragraph
 Of oceanography—
 That mind, that heart's wild sea?

MARY STELLA EDWARDS

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

INTERPRETING SMOLLETT

Radical Dr. Smollett. Donald Bruce. Victor Gollancz. 28s.

Today the dust, even in the most spic and span of public libraries, must lie perceptibly on the works of Smollett. *Roderick Random*, *Humphry Clinker*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Ferdinand Count Fathom* or *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, who reads them today? Perhaps those who enjoy vigorous English prose, spiced with masculine language and recording masculine antics, might profitably spend a few hours in the company of Roderick Random. The steadfast reader with a taste for politics, who can face Sir Launcelot Greaves, in the style of Don Quixote rambling over England, has some pleasant things in store for him. The opening paragraph of that book, which depicts the inside of a tavern on the great north road on a squally night and the incongruous travellers, who are sheltering there, is a favoured gambit of the English novelist. *Barnaby Rudge* begins in somewhat the same style. And there are, in spite of the rather preposterous framework, some vivid glimpses of Eighteenth Century life. Today when political bandinage is assuming a coarsened form, politicians might well flick over the pages of Sir Launcelot in search of inspiration—for instance the remark of the Tory squire who tells us 'I value not the Ministry three skips of a louse'.

We are grateful to Mr. Donald Bruce for bringing to notice the finer points of Smollett, taking him off his shelf, dusting him down and giving him a 1964 look. His publisher, Mr. Victor Gollancz, was perhaps engrossed by higher things when he allowed the book to be described as 'the rehabilitation of a great Englishman'. The illustrious house of Telfer Smollett will be sharpening their dirks to avenge Mr. Gollancz's insult to the 'bubbly-nosed gallant' born and bred in the Vale of Leven.

There are three important sides to Smollett's character as a writer which are well developed in Mr. Bruce's book. He had, of course, an abiding influence over Dickens—in fact the latter could be described as Smollett purified for the Victorian parlour. Both used their imaginations to illumine the abuses of their time, and although Smollett was read partly for the reasons which encouraged people to pick up *Fanny Hill* or a gothic tale, he gave that ring of reality which is absent from those stories emerging from the darker caverns of the human mind. Victorians used to class *Roderick Random* as repulsive, but for all that there is in that novel a wonderfully vivid portrayal of Eighteenth Century domestic life and of the horrors of existence in the Royal Navy. Although Smollett claimed that his object was to subject vice to indignation, there is a certain relish for the task which remains in the reader's mind. Even Hazlitt, writing just as George IV was about to ascend the throne, could say 'there is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions'.

His claims to be a historian, though generally overlooked, are not completely laughable. His *History of England* 'written at the rate of a century a month' was a far better performance than the gibe implies. The style of the history was described by Goldsmith as 'clear, nervous and flowing'. He had an unexpected but warm political loyalty for Carteret, afterwards Lord Granville. 'Since Granville has been turned out, there has been no minister in the nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig'. This interesting lord is confounded by Mr. Bruce with the Grenvilles: but there was no resemblance between

that family of plodding statesmen and the jovial, reckless patriot—as Rosebery called Carteret.

Finally this novelist-historian was, in almost all his writings, a vigorous exposé of abuse. With a face like a ravaged macaw, as Mr. Bruce amusingly depicts him, he looked on the foibles of his fellows with a certain quizzical and weary wisdom. To him Johnson was ‘the great cham’ and he caught the worldliness of parsonage and deanery with the phrase ‘the rosy sons of the church’. He was a critic of England and English institutions because he was convinced that they were capable of improvement. His opponents, of whom Horace Walpole was one, could describe him as a worthless fellow ‘capable of any mischief’. But Smollett, revisiting the world, might well say that the mischief of the 1760s has become the accepted blessing of the 1960s.

ROGER FULFORD

THE ART OF THE ARCANIST

Continental Porcelain of the Eighteenth Century. Rollo Charles. Ernest Benn and University of Toronto Press. 96s.

European ceramic art is one of the highlights of eighteenth-century aesthetic achievement and one of the glories of our civilization. Porcellana, as the substance evolved in China as early as the T'ang dynasty was termed by them, was known and treasured by the Europeans from the time of Marco Polo, but it was not until the discovery, at Dresden in 1708-10, of a method of manufacturing hard paste by Böttger and von Tschirnhaus, under the aegis of the egregious Augustus the Strong, that European porcelain became a commercial possibility. The century that followed saw a tremendous flowering of the medium, and the products of the leading *modellmeisters* of the period, Kaendler, Kirchner, Feilner, Falconet and, above all, Bustelli, rank, on any showing, among the great European works of art. These glories, however, did not outlive the century; Meissen never fully recovered from the effects of the Seven Years War; Berlin and Sèvres, its logical successors, eventually deteriorated in the pretentiousness of the Napoleonic era. The achievements of the Baroque, the Rococo and Neoclassicism ultimately developed into the cosy felicities of Louis Philippe and the *Biedermeier* period.

Mr. Charles has written an admirable book about the artists and factories of the great period of porcelain. He has the advantage of dealing not merely with the evolution of styles, decoration and materials, but has approached the subject from the social and economic background of the time, showing the development of porcelain in the age of mercantilism, of a multiplicity of highly cultured small European courts and of the emergence of a civilized and cosmopolitan middle class. In the result, he has dealt not only with the great factories, but with the many delightful peripheral ones which evolved in the same era, in Holland, at Zurich, at Marieberg in Sweden, at Mennecy and elsewhere in France and at Capodimonte—Buen Retiro. An important point which he stresses is the flexibility with which the artists and modellers moved from one factory or one state to another, and he throws fresh light upon the career of one of the most intriguing and amusing rogues of the century, Christoph Conrad Hunger who travelled from court to court persuading for a time successive rulers that he was possessed of the secret of *arcanum*. Mr. Charles's style is scholarly and readable and he never falls into the temptation, so easy in writing of the applied arts, of becoming over-intricate. This is a work which will give pleasure to many people.

The black and white illustrations are numerous and well-chosen, and include a number of pieces from Mr. Charles's own National Museum of Wales that will not be so well known to the average collector. The quality of the colour printing is unfortunately less good and this is particularly noticeable where the author's statement that the colouring of Bustelli's Nymphenburg figures is equally felicitous (to their modelling) is illustrated by a photograph of the well-known figure of Columbine at the Victoria and Albert, the colouring of which is anything but. This is, however, a small flaw in an extremely well-produced book that should prove a valuable complement to Honey's great but more expensive and more cumbersome *European Ceramic Art*. It is good news that the same publishers are shortly to produce a companion volume on English porcelain, which will include a section by Mr. Charles on Nantgarw and Swansea.

ERNLE MONEY

'THE REBEL PASSION'

The Rebel Passion. Vera Brittain. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

The latest of Vera Brittain's books surveys large sections of the peace movement of the twentieth century. The occasion of its publication is the fiftieth anniversary, in 1964, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. She declares in the Preface that she would have preferred to see the task entrusted to other hands, since she had no close contact with that organization; finally she yielded to pressure for she has always been a convinced internationalist and has worked for the integration of mankind in many lands. Needless to say she has carried out her duties with her usual skill.

An introductory chapter recalls the effort of the thinkers of the last three centuries to present a better way of life than the traditional method of using force when differences with foreign states arose. Her list begins with Sully, the Minister of Henri IV, and Grotius, the greatest of Dutch jurists, and carries us down to John Bright. In 1914, where her detailed narrative begins, there were many Peace organizations. The Quakers had preached their Gospel of non-resistance for nearly 300 years. There were peace societies in many lands, citizens who refused military service, the Peace Pledge Union and a little earlier the War-Resister International. A special contribution of the FOR, founded in England at the end of 1914 by a little group of men and women, including Quakers, was to look beyond the raging passions at the battlefield and the home front and to exhort their fellow citizens to think of the state of opinion at the end of the long struggle. It was an arduous task and their faith was strong enough to face boycott or imprisonment. They knew that it would not be enough for the bloody encounter to cease, it would be necessary for the warring nations to recognize the essential unity of their interests. War, as we all know, was a hangover from primitive barbarism, though not everyone had the courage to argue for an alternative.

For English readers the two most interesting chapters in the book will probably be those which describe the fortunes of the FOR in England during half a century. Perhaps our first impression is the extreme paucity of its members and the multitude of unfamiliar names. It was indeed a movement of the rank and file. A few well-known personalities, such as George Lansbury, the beloved Christian pacifist, and Canon Raven, who spoke, as far as any individual could speak, for the academic world. Small as was the group it contained varieties of pacifist opinion including not only the apostles of recon-

ciliation but men and women who actively opposed waging of the First and Second World Wars. England is the land of individualists who, from the Puritans onwards, have proclaimed their unpopular beliefs regardless of any penalties they might incur.

The following chapter deals with USA which was the first foreign land to form a branch of the FOR in 1915. There as here we are struck by the small numbers and the humble status of its members. There was no chance of their voice being heard while the war was raging and after its close, in 1918, their numbers remained at a very modest level. Despite these facts the author pays a generous tribute to their activities and declares that only a few areas of public life were unaffected by their influence.

The first European countries to found FOR groups were the little Protestant States of Northern Europe but after the war a few Catholics joined. The later chapters of this book describe the progress of FOR in all the states of western and central Europe. There again the reader is impressed by the smallness of the number of members in every country and by the conspicuous absence of distinguished names. Only very rarely do we come across a personality of European renown such as Pastor Niemöller in Germany, who started his career as a naval officer. When the narrative extends its range to Asia, Africa and the British Commonwealth, we can hardly expect to confront celebrities and, needless to say, a Communist world had its own ideology and had no use for foreign importations. In Russia a little group of Tolstoyan pacifists was permitted to migrate to Siberia and found a self-sufficing brotherhood. Much of the volume reads like a biographical dictionary and contains little-known information about little-known people. In the brief final chapter, 'The Peace Movement through Fifty Years', Vera Brittain takes leave of the men and women in many lands whose activities she has described. On the whole it is a worthy tale of unshaken courage on the part of obscure men and women faced with prison or death and of resolute witness by leaders for whom their faith meant the loss, to some less easily sacrificed than life, of position and prestige. They have not made history, but they have not lived in vain. The book might equally well have borne the title: *Blessed are the Peacemakers*.

G. P. GOOCH

FRANCIS BOYD ON OUR TIMES

British Politics in Transition, 1945-1963. Francis Boyd. Pall Mall Press, 27s. 6d.

Francis Boyd has long been regarded by readers of *The Manchester Guardian*—and of *The Guardian*—as one of the most experienced and reliable of our journalists. His latest work, *British Politics in Transition* is one of a series designed to provide up-to-date information about recent history in various countries. He has carried out his task with his usual detachment. The first half of the volume is devoted to English political developments since the end of the Second World War, and contains little that is not familiar to readers of the papers and listeners to radio and television. An introductory chapter surveys the situation at the beginning of his journey, and expresses the view that of the multifarious changes we have witnessed the most important was that in the position of women which occurred between the two World Wars. His record of the fortunes of the two leading parties offers no surprises. That of the Liberal Party recognises a distinct revival and pays a well-deserved

tribute to Mr. Grimond. He provides a useful summary of the unsuccessful efforts of the Communists to capture support in a country which dislikes extremes and has no intention of surrendering its free way of life. Almost every Englishman is at heart an individualist.

The second portion of this work provides a mass of information and statistics on economic developments and may be regarded rather as a work of reference than a story for the general reader. Particular attention is devoted to our foreign loans above all from America. There are very few expressions of the author's opinions, and the writers of the volumes in this series have no doubt been invited as far as possible to stand above the battle.

The final chapter on the outlook is on the whole optimistic. Abroad the worst period of the cold war between East and West is over, and nobody today expects a Third World War. Unemployment figures are now very low, and there was no undue exaggeration in Mr. Macmillan's statement that we 'had never had it so good'. New difficulties, of course, arise in a period of unceasing changes, among them that of the habit of resorting to strikes officially sponsored or not by the trade-unions with the resulting threat to our prospects in an increasingly competitive world market. Compared with the continual political upheavals in most of the European states, England may consider herself as having a fairly calm voyage through rough waters.

This book appeared too early to foretell the muted Labour victory of October 1964, but if the author were to bring it up-to-date today, I do not think he would find cause to modify his attitude of relative optimism.

G. P. GOOCH

STRESEMAN

Stresemann, Patriot und Europäer. Felix Hirsch. Musterschmidt-Verlag. Göttingen. Paperback.

Professor Felix Hirsch of Trenton State College in New Jersey has devoted twenty years of study to the career of Stresemann, the greatest figure of what is called the Weimar era. Before and during the war of 1914 he had been an aggressive nationalist and annexationist; but after the collapse he was wise enough to see that Germany's supreme interest was to make friends with her former foes in the West. As Foreign Minister he cooperated with Austen Chamberlain and Briand in framing the Pact of Locarno in 1927 which resulted in the withdrawal of foreign troops from the Rhineland and the entry of Germany to the League of Nations. This memorable achievement ranks him with the makers of history.

Professor Hirsch has wisely decided to anticipate the publication of his full-length biography by issuing an abridged version for the general reader, dedicated to myself and to which I have supplied a Foreword. Among my vivid recollections is my sight of Stresemann in his last speech at Geneva shortly before his premature death. Though the bridges to the West which he had helped to construct were soon to be broken down by Hitler, they were rebuilt after the collapse of the Nazi régime and few people expect any further estrangement between two great peoples who urgently need each other's support.

G. P. GOOCH

'MONTY' THE MAGNIFICENT

My Life and Times: Octave Three, 1900-1907. Compton Mackenzie. Chatto. 30s.

The third instalment of Sir Compton Mackenzie's autobiography starts in 1900, when he was seventeen years old, and ends seven years later in a Cornish vicarage as he excuses himself from a game of two-handed bridge on a sudden impulse to begin writing the novel 'that would one day be called *The Passionate Elopement* and would still be in print fifty-six years later.' He was twenty-four, handsome, conscious of having always had 'a somewhat fatal attraction to women'; he had taken a degree in Modern History, and while at Magdalen College he had founded and edited a serious undergrad. magazine besides becoming a leading figure in the OUDS, playing in college rugger and lacrosse for the University,—this despite the neuritis that sometimes beset him. At Oxford he debated, went the social rounds, became engaged to a charming girl who decided she could not compete with his literary and other preoccupations; gained a reputation for practical jokes and hoaxes (one, on 'ragging', at the expense of the *Daily Mail*); married his friend Christopher Stone's sister Faith when he was twenty-two; wrote a mass of creditable verse and published a small book of it; under-studied his actor-manager father Edward Compton and played some of his leading parts in emergencies; declined an offer from Arthur Bouchier to go on the West End stage, and one from Sir Ben Greet to act in his Shakespeare Company and lecture on the plays. . . . It is all set down in this engrossing book, testifying yet again to Sir Compton's marvellous memory and to the foresight of himself and his family in preserving so many letters and documents to aid his recollections in his eighty-first year.

At the time of his marriage he wrote to his father: 'If you will continue to back me up, I swear you shall never regret it. If I am famous (many are convinced I shall be) you will have done a good deal more for me than fathers usually do for men of genius.' The 'genius' lay in his poetry, which he assured his parent 'is considered promising of real greatness in the future,' and although Sir Compton soon turned to prose this early passion for poetry gives a special fragrance to his recollections.

In those formative years this remarkable young man thought of the Law as a career. At times he meditated taking Holy Orders. The reflection comes that he would have won distinction in whatever profession he decided to enter. Once, in the 1950s, Sir Compton followed the late Lord Birkett with an after-dinner speech, and that great lawyer said to him, 'Well, if you'd been in my profession you would have earned your £40,000 a year.' 'I shook my head'. And as for his one-time idea of becoming an Anglican country parson, that would never have done. I thought this recently when I visited the church at St. Juliot's near Boscastle, where Thomas Hardy was called as a young architect to design a new tower, and where he met his first wife. I could not imagine Sir Compton as a humble parish priest. A cardinal perhaps—but many years were to pass before he took the path to Rome. The fancy arises from a description of an encounter at seventeen with Cardinal Vaughan: 'What a magnificent figure of a Cardinal he was! There has been no Archbishop of Westminster of comparable appearance. I see that superb figure seemingly carved from ivory as he sat there in the Hydro Lounge where all the old maiden ladies goggled at him over their knitting, their chaste Protestantism thrilled to the marrow.'

This is the best of the Octaves to date; and the indications are that the succeeding instalments will not disappoint Sir Compton's public.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

A CHOICE OF LITERARY PAPERBACKS—I

Shakespeare's Tragedies: an Anthology of Modern Criticism. Ed. by Laurence Lerner. (Pelican, 4s. 6d.)

The quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth brought a flood of books critical and appreciative of the poet-dramatist. The young South African poet and teacher, Laurence Lerner, paid his tribute in 1963 with the present book, promptly reissued by Pelican, and students everywhere should be grateful for his industry and hindsight. Most readers are familiar with A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*, emphasizing the dramatist's grasp of character, but later critics have dwelt on other aspects of his genius and in particular on the language and imagery of the plays, on their true poetic content. Among the contributors are William Empson, the late Charles Williams, Middleton Murry, David Daiches, G. Wilson Knight and Professor L. C. Knights, but a notable omission is the latter's 'master', Dr. F. R. Leavis, who had some scruple against being represented. It is a noble modern collection.

Explorations. By L. C. Knights. (Peregrine, 8s. 6d.)

First published in 1946 this collection of essays, mainly on 17th-century subjects, leads off with a challenging chapter on 'How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?', a tilt at the school which discusses Shakespeare in terms of a master-novelist and creator of character instead of regarding his plays as dramatic poems—"the only approach which will enable us to say anything at all relevant about plays like 'Measure for Measure' or 'Troilus and Cressida' which have consistently baffled the critics." In his essay on Shakespeare's Sonnets Professor Knights refers to the 'popular view' that they are in some way 'autobiographical', only to dismiss it; and he proceeds to argue that they are not "in any sense an ordered collection". In both contentions he is at variance with other scholars, but his arguments are interesting. Essays on 'Restoration Comedy' (somewhat mid-Victorian in tone), on George Herbert (finely perceptive), on Bacon and on Henry James, are rewarding, as also the final essay on 'The Teaching of English and History'. All in all, a valuable paperback.

Nineteenth-Century Studies. By Basil Willey. (Peregrine, 12s. 6d.)

Professor Willey's book was first published in 1949. It contains solid appraisements of the work and influence of such religious and philosophical thinkers as Coleridge, Newman, Carlyle, Mill, Comte and Matthew Arnold. Of particular interest are the two essays on George Eliot and the three writers who most profoundly influenced her attitude towards Christianity before she started her career as a novelist (when she was nearing forty). Despite her positivist unbelief Professor Willey claims her to be a deeply religious woman.

D. H. Lawrence: Novelist. By F. R. Leavis. (Peregrine, 12s. 6d.)

First issued in 1955, Dr. Leavis's study of Lawrence insists on the novelist's genius and stature as a great creative writer—"our last great writer". He was not alone in making that claim, for E. M. Forster wrote at the time of Lawrence's death, "All we can do . . . is to say straight out that he was the greatest imaginative novelist of our generation," a statement disputed by T. S. Eliot with Olympian coolness: "unless we know exactly what Mr. Forster means by *greatest*, *imaginative* and *novelist*, I submit that this judgment is meaningless." That, and other hostile attitudes to Lawrence, prompt Dr. Leavis to much lively writing, but whatever the final judgment of time on Lawrence's achievement this book makes stimulating reading, and most readers will like the expansive descriptive analysis of the more controversial novels. •

The Modern Writer and His World. By G. S. Fraser. (Pelican, 6s.)

This invaluable survey of mid-20th-century developments in the Novel, Drama, Poetry and Criticism is "essentially a new work" which had its origin in a book the author wrote in 1950 for his Eng. Lit. students in Japan. This is its third revision and after discussing 'The Background of Ideas' Mr. Fraser deals in turn with the three main divisions in creative writing, commenting on the work of such writers as Yeats, Auden, Wells, Lawrence, Greene, Murdoch, Shaw, Priestley, Osborne, Huxley, Beckett, Brecht, I. A. Richards, Eliot and Leavis. A generous pot-pourri of highly individual and brilliant 'findings'.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

CARRYING BRITISH MAIL OVERSEAS.

Professor Howard Robinson has written a valuable study of the development of the overseas postal services during four centuries. The book 'portrays the changing ways in which mail has been actually transported overseas, the ships and the routes they used, and the varied ways in which the mails were safeguarded and handled as the service has expanded during peace and war to its present world-wide position'. It is a story full of drama and great achievement closely following colonial and economic expansion. In more recent years it is a story of vast growth in the volume of mail, being carried more and more by air. While surface mail declined about 12 per cent, between 1939 and 1962, items posted by air mail increased from ninety-one million to nearly three hundred million a year.

WRITERS AND CRITICS. (Oliver and Boyd. 5s. per volume.)

Six additions have been made to this established series of brief biographies and appraisals of well-known writers. In **Angus Wilson** Professor Jay L. Halio of the University of California has written the first comprehensive assessment of Angus Wilson as a writer and his place in the world of letters. Professor Halio discusses the interrelation of his themes and 'assesses the technical achievements of his major contributions to contemporary letters' and their place in literary traditions. Mr. K. G. W. Cross writes on the American novelist, **Scott Fitzgerald**, once labelled 'the Jazz Age Laureate'. He discusses his novels and stories with sympathy and discernment in relation to Fitzgerald's contemporary world and his inherent brilliance. Mr. Cross examines the growth of his posthumous reputation and concludes: 'he is assured of no small measure of immortality'.

A new study of **Evelyn Waugh** comes from Mr. Malcolm Bradbury who is himself a writer with a deep sense of humour. He is 'particularly interested in Waugh's use of a comic attitude to establish a scale of values'. His comic power is sufficient 'to put him among the major comic novelists'. In

his volume on **Beckett**, Mr. Richard N. Coe is concerned mainly with Samuel Beckett's novels, as providing the key to his thought. **Montherlant** is an attempt by Mr. John Cruickshank to assess sympathetically, but with detachment, that brilliant controversial Frenchman, Henry de Montherlant. 'A knowledge of his biography is probably the best basis for a fair appraisal of his ideas'. The sixth new volume is **Auden**, a critical study by Miss Barbara Everett. It is a valuable study in which she seeks the unity of his verse. She concludes that 'the achievement of the individual and of the communal "Utopia" . . . have been the unifying force in the substance of Auden's work, however varied his treatment of them, and however light, casual, or careless his tone and approach'.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CHAIR. (Allen and Unwin, 63s.)

This latest book by Mr. John Gloag on 'origins, designs, and social history of seat furniture in England' is clearly a work of great value both to the social historian and those interested in antiques. It is a 'short history' in nearly three hundred pages of 'English chairs as a continuous story, from the fifteenth century, when a recognized native style appeared, to the genesis and development of the modern movement in design'. The volume is lavishly illustrated and includes, for example, many illustrations from Chippendale's **Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director**, Hepplewhite's **Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Guide** and Sheraton's **Cabinet Dictionary**. Mr. Gloag notes that 'no pieces of furniture have ever been traced' to Hepplewhite or Sheraton. 'All three owe their posthumous fame to the illustrated catalogues they published of their work'. The author makes no attempt to assess the character of contemporary work since 'materials, manufacturing techniques, and the general approach to furniture design have changed more in the last forty years than in the previous four hundred'. He is, however, not impressed by the current trends 'which, in his view, place convenience above creative design'.

The Editor regrets that the Index for July-December, 1964, is held over for publication in the January number.

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